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WILLIAM M. THRASHER

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The Point of View

By WILLIAM M. THRASHER

[From 1865 to 1899 Professor William M. Thrasher occupied the chair of Mathematics in Butler College. Professor Thrasher was an accomplished mathematician; a man widely read in many languages; alive with scientific interest and intelligence; appreciative of art in all its forms; a keen wit; the best of friends; a good man. His feeling for his former students rose to affection. In the last sad weeks spent in California, where he died, he spoke of them frequently, showing a surprising knowledge of their career and their character, a tolerance, a tenderness, a pride. The following article is one of Professor Thrasher's chapel lectures read January 12, 1894.]

For every great picture much depends on the light and the point of view. Artists are particular about these.

To see men, institutions, and nature in her myriad manifestations, the point and the all-round-ness of view, as well as the distance, are of much importance. A painting, intended for a fifty-foot distance, is a daub when seen at ten feet.

The state of the object seen imports much. Nature never poses; is never on exhibition. The cow in her stall is no nicer in her manners with twenty people looking at her, than when alone. Not so men.

One advantage of a kodak over the old two-minute camera is that you may take a snapshot at a man when not on dress parade. One of the funniest things in the world is the sight of a plain, humble person in front of a camera trying to look like John Quincy Adams or the Prince of Wales. My cousin Jane sat in her parlor talking to me in a very natural, simple way. All at once her countenance put on an expression of ineffable sweetness and supernal dignity. I thought at first she was an Adventist, ready to ascend. Not so. She had only heard the doorbell, and was getting on her company expression.

A ship is on fire. Fifty people fall on their knees in prayer. They do not begin with Adam and pray through the Old and New Testaments down to Revelation. It is man face to face with his God. The earnestness is terrible.

In most of the long metaphysical prayers I hear, I long for some one in the audience to get up and shout "Fire!" The world poses. I can slip up to the keyhole of the south door of this chapel and one peep at the platform informs me whether students are assembled, or have all gone out. If each professor has one leg over the other and is looking with the placidness and immobility of the Egyptian sphinx, the boys are here. If both feet are on the floor, the countenance human in its variety of expression, the boys and girls have gone.

The proverb declares that no woman is plain on her wedding day. I account for it thus: She has forgotten to pose under the divine transfiguration of love and joyous expectancy.

In death's presence, under sway of tremendous feeling, we never pose. Nature has full sway.

The consummate actor understands this. He does not play, he is Hamlet. So, it comes about that the state of the thing viewed, as well as the point of view, counts for much. Our mirrors give us only front views; our neighbors get an all-round view. Their estimate of us has great advantage.

One of the grandest objects in the world is the ocean, whether by day or by night; whether in calm or in storm, as seen from the deck of a great liner. The view inspires, elevates, brings to the fore all the poetry latent in the observer. But the same ocean seen by castaways in a small boat, without provisions or water, chart or compass, fills the bosom with fear and dread, with a sense of unutterable loneliness, of the nearness of death, of eternity, of the black wall dividing the sunny, real world from the dark, mysterious unknown land.

You have read in *The Rambler*, that charming paper of Samuel Johnson, "The Journey of a Day." In early morning the traveler, fresh and joyful, steps gaily along the path bordered by stately trees, trailing vines, flowers, lovely views of field and forest. He carelessly enters a by-way on pleasure intent, is overtaken by night and tempest; is lost; sees a light which leads to the cave of a hermit,

who gives him shelter and wise counsel for the morrow. His evening and morning were spent in the same beautiful world, and yet how changed to him!

The baying of a pack of coon dogs under a tree in the moonlight forest is inspiring. To the hunter, it is jolly. To the artist, it is full of poetry. To the coon, it is strictly "coon versus dog."

Charles Reade names a novel "Put Yourself in His Place." There is the rub. If we only could, what generous catholic judgments we should render. More than any other man in literature, Shakespeare was able to do this very thing. He made clowns and kings, soldiers, Christians and infidels, Moors, Italians, dwarfs, fairies, gnomes, spirits of the nether and the upper world, each speak so naturally, so fitly, you would have thought the poet by some necromancy had lain in wait, and by divine insight had entrapped the thought and the tongue of each. This is the Catholicity of Genius. So penetrated the secrets of all hearts the Nazarene, and His judgments never erred.

It is curious to note the various ways in which men are viewed by the various crafts. To the observant tailor, the tabernacle of an immortal soul is but a dummy on which he may conveniently hang a suit of clothes. To a good surgeon, he is an anatomical museum of heart, liver, lungs, arteries and muscles—a subject for the dextrous use of his dissecting knife. To the artist, he is a living statue, differing more or less from his ideal, a bundle of symmetries and expressions. To the preacher, he is a brand to be snatched from the fiery pit. To Napoleon, he is so much food for gunpowder, a part of a regimental machine through which are manipulated artistic parade drills. A landscape, to an artist, is a glorious mixture of colors and forms, with a dominant motive. To the real estate agent, heaven and earth are material for inside and corner lots; his right eye is on the landscape, his left on gullible humanity.

To the sectarian, God is chief of mankind in a general way, of his own sect in a very particular way. To the simple Christian, God is the All-Father, whose love is all-embracing, not willing that any shall perish.

To God, all men are possible children; to Christ, possible brethren. So various are the points of view to men, angels, God. Some men see the world from the mouth of a cavern, some from the bottom of

a valley, some from a breezy upland, some from a mountain summit. What we see depends very much upon the place whence we look.

In Pompeii I found the cart ruts in the stone pavements of the narrow streets to be quite six inches deep, resulting from the wear of ages in the same track.

So creeds, artistic, political, religious, tend to make men go in ruts, from which broad and charitable views of life and humanity are scarcely possible. We want more freedom of movement, greater diversity of standpoint.

No liberalizer has been so effective among material agencies as printing. In ancient days, books were multiplied painfully by the pen. A general diffusion of intelligence was impossible. Ignorance became the fertile soil whence sprang superstitions, cruelties, tyrannies, as also narrowness, bigotry and intolerance. Monasteries and nunneries were filled with devotees. The curse of seclusion, it is true, was partially obviated by contact with books. They became the depositaries of all classical learning, preserving the records of the giants of the past. Don Quixote immured himself in his library of books of chivalry, read only the "Amadis of Gaul" and extravagances of that ilk, whence resulted a character which, for ludicrous mixture of folly and wisdom, has been the source of infinite delight to readers of every following age.

The Greeks, prior to Xerxes, and China, with its excluding wall, are notable instances of the narrowing effect of isolation. Greece partially escaped through its many tribes and its great variety of scenery and climate. China is still one huge fossil, unchangeable as the staring sphinx.

Dr. Johnson was narrow in his prejudices. His contempt for the Scotch received its first modification when he made the "Tour of the Hebrides." Thoreau lived solitarily on the bank of Walden pond. He became in many respects a crank, full of eccentricities, and only escaped oblivion by virtue of much genius and extensive contact with books.

Religious persecutions are reputed to be the bitterest in the world. They have invariably resulted from an abandonment of the catholic charity of Christ, and the allying of ignorance and narrowness to human passion. The Spanish Inquisition seems to our Nineteenth century view to have been Satan incarnate. Men were made hypo-

crites by the rack and thumbscrew, or lost life and reason under infernal torture. We must all concede to Christ the absolute right to give laws for citizenship in His kingdom. But in matters where Christ has not plainly commanded, the greatest liberty of individual opinion is to be accorded. Heaven will be tenanted only by voluntary subjects. To the honest seeker after truth, Christ is always accessible; for the hypocrite is reserved his most scathing denunciations.

Truth needs no rack, no torture, no proscription. It appeals to each man's conscience, to each man's innate moral sense. He may accept or reject. On each man rests the responsibility. A whole millennium of progress will not enable the world to transcend Christ's catholic charity for the real, though maybe mistaken, seeker after God. In this, Christianity differs from all ethnic religions. It is aggressive by love and not by force.

Travel widens the horizon, gives breadth of view. We rid ourselves of provincialism by travel and by cultivating good society. We thus learn to respect and to tolerate wide divergence of belief and custom. We lose our exclusive reverence for one clan, nation, kinfolk. We get rid of what Bacon calls the "idols of the tribe." Becoming citizens of Germany, we learn to respect their learning, their independence, their school system, and, for the sake of these, can submit to sleep under half a dozen feather beds and to eat garlic and vinegar in much of the cookery. Sojourning in France, we are impressed by the artistic beauty and cleanliness of their cities, by the eminent learning, by the crystal clearness of their expositions of science, by the wit and vivacity of their literature and conversation, and so wholly forget the trifles which at home we supposed formed the chief characteristics of the French nation.

Thus does the intelligent traveler or reader shed, one after another, his insular prejudices and attain a cosmopolitan point of view. Herodotus, Pythagoras, Plato, traveled widely, studied diverse customs before they ventured to write immortal books. They who wrote the one hundred greatest books were men who, by some means, attained great height and breadth of view. No Rasselas, bred in the ignorant bliss of a Happy Valley, can write sentences worthy of translation into many languages.

The last quarter of this century is remarkable as the age of inter-

national fairs, congresses, arbitrations. We are rapidly learning to know and to respect our contemporaries the globe over. We find much good coming out of even pagan Nazareths. In all nations are found distinct traces of divine truth and of divine goodness, obscured, it may be, with much rubbish.

We are, then, to seek loftier points whence to see and to judge. If we cannot wholly eliminate, we may at least diminish our narrowness and bigotry. Our judgments, at best, will be partial and defective. God alone sees into the heart of things with piercing and errant vision—a vision distorted by no refraction, by no parallax. But man, only by reading, travel, sympathy, a love for men which trusts much and bears much, hopes even to approximate a truly catholic judgment of human nature and of human institutions.

A Reminiscence

BY MARY IDA BUNKER

Since this seems to be a year of Irvington and Butler College reminiscences, it may not be amiss for me to add my mite to the subject.

It was a kind Providence that directed my steps to Butler in the autumn of '76, and I shall always feel grateful to all who made my stay there both profitable and happy. Surely a stranger could not have found kinder and more hospitable friends than I found through my connection with the college. It is one of the advantages of the smaller college that the student comes into a closer acquaintance with his teachers and fellow students.

My daily walk to the college usually led me along the Pennsylvania railroad tracks, through the cut or through the bit of woods on the south, between the railroad and the Downey place. In these woods grew flowers that were strange to me, the pepper and salt, the dog-tooth violet, the anemone, as well as the familiar spring beauty and violet. I had never before lived among beech trees, but soon learned to admire their silvery stems and graceful branches. When I think of the old street-car track through the woods, it brings a memory of wild roses and elder in bloom. I wonder whether any other city

of its size has so many beautiful woods and wild roses on its outskirts as Indianapolis has to this day.

As a new girl in the college, it was with interest that I heard the names and praises of former students who were no longer in attendance. Some of them I have never met, but their names are still familiar.

It was with fear and trembling that I entered Miss Merrill's sophomore English class, which was using Green's "Short History of the English People" as a text-book; for we were plunged *in medias res*, that is into the subject of Puritan England, and my previous knowledge of English history was limited to that gained by desultory reading. The probability is that we received in those days more and better instruction in English history than English students themselves. At least, that was the opinion of two educated Englishmen who, upon being informed of our work, were surprised at its extent. Of all books used in my college work, I should most regret to part with Miss Merrill's lectures on modern history. Even now I can recall the thrill with which I listened to her lecture on Florence.

In my time the girls had only one literary society, the Athenian, which met on Friday afternoons. The pride of the society was its carefully selected library. Among the books that I especially remember reading were "Romola," "The Mill on the Floss," "Pride and Prejudice," "Helen," "Sesame and Lilies," "Friends in Council" and "The Life and Letters" of Charles Lamb, of Dr. Thomas Arnold and of Charles Kingsley. One evening the society gave an entertainment in which was enacted in pantomime the old story of Genevra. Some of us remember driving several miles into the country to get the old chest, in which the bride was to conceal herself and meet her tragic death. The annual public exhibitions of the society were momentous occasions, when the graduating members were addressed by Miss Merrill and presented with diplomas.

As a social diversion, one year a few of us met on certain evenings with Miss Merrill at the Downey home and read aloud from Jane Austen's "Emma." Other times, some of the professors with their wives and a few students and friends met at the same place and spent the evening in reading and conversation.

Occasionally we went into the city for a matinee or evening entertainment. Thus I heard Madam Janauschek in "Macbeth" and

"Mary Stuart," Madam Modjeska in "Frou-Frou" when she spoke in very broken English, Maggie Mitchell in "Fanchon," Marie Rose and, I think, Anna Louise Cary in the opera of "Aida," and Wendell Phillips in his lecture on Charles Sumner.

An enjoyable feature of those days was the Sunday afternoon lectures at the college chapel by some member of the faculty, when we were entertained and edified by the wit, humor, learning or wisdom of the speaker, as the case might be. I have had great respect for our almanac ever since I heard Professor Thrasher's witty and instructive lecture on that subject.

Mr. Brown, in his article, referred to two popular preachers of that time in the city, Mr. McCulloch and Mr. Reed. I well remember the "sweet seriousness" of manner and of thought of Mr. McCulloch and the sympathetic voice with which his words were uttered. Often before he began his sermon he would mention briefly the books he had been reading and found helpful, or, perhaps, a play that he could commend. I have often wondered why more ministers did not do the same thing. Mr. Reed I heard less frequently, but always with pleasure. His style of preaching was very different from that of Mr. McCulloch. His thought was apparently less closely connected with the subject, and his sentences were short and often epigrammatic, so they could easily be recalled. On my return home once after listening to him, I wrote out several of them, one of which often comes to my mind—"Christ is honored by cheerfulness when there is nothing under the sun to be cheerful about."

When October comes and the leaves begin to turn and fade I am reminded of the time when, on the wall at the back of the rostrum in the chapel, was hung a motto of brightly-colored leaves—"We all do fade as a leaf." None who were present can ever forget that October morning when, just before the chapel hour, one of our loved and honored instructors was suddenly taken from our midst. From our point of view the loss of him to his family, the college and the community was irreparable.

If one were to try, it would be difficult to pay a higher tribute to the faculty of Butler College at that time than was given by the speaker on last commencement day. The associations and friendships of fellow students are hardly less influential in the formation of character than are the life and work of the teacher; and how dear

and lasting they frequently are, and how gracious is the memory of those who have passed beyond our ken, many of us realize. On the flyleaf of a book given to me at graduation by a graduate of the year before is copied this quotation, with which I close these few reminiscences :

“What passions our friendships were in those old days, how artless and void of doubt! How the arm you were never tired of having linked in yours under the fair college avenues (halls) was withdrawn of necessity when you entered presently the world!”

An Appreciation

By I. C. H.

Hubert J. Schonacker, the hermit musician and scholar, is at rest. On the evening of the 28th of December, this gentle artist, sitting in his chair, simply laid his head back, closed his eyes and slept away. His sweet, old sister, noticing his quiet, tried to arouse him, but it was his last sleep. Surely God hath given His beloved rest. The nature that so few understood has left, as a legacy to the world, his own biography in his music, the best of which is still in manuscript form.

He believed that there was no thought or emotion that could not be musically expressed, and it was a habit of his to take some strong, noble thought from a favorite writer or poet and interpret it musically. He considered music the greatest of the sciences.

The gift of musical composition manifested itself as a child, and all of his life was given to musical pursuits. As instructor at the St. Louis Conservatory of Music; as principal of the musical department of the Northwestern Christian University; as organist of the Vine Street Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati; of the First Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis, during Myron Reed's time; of the Central Christian Church, and, in his later years, of SS. Peter and Paul's Cathedral of Indianapolis, he is best known.

His concert work during his middle life will be remembered with pleasure by all old Indianapolitans; one concert especially, given at

Tomlinson Hall, known as the "Schonacker Concert"—and where all of the numbers of a most pleasing and varied program were of his own composition. He wished always to be known as an American composer, and was most loyal to the American school of music.

"Hoosier Lyrics," "Four Little Tone Poems," "June Idyl," "Valse Caprice," "Romeika," "Nocturne," "Auf Wiedersehen," "Years Ago," "Thy Will Be Done," and "I'll Comfort Thee," are some of his many published compositions.

Music to Shakespeare's "Tempest," a string quartet and numerous vocal and instrumental numbers are still in manuscript. A number of these piano compositions have full orchestral scores, one a tarentelle that is most brilliant, and which he played at one of his concerts. While his work covers almost every variety and form of musical composition, his later efforts were mostly of a sacred nature—a number of masses, a musical vesper, a magnificat, and a large and beautiful collection of Catholic church music. Several of his masses are written with full orchestral parts, and one of his most beautiful has a harp accompaniment that, when properly interpreted, suggests the music of the angelic choir. One of his masses is dedicated to Monsignor Bessonies, who was a tender and devoted friend of the composer. This he called Fr. Bessonies Mass. Another mass he named St. Dorothea's Mass, in memory of his own dear mother, Anna Dorothea Schonacker. The theme of this mass was taken from one that Mrs. Schonacker sang in Germany, when a girl, and which Mr. Schonacker developed into a complete composition. Another is a compilation of the best parts of several of the greater composers, Mr. Schonacker furnishing the golden thread of melody to make a complete whole.

His improvisations were of a nature that were compelling. The writer recalls especially an experience at the dedication of the organ of the First Presbyterian Church at Indianapolis. Mr. Schonacker played one of Beethoven's sonatas and was most enthusiastically encored. He had not provided for an encore number, still the audience was insistent. He sat at the organ hesitatingly, for a moment, then a theme came to him. Immediately the audience felt that he was improvising, and the very atmosphere of the church was changed. It was quietly whispered about, "He is improvising." People sat up straighter, leaned forward in order not to lose a note, spellbound, as

he carried that one sweetly beautiful theme through the various combinations of organ stops. He said afterward that he had not the slightest idea what he was going to play when he sat down and that he could not repeat it. It was simply inspirational playing that had come for the moment and never again returned; not even the theme. Truly such a talent is God-given.

This quiet, gentle musician lived so much apart from the busy world, in the latter part of his life, that he was almost forgotten, even by his old-time musical friends, but his music will live on. God does not give such talent and have it corresponded to with the devotedness and love and industry that Mr. Schonacker accorded to his art, and have it lost. His music will yet be a benefit, a joy and a spiritual uplift to the world. He once said to the writer that he wanted his music to make people love one another.

There is something of Louis Gottschalk—who was a personal friend, and with whom he played duets in his early life—in his style, and much of Chopin. Some of his more enthusiastic friends say that his music will yet be as great, as widely known and as well loved as Chopin's. There is a pathos, all his own, and an individuality and an originality, unlike any other composer, in much of his work. He loved all the great master musicians, as well as the master minds of literature, and was a careful reader and a profound thinker. His tenderness for the world's suffering and his intense desire to alleviate it, only those nearest him know.

Shakespeare, Thoreau, the Bible and the Bagavageta were among his constant literary companions. Max Mueller's twenty-three great volumes of the Sacred Books of the East he read through, from cover to cover, carefully and thoughtfully familiarizing himself with the great religions of the world, and selecting finally the Bible and the Bagavageta as the most satisfactory. He said at one time, "On the subject of temperance, I am a Mohammedan; on other subjects, a Buddhist; on others, a Catholic; on others, a Quaker, and on still others a Protestant," and summed it all up by saying, "I am a Catholic-Mohammedan-Buddhist-Protestant-Quaker musician." Whatever the world may call him, he was a man of the highest ideals, the greatest purity of life, sensitive to all that is beautiful and good and noble and alive to the pain and sorrow of the world to such a degree that at times it saddened him well nigh to melancholy; yet, not with-

out a full appreciation of the brighter and lighter and more joyous things in life.

His little musical jokes will be remembered by many. While playing a solo at one of his concerts, a child in the audience began to cry vigorously, of course disturbing the whole audience. Mr. Schonacker began quietly to play Gottschalk's "Cradle Song," until the child was quieted, and then continued with his solo, greatly pleasing the really musical part of his audience.

His marriage to Eleanor Hunt, a pupil of the Northwestern University, will be remembered by the old students. Two daughters were born to them, but spared only a short time, Effie, the younger, dying in infancy, and Annabel at the age of four. Mrs. Schonacker's death followed shortly after. After the loss of his wife Mr. Schonacker made his home with his mother, and after her death, with his oldest sister, Miss Mary.

At the time of the Civil War he was a private of the First Michigan regiment and would have been in the battle of Bull Run, but, owing to a poisoned arm, was left to guard the supplies, and thus escaped the great historic battle. In later years he joined the Grand Army of the Republic and was for some time chaplain of the George H. Anderson Post. He loved the old G. A. R. and requested that he be buried by them, a request which was granted.

There was much of the old soldier in his nature—methodical and systematic, brave and uncomplaining under sorrow and suffering of his own; in his last days showing the fortitude of a soldier—dying like a soldier upright in his chair, but at all times a gentleman. Just a few moments before the end came, he thanked Miss Mary for her gentle ministrations, and apologized to a niece for not being more entertaining.

The very essence of his mature musical development was given to SS. Peter and Paul's Cathedral, where for fourteen years he gave his talents, and during this time his music gave rest, comfort and spiritual uplift to hundreds of souls who were fortunate enough to have come under its influence.

La Capponcina

AN EPISTLE TO FRIENDS

BY MELVILLE BEST ANDERSON

[Professor Anderson occupied the chair of Modern Languages in Butler College from 1877 to 1881. For twenty-five years he was the head of the English Literature department of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, having been retired on the Carnegie pension fund two years ago. At present he is in Italy, "in a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine," bringing to a conclusion the long labor of a translation of Dante.

Professor Anderson has seemed the definition of a friend to those who came under his scholarly tuition, and to those especially do we present the following lines.]

I

'Tis April, when the hawthorne blows,
And cautiously the buds unclose,
Ah, would that some whom I hold dear
Could break my solitude, to hear
What prophecies my windy pine
Is harping; to surprise the vine
Clutching with furtive hand, intent
On building a green tenement
Of shade for days canicular;
To breathe the balsam in the air,—
Prezzemolo, and at your feet
Timo, and Maiorana sweet:
What fragrant names! I do them wrong
To pluck them out of Tuscan song,
Though savory in English rime
As parsley, marjoram, and thyme.
Come, dream among the citrus flowers
That June is here, with bridal bowers
Where the red rose hangs loveliest,—
Or will she love the lily best?

Remark the oleander shoots,
The lilac plumes, the loquat fruits,
Fig, olive, peach; then trees of shade,
The tufted linden colonnade,

Acacia, magnolia sheen,
Laurel, and ilex darkly green;
The great horse-chestnut hanging out
His banners for the breeze to flout;
And yonder, shielding from the sun,
The sloping fans of Lebanon.
Elsewhere apart and lonely, see
Now burgeoning, the Judas-tree,
Whose bough so heavily was fraught
With the forlorn Iscariot,
Far overtopping all of these,
The Galahad of Tuscan trees,
The swarthy cypress, pure and high,
With finger pointing to the sky,
Stands with his fellows in a line
Communicating things divine.

II

When ashes of the day at last
Into the urn of night are cast,
And heavy odors clog the gale,
The leaf-enshrouded nightingale
Pours from the fountain of his throat
In many a rippling liquid note
Those cadences so rich and deep
That thrills the intervals in sleep,
Awakening dim rememberings
Of "old, unhappy, far-off things."
Hark! he again the theme repeats;
Who can tell how he sings but Keats?
"Now more" (his heart was in that sigh)
Than ever seems it rich to "die."
But as I say the line, my soul
Whispers, "No truth if not the whole!"
By night old legends throw a spell
Upon the lay of Philomel.
Had you but from my oriel heard
At dawn to-day the happy bird

Make ring again the groves and hills
With warblings, runs, bravuras, trills
From yon tall poplar by the bridge,
You would have felt with Coleridge
That introspective bards obtrude
Upon the lay an alien mood,
And more by token listen wrong
The nightingale: his lilting song
Is all of morning and delight,
Instead of crooning crimes of night;
In sooth, the minor strains are none
Except, for modulation, "one
Low piping sound more sweet than all,"—
So thought the poet musical.

III

Such is the close engarlanding
LaCapponcia..... Could I bring
Some charm to bear upon the past
That haunts me here! My lines are cast
In pleasant places historied,—
Hill cities that cannot be hid.
My village is a hall of fame
Blazoned with many a splendid name,
D'Annunzio's villa, where I dwell,
Is famed, I sometimes feel, too well:
In double sense a *dear* retreat,
LaCapponcia names the street.
The house across the lane from mine
Was graced by Duse, the divine,
The tragic Siddons of our age,
Who spurns, of late, the Italian stage.
Offended Muse, why silent? Let
That voice be still not yet, not yet!
Those neighbor walls, this side the lane,
Rang with the mirth of our Mark Twain
A little while.—So beauty, wit,
All that makes living exquisite,
Vanish; yet in this land they seem

Realities, and we the dream.
Love beside yonder hillside hearth,
Gave plastic Desiderio birth;
Where stately Gamberaia stands
Wrought Rossellino's youthful hands;
Here, snatching up a bit of coal,
A young creator flung a soul
Into a sketch upon the wall
Where still you see the vital scrawl:
It was four centuries ago,—
The boy's name, Michelangelo.....
So many silent voices thrill
The soul on the "harmonious hill,"
You pensively expect to hear
Their echo in the living ear;
And thinking who have surely gone
Along the ancient pathway yon,
You start like one who leaps to greet
The coming of beloved feet.

IV

They say that spirits on the brink
Of living water pause and shrink:
Ah! Too light nearted have I run
Across my little Rubicon,
The Mensola, among the hosts
That haunt the farther bank, of ghosts,
There begins Florence—she who woke
The mind of man from dreaming; broke
The sleep of death,—to human worth
Cried loudly, "Lazarus, come forth!"
City of craftsman, poet, seer,
Of thinker, wit, discoverer,
Whence Dante went his pilgrimage,
Where seasoned humanist and sage,
Which wafted forth to all mankind
The fruitful pollen of the mind.
Of her the exiled Poet could
Think only as a cruel wood;

So startled fancy pictures these,
"A forest where spirits are the trees."

* * * *

V

Leave, leave the City of the Flower,
And climb with me into my tower;
A winding stair leads up, and you
Saw never such another view,
Unless you stood with her who took
The house on Bellosguardo (Book
The seventh of "Aurora Leigh").
Such points of vantage let you see
When frequent showers have cleared the air,
A storied landscape sadly fair:
Fiesole, that speaks of Rome;
The plain with city, palace, dome;
The olive hillsides, as of old
With villa cypress-sentinelled;
Caiano, where for solace went
Lorenzo the magnificent;
Careggi, where he turned aside
From the Dominican, and died;
Arcetri, whence the unblinded eyes
Of Galileo swept the skies;
Valdarno yon, inhabited
By wolves, not men, stern Dante said,
By snapping cur, and fox, and hog.
Not to extend the catalogue.
Look at the upland forest glades
Of Vallambrosa, "Etrurian shades
High over-arched," whence Milton took
That image of the leaf-strown brook;
Then to the westward turning back,
Behold on the horizon, black
Beneath the glow, when day is done,
Those serried peaks that blot the sun:
Sierra? Nay, that jagged line
Notching the sky, is Apennine;

Seen at the peep of dawn, their hue
Is pearly, blending with the blue;
But when the sun has reached the height,
How glitter the still fields of white
Above the forest, where they lift
Up through the ether winter's drift,
Declaring, "Weary pilgrim, lo
The fountains whence the rivers flow!"

Her First Funeral

BY MAY LOUISE SHIPP

Emily and Lucy were cousins and dearest friends. Their fathers were brothers, one a farmer near Millville, the other a banker in a small country town forty miles away. Every year, from the time they were six until they were eleven, the little girls spent two of the summer months together on the farm belonging to Emily's father.

In that June when Emily died it was nearly a year since the children had seen each other. Emily's mother, Mrs. Warner, wished Lucy to come to the funeral. That Lucy should be near her, and mourn with her, seemed the poor woman's only comforting thought.

Lucy's parents were old-fashioned people. They had no modern ideas about preserving a child's mind from contact with the more terrible realities of life. They thought it right that Lucy should go to comfort "Sister Anne," and proper also that the little girl, dearly as they loved her, should taste of the grief "sent her by a divine Providence." They were very fond of her beauty, a fondness which they emphasized by giving her extremely pretty clothes; they were also devoted to the welfare of her little white soul which they had their own way of looking after. And it so happened that the over-imaginative and highly sensitive child was sent, in the care of a neighbor journeying to Millville the day of the funeral, but practically alone, to face, for the first time, the king of terrors.

The day of the journey was lovely with the unutterable loveliness of June; and Lucy being an impressionable child, responded to its happy suggestion. At first, as the accommodation moved off from the depot where her father and mother waved an anxious and serious good-bye, she tried to force her thoughts to her dead playmate.

But death was an unknown quantity to her. She could not picture it. And besides this, the memory of Emily was dimmed by nine months' absence from her. At eleven, nine months is a little eternity, a fathomless abyss of time. Without Lucy's will or knowledge, her thoughts slipped away to meet the gay green fields, the joyous mist-robbed trees of the Indiana forests through which the train was passing. In the intervals of looking out the window she and the little boy who sat across the aisle from her smiled at each other. He had cheeks like red apples, and curly black hair upon which was perched a torn straw hat. A mischievous, daring sweetness lurked in his smile. Once when the train stopped at a station, he pulled a candy cigar out of his pocket and imitated to the life a smoking lounging on the platform. Lucy giggled aloud with delight at this performance, and the boy tried gravely, but not wholly successfully, to conceal his exultation in her admiration. She forgot entirely that she was going to Emily's funeral till the conductor called out "Millville." Then it was but a moment and she was out in the open air and perched on the seat of the phaeton with "Uncle Dan" on the way out to the farm.

From that minute till little Emily was buried in a country cemetery, Lucy's mind was filled with strange, frightful impressions. Aunt Anne met the little girl with a burst of grief that shocked the child's sensibilities, that offended her childish love of decorum and harmony. Then, after taking off her hat, smoothing out her gloves and laying them daintily together on the bed in the spare room, she was bidden into "the parlor" to view the cold clay of the little chum with whom she had played dolls and built moss houses for the five past summers. A strange sense of unreality filled the child's mind. She tried to feel sorry and grieved because she felt that she was expected to feel so; but she could not. The emotion that possessed her was far enough away from grief. The darkened, silent room with the black coffin in the middle, horrified her. The face of the dead bore small resemblance to that of the laughing little girl whom she had known, and it filled her with awe. Too young to understand her own sensations or to analyze them, she yet felt the terrible enmity existing between life and death. She wanted to shriek and run away from the unnatural quiet of the gloom-shrouded room and of its dead occupant, out into the sunshine of the world to which she was accustomed, where she could breathe and laugh and talk, and

hear other people laugh and talk. But she felt the responsibility of her position in the house as chief mourner. This had been borne in upon her mind by the respect with which every one treated her. She was no longer the little cousin of Emily's, who spent the summers at the farm. She was the best friend of the dead. And, in return for the consideration she received, her tender little conscience taught her that she must render consideration and self-control in return. So she held herself a rigid small figure in the chamber of death till Miss Gardner, the village school teacher, who was helping to get things ready for the services in the afternoon, came and led her away.

At the funeral Lucy sat with her hands clasped forlornly over her white dress. The neighbors and friends from the nearby town of Millville thought the little girl's demeanor very proper. They approved of her serious countenance. Her sweet face, even her pretty clothes, appealed to them, though of this last they were unconscious. The young face with its pensive look was, however, a mask for a tumult of emotion. Lucy sat with the family in a corner of the big room where the coffin lay. The eyes turned upon her were like arrows to her soul. The rustling of the women's best gowns as they turned, an occasional deprecating cough or smothered whisper before the services began—these things oppressed her childish soul utterly. But this oppression was slight compared to the terror with which the sight of the minister filled her. He was the one person in the world whom Lucy hated. She remembered with an intensity of passion his stopping her on the street of Millville one hot day the summer before, and asking her what was the state of her soul. The question was like the lash of a whip. It branded her like a scar. It had filled her with unreasoning, mad fear. The little girl remembered how she had not answered him, but had turned, like a wild thing, and run from him, a quarter of a mile or more, till she reached the friendly shelter of a cousin's house.

That summer was the summer of the great revival at Millville. Emily joined the church, but Lucy remained outside the pale. Mr. Cowan, the minister, tried several times to talk to Lucy on the subject, but always she evaded him. To-day of all the awful experiences connected with death, the worst seemed to her to be concentrated in listening to the sound of his voice. Good man that he was, burning with zeal for his Master's cause, he could have no idea of

the commotion he excited in the child's soul. Single-hearted zealot and fanatic, he preached the cause of the Prince of Peace with no hint of serenity in his own mind and heart.

Lucy's down-dropped eyes yet mirrored his appearance and every movement. Though she did not look at him, she could yet see his long, sallow, oval face, his piercing, penetrating eyes. She felt her whole soul stiffening into opposition. Suffer she might, but yield she never would to the religion he represented. When he spoke of the "will of God," it seemed to her a horrible, cruel thing. Again, she wanted to scream, and would have done so if she had not caught hold of kind Miss Gardner who sat next her and who restored something of her rightful childish dependence of feeling by patting her hands and drawing the child closer to herself.

Only once, however, did fear completely desert her. That was when the minister read "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." She loved that. She said it to herself before she went to sleep at night almost as often as she said, "Now I lay me." But terror returned when he told the story of Emily's conversion and talked about her Christian character. Who was Emily, anyway? She didn't know. And was she, Lucy, the little girl who played tag and won the game at recess yesterday? Would this terrible performance go on forever and forever? Would it never end? Would Mr. Cowan never stop speaking? Was all the rest of her life to be spent in this awful room with these strange, solemn grown-up people all around her? Would she never come back to real life again? Would it always be unnatural like this? If she could only do some usual, common thing! If she could jump out of her chair and run into the kitchen and steal a cookie or a Jessie cake out of the spicily odorous old brown safe where they were kept! That would be bliss. This safe was just the color of gingerbread. Sometimes when she was pretending things to herself she pretended that it *was* gingerbread. The thought crossed her mind now. Or again, if she could play with the cat that had such fun last summer running around after its own tail! Or, best of all, if she and Emily could play hide-and-go-seek in the sweet-smelling hay of the barn loft which offered such splendid places for hiding! And then, for the first time that day, she felt the presence, the absence, and the loss of her little friend. Emily was dead and would never again play hide-and-seek with her. Her lip quivered. The tears almost brimmed over, but not quite. They

were caught and stayed by the sound of theological phrases she did not understand, but which filled her with insensate fear.

Somehow the hour dragged itself out. It even happened after while that the journey to the graveyard, the terrible ceremony of lowering the coffin into the grave, the shock of listening to the sound of the clods falling upon it, were over.

When the family came back to the house, where Lucy and the schoolmistress, too, were to stay all night, it was late in the afternoon and time to prepare supper. Lucy walked about in a dazed state while her aunt and Miss Gardner arranged the meal. Sometimes she listened to the three men of the family sitting on the door-step and discussing, in quiet tones, the crops. She wondered how they could talk of such things and it seemed to her terrible that they could. Supper over, she wandered through the kitchen on her way to the vegetable garden behind the house. In the kitchen her aunt was wiping the dishes, her grief subdued a little by the effort of work. Even a vision of the heaven, in which she believed her little girl to be, sometimes crossed the mother's thoughts. And, as every mortal's vision of heaven is limited by his experience and vision of earthly beauty, so hers was. She dreamed of the happy place as a little corner in the Millville Center Methodist Church, that little corner where she taught her Sunday school class, and from which, through the new plate-glass windows, one had a view of the Presbyterian Church across the road. In her imagination this little corner was filled with the members of her Sunday school class, young girls in white dresses with their glistening braids of hair tied up with bright blue and pink ribbons, the sweet face of her little daughter shining out as the bright particular star among them all.

Lucy slipped by unnoticed to well-remembered haunts. She walked up and down between the rows of potato plants and tomato plants. She examined the currant bushes and the raspberry bushes, and visited the old apple tree underneath which she and Emily had gathered apples and feasted off the luscious fruit last year. Her mind was shaken by the frightful experiences of the day. Alone with the coming on of night and its shadows, she felt the inexplicable terrors of the afternoon coming back. She turned to retrace her steps toward the house and saw at her feet an enormous beetle. To her excited imagination the thing was a portent and a horror. In her fancy she saw it grow and grow until it became a hideous mon-

ster. She ran with it pursuing her. She could feel the hideous thing, magnified a thousandfold, swooping down upon her with its great, black wings. She ran screaming with all her might and fell into the outstretched protecting arms of Miss Gardner.

Lucy did not mention the black beetle to Miss Gardner. Its story belonged to the class of things a child does not confide to grown people. Neither could she voice the pain of the long, hard day. But Miss Gardner did not ask any questions. She soothed the little girl and petted and kissed her. When Lucy stopped crying Miss Gardner suggested that they take a walk. They passed down a long path bordered by roses and mignonette, lemon verbenas, hollyhocks, larkspur and other old-fashioned flowers, and out onto the road beyond. Soon they came to a turn in it which shut out completely the view of the farmhouse and its outbuildings. It seemed to shut out, too, and to make improbable, the misery of the day. The moon shone brightly over the flat cornfields, stretching away on one side of them, and on the meadow and forest land on the other. A delicious woodsy fragrance penetrated the air. The sky was full of stars, and, for the first time in her life, the little girl really looked at them. In this atmosphere of peace and serenity confidence and courage came back to her. She answered Miss Gardner's questions about school and home. She even told her about the small boy on the train who had told her a new riddle and smoked a candy cigar. Once she forgot herself so far as to run after a squirrel which scurried across the road in front of them and disappeared under the trees.

Miss Gardner spoke of Emily and they fell quite easily to talking about her. Lucy remembered all at once how Emily looked and what they talked about the summer before, and the games they played. She told Miss Gardner about the moss houses they built with little garden paths made of white and black watermelon seeds running up to the doors. She remembered that when they didn't have enough watermelon seed to finish the paths to both houses, Emily gave her the most, because she was company.

"I should think Emily must be very lonely in heaven, shouldn't you think so, Miss Gardner?" she said.

"No, I don't think so," Miss Gardner answered. "God gave her kind friends on earth and he will give her kind friends in heaven, too. It's the same God in both places." Miss Gardner's manner was quiet and very convincing.

"She won't know any one at first," the little girl went on. "It always seems when you hear people talk about it as if heaven was just for grown-up people, and Emily wouldn't like that, I am sure," she said. "She would want some other children around. She could talk more then, you know."

"I don't know what heaven's like, Lucy," said Miss Gardner, "any more or not as much as you and I know what to-morrow will be like. But I am sure both will bring us good things. There is room enough on earth for children and grown people both. They don't do the same things here and I don't suppose they do the same things in heaven, either. You musn't be afraid that Emily won't be as well taken care of in one place as in the other."

This way of putting the matter pleased and soothed the child infinitely. A gentle composure in Miss Gardner's manner had its effect on Lucy. Out of this strange, cruel experience of hers, Miss Gardner was able to pluck something familiar and kind. As they walked and talked, the little girl felt dimly the soothing presence of the usual invade the alien realm of death. And Emily came back, alive and real, the little friend she had played with and loved best of all. She began to feel that after all heaven might stand a comparison with earth, to regard the former as less of an institution and more of a home. Her mind was sweet with comforting thoughts. The child was touched by the beauty and the vastness of the night and by the thoughts to which the difficulties of the day had given rise. Her soul expanded in this summer mood, putting forth tendrils like the growing things about her. The world seemed to her very large, yet she had in it a sense of great security and order. Out of trouble and terror something sweet had risen—something that was like a cordial to her bewildered little mind and heart.

Unconsciously she associated the loveliness of the night with what had been said about heaven. She formed in her mind a picture of that place which stayed with her. Sometimes in later life the mention of the word Heaven was enough to inspire the vision. Then with kaleidoscopic rapidity everything fell together. She saw herself near the end of a long day. Suddenly came a turn in the dusty highway of life—and beyond, fields of green corn waist high, meadow land and forest, above it all the shining moon and a star-sown sky.

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Editorial

A Notable Fraternity Convention

Phi Delta Theta is to be commended for action taken at its recent annual convention condemnatory of certain tendencies that of late years have been gaining ground more and more in college fraternal circles. The convention, we are told, dominated by conservative and alumnal influences, freely expressed the conviction that it was time to demonstrate that college fraternities have objects other than merely social, and expressed desire to co-operate with university directors and faculties in certain reforms that were felt to be imperatively necessary to the preservation of what, if only its original, seals be realized, is one of the noblest institutions of college life.

At this convention, as is reported, high scholarship, loyalty to college and possible guiding and restraining influences to be exercised over younger students were some of the subjects most frequently discussed. There was much turning back also to the early expressed purposes of Greek-letter societies and determination was avowed on the part of the delegates to adhere to these in all strictness.

Doubtless the stand taken by the delegates of the fraternity named will be unpopular in some quarters. There are for whom high ideals seem to have no lure and with whom conviviality is supreme test of good fellowship. Men of different spirit were those that ruled against liquor drinking at fraternal banquets and set seal of condemnation on that weak and vicious imitation of so-called "college life," namely, the high-school Greek-letter affectation.

AN EXAMPLE TO BE IMITATED.

But the initiative thus taken is not only to be commended; it demands imitation. The report of the convention shows the alumni

membership of a great and widely extended college fraternity performing its proper function: engaged in a work of reform within itself, where reform is sorely needed. And not less urgent is the necessity of reform in other college fraternities, nor less weighty the responsibility resting on the shoulders of their alumni members.

The publication of The Alumnal has been undertaken by the Alumni Association of Butler College as a possible means of service to our Alma Mater. Here, then, is an open door. Alumni members of college fraternities and sororities at Butler are in position to exert guiding influences, not only upon the members of their respective local organizations, but, through these, over the whole student body. For among the younger class of students these college societies form about the strongest influence in college life. From the fact that they are organized forces in the college it is to be expected that they, to a large extent, should set the standard of morals for the whole student body.

In this matter, then, the duty of the alumnus is clearly evident. It is to take the lead in a return to early principles.

A SERIOUS MATTER.

Older members of our Alumni Association may recall something of the language of the books held sacred in our noviciate days, our charters, our rituals, the vows we took upon them, vows where, with congenial spirits, together we devoted ourselves to truth, honor, brotherhood, drawing close for service to high ideals and noble purposes. Youthful words were those, no doubt, and so the sober judgment that comes with years, may well pronounce them; but accepted then with that deep seriousness that only youth can know.

And seriousness is a good thing, however ineptly it may express itself. He that takes upon his lips the word of high avowal may well be serious. Frivolity is fatal then. Of course, one would not be too deadly serious and always and everywhere. That were dullness unrelieved. Folly is a good thing in its season; a rest, a recreation, a relief; but folly as the main business and settled purpose is sure to make of man or woman that scorned thing its name implies.

THE SOCIAL BOND.

College fraternities were, doubtless, in their origin formed, as they are still held together, in answer to the desire natural to all of

being joined in intimate association with others of congenial spirit. Fraternity narrows the social bond, limits it, intensifies it. Fraternity is the inner ring of a series of concentric circles included within that larger circumference which we call society—and this means not society as spelled with large initial letter—it means rather the whole world of man as affected by social relations. And in the narrower confines of this central area are best developed and cultivated such qualities of mind and heart as shall put us in accord with that wider environment.

The early "Greeks," as the older ones of us can testify, took most seriously both themselves and their wider environment. This is not saying that the modern "Greek" is not serious; but the end aimed at makes all the difference. Seriousness devoted to frivolous ends becomes a thing too puerile for words. No; the arrangement of social functions and the making of job-lot dates with sorority members, the officially concerted decision on the part of a fraternity of young men as to which particular *frater* shall, on a given occasion, attend which particular *soror*—such things were well left to individual initiative and to the personal preferences of the parties directly interested. They do not concern the crowd; they are not matters to be canvassed in convention, and the fraternity chapter that seriously devotes itself to such business, misses its high calling—and makes itself ridiculous. But these things are trivial in comparison with greater evils that present tendencies threaten.

LIQUOR DRINKING.

Against the use of alcoholic beverages at college banquets, the convention previously referred to issued its pronouncement in no uncertain terms. The warning is timely, for is it not coming to be felt among us that at our fraternity banquets the real thing in the way of social spirit may not be successfully evoked without greater or less indulgence in stimulating drinks? The Alumnal does not care to be regarded as straight-laced, but surely no sober-minded, right-thinking person will object to the declaration that at fraternity functions, where under-graduates form part of the company, liquors should not be served. Here is a fearful evil. Responsibility rests with the alumni. To them belongs the work of reform.

A Butler Need

Those who work in and for Butler College increasingly feel her needs. Almost superhuman effort is being put forth to counteract these needs by those who would see the college maintain herself true to the expenditure of effort and self-denial of the past, true to the best they know to be in her at the present; and the cry goes out, "Where is the hand that will help in this noble struggle?"

Here at the center of activity we are holding up with might and main our end of the responsibility; but we need help. We need money—money for an enlarged faculty, money for buildings to accommodate student applicants, instead of turning them away, and money for housing them well after they have been accepted. We need a new, up-to-date gymnasium for the boys; their present quarters are a disgrace to the college. We need an administration building with an increased supply of recitation rooms, that every teacher may have his inalienable right of a room for his classes. We need a woman's building.

A building for the accommodation of the women of the college is not a luxury—it is an imperative necessity. We cannot, save with sad loss, continue longer without a house which will offer an assembly room, a gymnasium, a restroom, a parlor for various meetings, rooms for the various women's societies, headquarters for the women of the faculty, and under all a large dining-room with necessary accompaniments to be used for college functions generally.

There is no place in Irvington sufficiently commodious to serve the alumni supper. Those who attended last commencement may recall the congestion on the happy occasion of so large a reunion of graduates. Such return is what we most desire, but with it we desire to offer comfortable accommodations and an opportunity to extend the hospitality we feel.

The functions of the young women must, perforce, be held in the city for lack of space in the college buildings. This is not only very inconvenient, but wars also against much that the teachers try to inculcate in the young people.

The college is here to take its stand in the academic world, to perform its part in preparing men and women for real living, and to

respond to the needs of the community. She is here to serve, and she cannot effectively serve without increased equipment.

Where are the alumni? Where are the friends who, individually or conjointly, will make possible this woman's building?

May it not come as a memory, or as an anticipation?

Think on these things!

Founder's Day

The entrance of the faculty, garbed in the gowns and hoods of their respective degrees, formally opened on the seventh of February, the exercises of Founder's Day. The college chapel was filled with alumni, students and friends, who had gathered in deference to the spirit of the day. The invocation was pronounced by Dr. Jabez Hall, the benediction by Dr. W. C. Morro. The vocalist was Mr. Paul Jeffries, '03, accompanied by Mrs. Walter S. King, '91.

The address of the day was given by Professor William M. Forrest, of the University of Virginia, upon "The Task of the College." To his introduction President Thomas C. Howe prefixed a brief outline of the history of the college, named in honor of Ovid Butler, from its opening in 1855 to the present time. "We now have an endowment," he said, "of \$400,000, a plant of \$300,000, and the last year's catalogue showed an enrollment of 575 students."

In his scholarly and finished address Mr. Forrest said that at the present time the educational system of the country is being scrutinized and criticised to a degree never before known. He said that one of the criticisms made is that college work is removed from the utilities of life and is conducted so that those who succeed best in college attainments are not successful in the field of everyday life, and that another criticism that has been made was that the colleges exert an influence on the entire educational system and the public was taxed for the benefit of the comparative few.

In regard to this last criticism, he pointed out the value to the public of men who have received careful training in colleges. While those who pass through college are the comparative few, he added, they are the efficient servants of the people and what they are giving

is for the benefit of all. He added that it was well for the public to see that the best possible training was given in the lower studies.

In regard to the criticism that colleges are not in touch with life and not preparing students for the duties of practical everyday life, he said that colleges should teach the practical, but that one does not complain and say that shoes are not useful because they cannot be eaten, nor complain and say that a food is not useful because it cannot be worn. Some things taught in college, he added, are useful in preparation for future work, but cannot be used at once. He pointed out that a man who has not had special training before entering a special line of work may at first, because of this earlier start, have the advantage of the man who has devoted several years to preparation, but the man who has had special training should soon overtake and pass the other, all other conditions being equal.

He asked why a thing of immediate value should be thought of less value in training the mind, and he referred to the training of the mind in the study of English as well as in the study of Greek and Latin. Conditions are different in the present day, he said, from the days when a man must have known Latin if he would learn anything in the higher studies. Simply because things one is studying have some connection with everyday life does not mean they lose their power to sharpen the wits and train the mind.

He spoke, also, of the need of the college to foster the beautiful. In present days, he added, the beautiful has been rather roughly handled. He pointed out the need of the beautiful in everyday life, and said it should not be confined to the studios and the homes of the rich. He referred to the times when handicraft flourished, and when it was in the power of the workman, who then did not stand before a machine, to put something of individuality and beauty in his product.

Perhaps there is some danger, he added, that in dealing with books so much one may get away from the real things. In concluding, Mr. Forrest congratulated Butler College on its future.

At noon the homes of the various members of the faculty were thrown open to the visiting friends. Mrs. Howe entertained a number of guests at luncheon, Miss Evelyn Butler, head of the residence, welcomed the mothers of the young women at the residence, and Miss Graydon received at her home forty mothers of students. In

the afternoon Mrs. Allen-Forrest invited a number of friends to meet Professor W. M. Forrest.

A beautiful feature of the day was the reception given from 2:30 to 4:30 at the home of Mrs. Hope W. Graham in University avenue by the Greek-letter societies to the students and guests of the college. It is hoped that this Pan-Hellenic function will continue to be so pleasant an observance of the day.

The banquet hall of the Claypool Hotel afforded a handsome setting for a brilliant gathering at seven o'clock. Plates were laid for 300 guests, and there were present students, alumni, directors, professors and presidents of other colleges of the State, friends from towns near by and from cities far distant. Indeed, it was a dignified and happy gathering.

Dr. O. D. Odell, of the Second Presbyterian Church, pronounced the invocation. President Howe acted as toastmaster and, after a bountiful and well-served dinner, said:

"The beginning of our educational foundation is, it seems to me, an event of the utmost importance. All educational facilities concern us deeply. Educational institutions have to do with the children, and for that reason schools and colleges should be of the first concern.

"I am sure there is a happy spirit in Indiana, a happy condition with the higher institutions of learning. The president of DePauw, Hanover, Earlham, Franklin, or any other college stands ready to congratulate Butler when any good comes to it, because we are all a part of a machine which makes our boys and girls better. This is cause for every citizen of Indiana to be deeply concerned with matters of education and educational policy.

"We are all interested in Butler College because it is an educational agency instituted for the doing of good. We are speaking of the founder of the institution. Who was he and what was it he attempted to do? Ovid Butler was a native of New York, coming to Indiana in 1817 at the age of sixteen. He lived in Jennings county and taught school and studied law when young. He was a resident of Shelbyville from 1825 to 1836, when he came to Indianapolis, living here till nearly eighty years old.

"Mr. Butler was a pioneer of deep and strong convictions, who gave largely of his ample means to the endowment of Butler College. We gather to-day, not to glorify Butler or its particular

founders, but as friends interested in a common cause. We welcome the representatives of nonstate and State schools because they are engaged in a common task.

"There is a disposition by many of us to rest on our oars and think the system of education and educational policy is perfect. No system is perfect. If we do not soon take radical steps to give to our public schools in Indianapolis adequate support, we shall be far in the rear. We need more money to keep teachers that we have trained in Indianapolis and hundreds of thousands to build buildings. We hear complaints of the cost, but our best business is to give the children the opportunity to become better members of the community.

"I hope the time will come when Indiana University and Purdue University shall receive the means to do their work and to make them efficient. Wisconsin is an object lesson to the States in what she is doing for education. I am not a traitor to the nonstate school in saying this—we must judge this thing by a standard of efficiency.

"I trust the church of which I am a member and the church to which Butler owes its founding, will realize to the full the privilege of having its share in the educational world in the State of Indiana. What makes for the upbuilding of one makes for the upbuilding of the rest.

"When we go from here, we should all feel we are part of the great whole, and try to do our part in the share of the task before us."

President Howe introduced Dr. Charles P. Emerson, dean of the Indiana Medical College, as one who had endeared himself to every citizen of Indianapolis since he came to this city.

"The need of the medical profession is for men," said Dr. Emerson in discussing the medical education and profession of to-day. "No other country in the world has heard its medical education branded as 'the crime of the nineteenth century' by leading medical educators, as has America. The medical schools were slow to remedy this crime. Dr. Eliot was insistent that there should be a reform.

"The trouble was that we were willing in this country to take the boy from the farm, give him a diploma and then let him practice on the community at large. We had 146 medical schools thirty years

ago, while to-day we have only 155 schools, yet theoretically thirty schools of medicine are enough.

"Publicity concerning medicine is getting into the newspapers day by day, and I might say that a great deal of it is 'news' to us; yet magazines and newspapers publish almost any article on medicine that is brought to them.

"The medical field is broadening. The lawyers have found the medical field the most fruitful they ever tapped in the way of mal-practice suits which they skilfully manufacture. Some doctors insist that certain cases of dyspepsia can be cured only at the altar.

"This is all a result of the progress of medical education, not the cause. The medical education of the future depends on the college. As you are now, so must we be in the future. We want men in the medical world, and we want them four years earlier. I am interested in the movement to give eight years' instead of twelve years' preparation for college. The trouble is with the persons who are working the problem. I am interested in the movement to cut down the time of preparations for college to eight years. While we ought to insist on preliminary education for medical students, we ought to teach students how to think."

The second speaker on the program, Professor Kuno Francke, was introduced by President Howe as one under whom he had studied in Harvard University and whom he welcomed to the Butler Founder's Day banquet. Professor Francke was, according to Mr. Howe, imported into the United States by President Charles W. Eliot in violation of the contract labor laws thirty years ago and had remained ever since.

Professor Francke expressed it as his opinion that the American education was defective in the lack of comprehensiveness which characterized the American student and the inability of the American to understand the tendency of the forces of the past to create the present.

An antidote should be administered in the American college, he said, to the tendency to see at short range. Professor Francke, in speaking of the revival of the classical course at Princeton and Amherst, said it was all right, as long as the revival was confined to Princeton and Amherst. He did not favor such a movement in all the colleges of the country. It would result, he thought, in a great

harm to American culture. The revival of the classical course would, he said, revive all that was fatal to humanity and humanism. The student, he said, should be made to feel a reverence for the whole of all humanism, but not in setting apart one particular people or time as a paradise of culture.

Professor Francke predicted that Butler College would, under the leadership of President Howe, go on combining thoroughness and comprehensiveness, and would come to be an ideal American college.

He spoke briefly of the contribution to the cause of education made by President Charles W. Eliot in instituting at Harvard University the elective system, and of the changes which had been made by President Lowell in that system for the better, namely, the arrangement of the elective studies in certain groups, from one of which the student was required to elect the major part of his work. He protested against the tendency of the American college student to flounder around, taking the easiest courses available when the elective system was run without any restrictions.

The next speaker was Professor William M. Forrest, who talked upon "The Value of Personality in Education." He said: "The present need is not for men who merely turn the searchlight on culture, but men of broad sympathies, who are willing to deny themselves their own pleasure to inculcate their knowledge and to give their personalities to the students in their classrooms." His closing words were:

"May the coming generation of Butler friends and alumni never have a lessening appreciation of the founder of the college. As we think of the founders of some of our great institutions, some of them gave little. Harvard and Yale had but little to give to colleges which bear their names. I am reminded that the founder of the University of Virginia, my own school, Jefferson, after long years, while serving the republic, was so poor in later life that, though he became father of the University of Virginia, he was not able to give a penny to the institution which his genius created.

"I propose to toast our founders. These men did not believe in learning in the abstract or they would have founded monasteries, where the cloistered student might saturate himself with the books of education, but our college founders and benefactors believed that the surest and best way to get close to young people was to have

education mediated to them through great personalities. I would place the founders and teachers as being the ones whose personality makes all that is best and all that is worst in the colleges.

"All the attacks on colleges to-day are attacks on the administration of the colleges. We need men and women of broad sympathies and culture, men and women who will work for a small compensation compared to that to be had in other fields. The problem in education is to keep boys and girls in contact with great personalities."

To the pleasure of all the program ended with a call for President Scot Butler, who, in his characteristic way, gave feeling expression of greeting to his old students and friends. "The saddest thing about my college experience," he said, "which has always hurt me and will hurt me till I die, is the fact that I left there the sources on which my human sympathies had fed so long. Hail to you all—all hail!"

The company was loath to separate, and lingered in subdued groups. Was not the light of other days about us?

Congratulations

The new Governor of Vermont and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Allen M. Fletcher, formerly of Indianapolis, have had connection, both directly and indirectly, with Butler College; it is, therefore, with an unusual warmth and sincerity of feeling that the Quarterly sends its congratulations to Governor and Mrs. Fletcher.

Mrs. Fletcher was, as Miss Mary E. Bence, a valued member of the college. In her student days, as it has been since, her life was stamped with an appreciation of duty, thoroughness, kindness, simplicity, truth—an appreciation of things genuine and fine.

Mrs. Fletcher's interest in the college has not lagged. Her daughter, Miss Mary C. Fletcher (now Mrs. Frederick R. Charlton, of the city) graduated with the class of '96. Indeed, to the spirit of Butler and its efforts, Mrs. Fletcher has been continuously alive; so, it is with pleasure and pride that the college learns of the recognition of the worth and opportunity granted to Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, and feels that the old Green Mountain State has honored herself in honoring them.

Personal Mention

Jane Elizabeth Bigelow died on March 11 in New York City.

Ernest Lynn Talbert, '01, has removed from Chicago to Coden, Ala.

Samuel Allen Harker, '97, has returned to Indianapolis for residence.

Raymond D. Meeker, '91, a lawyer of Sullivan, Ill., is a member of the State Senate.

B. F. Dailey, '87, of Greenfield, Ind., left on February 17 for a month in Florida.

George Harris Clarke, '88, appears with us again in the form of his Freshman son, Elton Russell Clarke.

Dr. Henry Jameson, '69, and Mr. John M. Judah, of the Board of Directors, sailed in January with a party of friends for several weeks in Italy.

Butler follows with interest and pride the course of her former student, Homer L. Cook, Speaker of the Indiana House of Representatives.

George W. Hemry, '05, has resigned the pastorate of the Christian Church of South Bend, Ind., to complete his studies at University of Chicago.

David M. Hillis, '64, sailed January 30 from New York for a several months' cruise in the Mediterranean, visiting Greece, Egypt and the Holy Land.

Chester G. Vernier, '03, professor of law, University of Illinois, appeared on the program of a recent State Confederation of Charities at Springfield, Ill.

Recently messages have reached us telling of the future Butlerites who have arrived in the homes of Mrs. Ethel Woody Horton, '07—Raymond Fuller Horton, Jr.; R. F. Davidson, '91, and Mrs. Mary G. Davidson, '94—Robert Franklin Davidson, Jr.; Mrs. Mildred

Moorhead Shafto, '11—Robert G. Shafto; Elbert H. Clarke, '09, and Mrs. Inez Williams Clarke—Scot Butler Clarke, "a member of the class of 1933."

W. T. Sellers, '75, and Miss Nellie Williams were married in Indianapolis on December 17, 1912. Mr. and Mrs. Sellers will make their home in Bedford, Ind., where Mr. Sellers is pastor of the Christian Church.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Moffett are sojourning in Florida. Mr. Moffett, '76, a valued member of the Board of Directors of the college, is in search of health—a search which the Quarterly fervently hopes will be successful.

The hegira from Columbus for the West Indies includes: W. G. Irwin, '89; Mr. and Mrs. Marshall T. Reeves, Mrs. Grace M. Morris, '95; Mr. Hugh Th. Miller, '88; Mrs. Hugh Th. Miller, '97, and Miss Elsie Sweeney.

Miss Blanche P. Noel, '00, teacher of Latin in the Vincennes high school, will conduct a party for European travel and study next summer. Circulars of information may be secured by applying to her at 412 Hart street, Vincennes, Ind.

The class of '88 celebrates this June its silver anniversary. Already "the promise of its coming shines" and our anticipation is whetted for great things. But let us say that '88 will have to start early in the morning, if she outdoes in perfection of observance the house party of '87!

Of the five Fogg scholarships awarded for the fall term's work at Yale University, amounting to fifty dollars each, two were given to graduates of Butler, Andrew Leitch, '11, and Clarence L. Reidenbach, '12. This is the third honor Reidenbach has captured at Yale since entering in September.

Word has been received of the promotion of an Indianapolis boy and former student of Butler in the '80's, H. N. Kelsey, from the Western manager of the Sun of England to the United States manager of the Hamburg-Bremen Fire Company. From a Chicago paper we give the following: "Mr. Kelsey has taken high rank in the younger school of Western fire underwriters. His appointment is

another evidence of the rise of Western men and their call to prominent Eastern positions. Mr. Kelsey has been a leading citizen of Evanston, prominent in social affairs, an officer of the First Presbyterian Church, and head of the public school board. He is in life's prime, a man clean cut; unblemished in character, and a student of the business. His associates and friends in the West regret his departure, but rejoice at this recognition of his worth and ability." Many ties bind "Raich" to Indianapolis and to Butler. A pleasant memory of him lingers about the college, who never forgets her own. So the Quarterly sends in the form of congratulations her appreciation of his accomplishment, and her Godspeed.

Gilbert L. Harney writes: "I am grateful for the Alumnal Quarterly. The first article I read in the January number was, *of course*, Miss Merrill's. I could see her and could hear her voice. It was as if I listened to her in the classroom, as formerly, and all the old associates were there. We were all there taking notes. How like her the essay is, with the ring of truest culture in every word!"

Mrs. Ethel Woody Horton, '07: "To those, like myself, who seldom revisit their Alma Mater and are not privileged to attend the yearly reunions, the Quarterly means a very great deal. My wishes for great success are always with Butler and all her folk. These same good wishes are certainly extended to this good messenger of hers—The Alumnal Quarterly."

H. T. Mann, '90: "Here's a check for the Alumnal! Although far away, we do not forget old Butler. We think of you all often, and many of our pleasantest thoughts are of those of you privileged to stay in the atmosphere of high ideals and to associate with those who strive with you for those ideals. However, when it comes to the physical part of living, we wish you might come to Florida and be with us. Remember me to all old friends."

Mrs. Ginevra Hill Kirkman, '89: "Enclosed please find check for my Alumnal Quarterly. It is a very welcome addition to our library table. The Quarterlies are of great interest to me, but I have enjoyed especially the articles of my dearly beloved Miss Merrill, Mr. Morrison's Commencement Address, and the account of the Irvington Home-coming. The Quarterly is certainly a success and is helping to keep the old students loyal to their Alma Mater. I look for-

ward to the time when our daughter will be another student at dear old Butler."

Claude H. Everest, '82: "I have enjoyed the several copies of the Quarterly that have come to me. It is a matter of regret that I am so far away that I am never able to attend the meetings of the alumni."

Mrs. May Vinnedge Sheridan: "Let me add my word of praise to the many you must have received concerning the perfect function of Founder's Night. To me, personally, it was a delight to meet so many old friends, many of whom I had not seen since I was a Butler girl. And added to this was the joy of looking upon a scene so artistic as that vast banquet hall was—its flowers and mellow candle-light, the fine, strong faces of the men and the bright, animated faces of the women, the music and the unusually high tone of the after-dinner speeches, combined to make an evening which will not soon fade from the memory of my husband and myself. I only wished that every student who had ever touched Butler could have seen his Alma Mater as she appeared on that occasion when her very soul seemed visible."

Among the guests at the Founder's Night dinner were seen several presidents of the colleges of the State and representatives of their faculties, other friends of the college from scattered places, alumni and former students: Scot Butler and Mrs. Anne Butler Thomas, of Minneapolis; Mrs. Mary Geikie Adam, of Connecticut; Mrs. McCash, of Cincinnati; President Millis, of Hanover; President Hanly, of Franklin; H. U. Brown and wife, B. F. Dailey and wife, Dr. C. T. Paul and wife; Mr. De Vol and wife, of Lebanon; Miss Rose De Vol, Mrs. W. M. Thrasher, Mrs. O. O. Carvin, Dr. Kelly and wife, Dr. Terrell and wife, Prof. James Brown and wife, Mrs. Wallace, Prof. Hollands and wife, Dr. Pantzer, Dr. Burckhardt and wife, Merrill Moores, Dr. Jabez Hall and daughter, Rev. Mr. Philputt and wife, Rev. Mr. Winders and wife; Prof. A. M. Kenyon, of Purdue University; Prof. Liddell and wife, Prof. Kenyon and wife, Dr. Alex. Jameson and wife, Dr. John Oliver and wife, Miss Evelyn Butler, P. H. Clifford and wife, W. H. Insley and wife, Lucius B. Swift and wife, Charles T. Whitsett, C. H. McBride and wife, Prof. Gelston and wife, Prof. Danton and wife, Ray Spear and wife, J. D.

Forrest and wife; Lora C. Hoss, of Kokomo; Clarence L. Goodwin, Rev. Mr. Hayden and wife, Prof. Bruner and wife, Mrs. Margaret Segur, Prof. Greene, Allen Lloyd, Mrs. Lloyd, Miss Collins, Misses Graydon, Miss Josephine Eddy, Miss Helen Reed, Mrs. Eddy, Prof. Coleman and wife, C. C. Brown and wife, Prof. Putnam and wife, D. C. Brown and wife, Mrs. Hope Graham, Miss Emrich, Miss Doan, Mr. Braginton and wife, Miss Sinclair, Miss Empson, Miss Scotten, Miss Hussey, Miss Tichenor, Mr. McDougall and wife, Miss Mercer, Miss Southwick, H. J. Sheridan and wife, Carl Van Winkle and wife, R. L. Dorsey and wife, Dr. Hurd and wife, Prof. Lumley and wife, Henry M. Lee and wife, Albert Metzger and daughter, Mrs. Theodore Wagner, Harold Tharp, Herbert Redding, Estall Roberts, John W. Atherton and wife, Rev. O. D. Odell and wife, Dr. W. C. Morro, P. M. Dill and wife, Miss De Wald, Miss Duden, Miss Frick, Mr. Gruver, Mr. L. O. Hamilton and wife, Mrs. M. E. Harlen, Mrs. Longdon, Miss Barr, Miss Power, Charles Harris and wife, Mrs. Joseph Hunter, Mrs. Elisha Carr, Miss Carver, Mr. Oyler and wife, Miss Tilson, Mrs. Bogert, Miss Bogert, W. O. Bates and wife, R. F. Davidson and wife, Miss Helming, Thomas R. Shipp, Samuel Offutt, Miss Nell Reed, Miss Pauline Cooper, Eugene Darrach and wife, G. W. Russell and wife, Mr. Buck and wife, Mr. Gay and wife, Mr. Mueller and wife, Lee Moffett, Louis J. Morgan and wife, Miss Romaine Braden, Misses Brayton, Hugh Wilkinson and wife, W. K. Miller and wife, John Spiegel and wife, Roger Wallace, and many undergraduates.

Commencement

Now is the time to think of and to plan for next Commencement season. At this early date we send out the invitation to come back. The number of visiting alumni is greater year by year, as it should be. Next June we hope to see more than ever before, and we ask you, especially you who have not been back for long, to come.

Remember Professor Butler's words: "Not alone the roof that shelters childhood's days shall live in memory as rest's haven and hope's source; life has other pauses—places that ever after backward beckon, scenes that cease not to invite, companionships long lost, never relinquished—and one's college is of these places."

Necrology

Hubert J. Schonacker died in Indianapolis on December 30. Mr. Schonacker formerly had charge of the music department of Butler College, when, as the Northwestern Christian University, it was located in the city. An appreciation of him is found elsewhere in this issue.

Fred Doeller died in Columbus, Ind., on January 9. Mr. Doeller had been trustee of Butler College for three years. In the financial deliberations of the officers of the institution, he was an influence that was felt, and his presence in their midst will be missed.

Mr. Doeller was a hard worker. What he had to do, he did with his might. He was as exacting with himself as with his employes, and developed a superior business ability. He was plain in his tastes, quiet and unassuming. His generosity reached far, but loath was he to have it known. His gifts were made mainly to his church. One missionary in the field he supported. His activities were confined in the main to his residential town, and his path lay chiefly between his office, his church, his home.

Mrs. Jabez Hall, after a long illness patiently borne, died on March 8 at her home in Irvington, and on the 11th was buried in Crown Hill.

Mrs. Hall had for many years been connected with college life, a valued and beloved member of the faculty circle.

She had lived to the strength of years, had known peculiar joy and peculiar sorrow. She had lived much; she had loved much. Out of the experience of life had come strength and sweetness.

Mention has been made of the daintiness and beauty of her earlier years, of a quality of loveliness which we who saw her in later life could readily understand; for did not we, too, see that same attractiveness, deepened and softened, as it probably grew more retiring?

Her lightness of step, her clear-cut cameo features, her sweetness of voice, her cheeriness of manner, added to that graciousness which seemed the very essence and fragrance of a well-born

woman. Her mind was quick, appreciative, refined. Indeed, she was an ornament wherever she appeared.

Little children loved her; the aged found her sympathetic and companionable; while we, in the thick of the fray, looked upon her composure and beauty as upon one fed from the hidden streams of life, as upon one who had attained. To be natural, to be independent of false ideals, to serve, to find her own real self, to be true, in silence fulfilling the law: this is the wisdom which Mrs. Hall seemed to gain.

"May Light perpetual shine upon her!"

Since going to press the news has reached college of the death of Jane E. Bigelow in New York City, of scarlet fever.

Dr. Bigelow graduated from Butler College with the class of 1907, after which she entered the Johns Hopkins Medical School, from which she received last June her M. D. She then went to New York, where she was connected with the Infirmary for Women and Children on Fifteenth street.

Dr. Bigelow was a loyal friend of her Alma Mater. A month ago she wrote: "I am interested in the Alumnal Quarterly, and often inwardly bless the one who started it. I am too busy to write all I think, but I take time to read that paper from cover to cover. Some day I shall do as you ask, write an article for it upon some feature of my work. If I could only tell you how great that work is!"

Upon the mystery of removing such a life from the midst of the poor here—for are we not all poor?—there is nothing to say. One is tempted to feel there may be need in the Other World to take from this so well-equipped, so loving, so eager a soul. Surely, "My ways are not your ways, saith the Lord."

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Commencement Address

BY PRESIDENT WILLIAM LOWE BRYAN

Young ladies and gentlemen, your chief interest at present, as I suppose, is in the occupations which you are about to follow. What I have to say follows in the line of that interest. In the outset I beg to remind you that every important occupation has been made what it is by a cult or brotherhood, by a cult whose history stretches back in direct or indirect succession to the farthest antiquity. From such historic cults the artisans, scholars, lawyers, prophets and what not rose to meet some particular social necessity. In every generation its interests were present, demanding each of them a service of a share of the population, demanding each the propagation of its cult, and in all the historic arts and crafts and professions mankind has spent in every generation the best that it had of drudgery and of genius. The steel mill, the art shop, the courts of justice, the university—these and the like of them are not accidents nor miracles of individual invention, nor products of the vague longings and gropings of society in general. They are each the product of a brotherhood, a generation working to meet one social necessity, an apostolic succession of men living in the service of one ideal.

And so, young ladies and gentlemen, it is these grim brotherhoods of labor, it is these grim brotherhoods covered with grime that stand before you to-day and invite you to participate. The fact that an occupation can teach its far-brought wisdom to the men of each generation is the thing that makes civilization possible, is the thing that makes progress possible, and this is possible on one condition—that many of the people and some of the best of them shall be able to make these occupations their life business.

The law is not in a country when you have imported Blackstone's Commentaries; the law is in a country in the person of such lawyers

as are there—it is there in the John Marshalls and the like of him. Religion is not in a country because we have sent missionaries to baptize the population *en masse*, and built churches with cushions for people to sleep on once a week; it is there in Phillips Brooks, in Mr. Moody, in the Salvation Army. The steel business is not in Pittsburgh in a museum where the people may gaze on works of art; it is there in the men who earn their living by knowing better and better how to make steel. All this is a matter of course, yet there are those who think that the arts and sciences may be taught to students through an exhaustive course of lectures of twenty minutes each in the public school. History will show that this is not true—that no art and no sort of learning is ever finally present among a people unless it is there as a living occupation. Learning has come to us in this sense only within the last generation. We were busy at other things before that. Our fathers were doing, as every people must, what they had to do. They had to learn to establish a government, to maintain their fundamental faiths. They bent themselves to these tasks with an energy that shaped our national history and character. They gave us the Declaration of Independence, and the American who takes it for granted that its principles are true. They gave us civil wars, and men who could fight in them and live in peace afterward. They gave us industry, law and democracy, but not science, not art. These were not wholly absent, but they were guests; they were present only in a few men. In one far western college there were, before the war, two men who brought from old England their learning, who more than fifty years before had been trained in Europe. What these men did here and there about the West for sound learning, and what they did through their publications to uplift everybody, it is wholly beyond my power to measure; but one thing they could not do—they could not furnish to society more men who should devote themselves to learning than society could furnish a living for, and the bare fact is, there was a living for very few such men in America before the war. Within the past generation there has been a change in this respect so great that we fail to see it. The millions we have spent on universities, on high schools and vast buildings, on museums and libraries have filled the public eye with amazement. But all this is historical—and what has happened? The real thing is that these schools, this vast plant, these thousands

of positions demanding trained men, have thrown a light in this country upon colleges and schools. We do not need any more to exhort men to attend school. The spirit which was in Copernicus, Agassiz and Darwin calls to the farm boy in its own voice and shows him a path by which, if he will, he may join their company. And if I am not mistaken, Art, which has always been the guest, is at last about to become a resident. We cannot create the forces that make for art, but if it is true that they are here we can recognize them as we have recognized the forces that make for science. We can make a path through the schools along which all the children of society may go as far as they will, and along which those who are fit may enter the artist's life. The mission of society is to prove and plumb as many kinds of genius as possible, and this it can do only when each sort of genius has a chance to choose freely its own life work.

However, as matters actually stand in this day, it is good fortune to have a wide range of occupations among which a youth may choose. It is no light matter to make the choice. It is to elect for life your physical and social environment. It is to choose where you will work—in the school, on the farm, or in the cliffs of the city streets. It is to choose your comrades and rivals. It is to choose what you will attain to, what you will be blind to, what you will try for, whom you will follow. In a word, it is a kind of marriage; it is to elect for life, for better or for worse, some one part of the whole social system.

These things will not touch you lightly. They will compass you with subtle compelling; they will fashion your clothing, and looks, and carriage; the cunning of your hands, the texture of your speech and the temper of your soul. But if you are wholly willing and wholly fit, they can work upon you this miracle. They can bring to you in the course of your single life the wisdom and skill which it has taken the whole history of civilization to attain.

But there is, of course, no magic in choosing an occupation. If you do nothing to an occupation but choose, it will do as little for you. If you are an incorrigible loafer, if the thought of the work of the day makes you sick, if every task thrust into your hands grows intolerable; if every calling as soon as you have touched its border grows hateful—that is to have the soul of a tramp; it is to be stricken with incurable poverty. You turn your back upon every company of

men where anything worth while is to be done. You shut out of your life forever the wisdom and skill which trained work develops in a man, and you grow not empty, but choked with evil life. Wretched are they that hunger and thirst after nothing good, for they also shall be filled.

It is somewhat better but far from well enough, if you enter many occupations and do not stay long enough to receive a thorough apprenticeship. It is so ordered that it is easy for most of us to make a fair beginning at almost anything. In the rough and tumble of babyhood together we all acquire experiences that are later material for any occupation. But you find as you grow older that business interests must be taken care of largely by men of actual intelligence, men who are masters of their occupation. But if you flit from one occupation to another, if through fear of being narrow you are a through and through dilettante Jack-of-all-trades, then you are only less poverty stricken than a tramp. You have the illusion of fancy; you wonder that society generally judges that you are not worth your salt, that on every battlefield Hotspur curses you for a popinjay, that in every company of workmen you are but a tolerated guest. The judgment upon you is this—that when there is work to be done, real work for a trained man, you cannot do it. You may know the vernacular, you may know what a piece of machinery looks like to the eye, but with all this you cannot bridge the Mississippi; you cannot make a wheel for a factory; you cannot find the money to build a factory, nor defend its interests in court. These tasks are for the men whose twenty years of service in their calling have taught them to speak for society at its best, and while their work goes on, the man who has refused every sort of thorough training can only stand full of wonder and anger that he is left to choose between the drudgery of unskilled labor and starvation.

There is a third sort of man who will learn little in any occupation, because he is wholly bent upon being original. The past is all wrong, he thinks—full of error and iniquities. We must rebel, we must do something entirely new and revolutionary, we must rely upon our free souls to do the right as it has never been done before. Some such declaration of independence, some such confusion of pessimism with confident optimism, we find in every art, craft and calling. We are to think properly, we are to abandon our present

political and religious institutions and go on to perfect ones. Above all, the children must grow up free of all social restraint. We are to escape from a dreadful past and at one bold stroke to enter a new Garden of Eden. There is something inspiring in this, and something that is essential, I believe, in every generation for the purification of society. The past is as bad as anybody says it is, and full of iniquity; we must fight this evil; but still in the past there has been some good, and this is a fatally one-sided view. Is there in existence one great work of any kind which owes nothing to the historic brotherhood which does that sort of work? Is there any great man of history who gave to the future without getting anything from the past? Professor Todd has said that the mark of the great leader in society is this—that he better than others knows the past; his foresight is not a miracle, it is prophecy read out of the deeper currents of the past, and we know the greatest Leader of all said: “I am come not to destroy (the law), but to fulfill.”

Moreover, the bare scientific fact is that no man can escape the tuition of society. The crank does not escape; the freak does not escape—they only miss the highest perfection, and it is their tragic fate to have the best they can do lie far below the best that society already possesses.

However, most of you do not belong to any one of these three classes—the tramp, the crank or the Jack-of-all-trades. You show this by the fact that you have already submitted yourselves to the tuition of society and made yourselves willing to work; but this question of occupation deeply concerns you. And now at this point I beg to call your attention for a moment to a slight discrimination between two kinds of work—the work to which one gives his attention, and the great swarm of activities beneath and mentally going on in the back of a man’s mind, which are also working from another standpoint, and which together make up what we call the disposition. For example, a boy is driving nails into a fence. He has for the immediate task for his eyes and hands the hitting of certain nails on the head. Meanwhile the rest of the boy’s body and soul is busy. It may be full of rebellion and longing to be done with the fence and away to the fishing; it may be that he takes a pride in what he is doing and resolves to drive the last nail as true as the first. Which of these two things is the more important—the task in the fore-

ground, or the disposition in the background? I do not know. They cannot be separated. They are both present all the time when we are awake, weaving together the threads of fate. A man's life is not wholly fortunate unless all that is within him rises gladly to join in the work which he has to do. It is, however, unhappily true that many a good and useful man, some of the best, work at one thing while their hearts are tugging to be at something else. They have not chosen their task; they have been driven by necessity. There must be bread for the wife and children, and there is no escape. It is up with the sun, it is bearing the burden and heat of the day, it is intolerable weariness—it is worse than that—it is tramping around and around in the daily steps until you can do nothing else; you cannot think of anything else. They sound in your dreams, those treadmill steps, rousing ghosts of bitterness and rebellion. You cannot escape from them. You cannot take a vacation. You can grow rich and travel far and spend bountifully, but the baleful music will follow you to the end—the music of the work you do in hate. This is the tragedy of drudgery—that you spend your time and strength at it and lose yourself in it.

But at the worst this man is no such poverty-stricken soul as the crank, the tramp or the Jack-of-all-trades. If his occupation is worth while, it is forming habits that are far from deserving of hate. The drudge has a right to respect himself, he has a right to the respect of other men, and I give mine without reserve. I say a man who holds himself firmly to a task which he hates is heroic. It is easy to be heroic on horseback, but to be heroic on foot in the dust, lost in the crowd, without the stimulus of applause—that is the heroism which bears on and carries forward most of the work of civilization. We want the drudge, but deplore his fate. Yet there are those who believe that there is, in fact, no other fate for any one—that every business in the long run is drudgery—that whether you are hodcarrier or a poet, as you go on in your calling, as Wordsworth says, "The shadows of the prison house will close upon you," and "custom lie upon you heavy as the frost."

Let us for a moment look at this type of pessimism at its darkest. The imperfect—that is everywhere. That is all you can see or work at. That is the warp and woof of your occupations and institutions, your politics, your science, your religion. They are all nearly as bad

as they are good. Your science must forever disown its past. Your politics demands of you that you shall be *participis criminis* in the evil. Your historic church is almost as full of Satan as of Christ. And when you do spend your bit of life in any of these institutions or occupations, they are still imperfect. You free the slaves, and the negro question stares you in the face. You start a new brotherhood for love of Christ, and presently they are quarreling as to which shall be greatest. And you yourself for reward will be filled with the everlasting imperfect which your eyes have seen and your hands have handled. The essential lesson of life, according to this type of pessimism, is not the benefit of the individual, but the victory for all. "Then I looked on all the works which my hands had wrought," saith the preacher, "and all the labor which I had labored to do, and behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit."

I suppose every man's faith is the outgrowth of his disposition, and mine makes me believe that truth embraces all the blackness of this pessimism and wins a victory over it. I admit that the past is as bad as anybody has found it to be. In a generation which comforts itself with the knowledge that there is no hell, I am one to fear that its fire is leading through every artery of society. But I do not doubt that there is a spirit that may lead a man in any calling into somewhat of a life of freedom. A man's calling at its best is but a series of pasts—the first of them lying definitely within his power, and the others stretching away into all that a man can do. This is no treadmill; this is a ladder.

For another thing, in order to do his best a man must delight in his work. His heart and body must be in it, not tugging to be at something else. He does not then deal out to each bit of work just its allotted time, but he takes delight in it, he broods over it, he lavishes on it the wealth of uncounted hours, and the consequence is that he is not doing the same thing over and driving the same habits deeper and deeper. Habits cannot stand in this heat—they fuse. They are no longer chains, they are wings. This is a life of joy for a man. He has the joy of fancy, he has the joy of doing the best he had hoped to do, and it may be that once and again he may be choked with delight because something within him has turned out a better bit of work than he thought possible. And if besides all this background of fancy the will is all right, if by the grace of God you

can see the vision of perfection, and if that vision touches you with humility, mans you with courage, makes you ready and glad to meet the tasks that are set before you, what is this but entrance into the Kingdom of God? And if you have this fortune you will not, I think, believe that all your hands have wrought is vanity, but you will see that He knew the truth who said: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work; * * * and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto My Father."

The Unbelief of Fear and the Unbelief of Power

BY WILLIAM CHARLES MORRO

[Baccalaureate Sermon, Sunday, June 15, 1913.]

Go back with me, if you please, to a period something over 2,700 years ago. At this time there was a little mountain kingdom in western Asia scarcely larger than one of our counties. It was hedged about with a circle of petty kingdoms no larger than itself. The great world powers which at that time in the world's history had their seats in the valleys of the Nile and of the Euphrates had been for some generations in a state of comparative weakness. The tide of life and of world politics which flowed by the borders of Judah were at a low ebb.

These years of seclusion and quiet were a period of discipline and development for the Israelites. They were God's great college course for that people. College days are always followed by a period of testing. The question is always put to the man who has passed through them: Have you acquired during them strength for the day of trial, or have they left you weak and impotent? The return to power of the Assyrians was God's way of asking this question of Judah. On some day unknown to us, and in a way that we can only conjecture, the tidings of a mighty army that was raiding the region to the north mingled with the gossip of the streets of Jerusalem. Another year came and the rumor was a little clearer, a little more definite. At first it produced no impression upon the city. A preacher of that day ventured to suggest that it might be a scourge

of God in punishment for sins. "Not at all," was the reply, "God has chosen this city as His dwelling place. He will not permit it to be destroyed." Time passed, the rumors quickened, and fear began to steal into the hearts of the people. The value of their training, the strength which those long years of quiet and of discipline had brought to them were being tested. Had these silent years, pregnant with opportunities for moral and spiritual development, wrought in them a knowledge of God and an abiding trust in Him? Or had idleness and decay destroyed their faith? A day soon came when trembling fugitives in the streets of Jerusalem told of desolate homes; when a lurid sky in the night time told of burning cities; and the feverish unrest and officers hurriedly summoned for council testified that the heart of Jerusalem was turning from the God in whom its security might be found. The king's council dispatched a messenger to Egypt to ask for help. That was significant. It meant that God's silent years of opportunity had been for the major part of Jerusalem largely a failure. They had turned away from the arm of Him that they had called Almighty and had put their trust in a power that was certainly to fail them in the day of stress.

But Jerusalem was not the only one guilty of unbelief. Assyria, too, had erred in the same way. Isaiah states God's purpose in Assyria, but he immediately adds: "Howbeit he meaneth not so, neither doth his heart think so." As Assyria counted the victories that his armies had achieved; as he looked back over the road that he had traveled, a track marked by the smouldering ruins of mighty cities, in the fullness of his pride he exclaimed, "By the strength of my hand have I done this and by my wisdom." This was unbelief of Isaiah's doctrine. The prophet said, "God has a purpose in Assyria and has given it strength to achieve." That nation said, "I have achieved by my own strength."

Jerusalem disbelieved because of fear. It saw over it a power greater than itself and greater than its conception of the power of its God. Assyria disbelieved because of the consciousness of power, the consciousness of a power greater than that of its rival and greater than it conceived to be the power of its rival's God. Here, then, on the one hand is the unbelief of fear, and on the other is the unbelief of power. Both alike incapacitate their possessor for working out the destiny which God had for him in the world. From these two

sources spring practically all the unbelief of the world and it is unbelief—not merely in the religious sense, but unbelief in self, in goodness, in truth and in life—which incapacitates man for the achievement of his proper destiny in the world.

Pardon me, members of the senior class, if I bring forth these failures to illustrate your careers. This does not mean that I am predicting a similar ending to your life-struggles. I trust and pray that your careers may end far otherwise. But you, too, have come to the end of a period of quiet and opportunity and it is well for each one of you to pause a moment and to analyze the results which you are carrying with you from these years of college life into the life which you are now to live. You have been for some years within an environment where knowledge of chemistry, of German, of mathematics, or of some other branch of knowledge has been a test of worth. You now go into a life where ignorance of these things will be readily overlooked and quickly forgiven. Understand me correctly: I do not say that these matters are of no importance. If you are to work in a chemical laboratory, you must know chemical formulas. If you are to teach mathematics, you must retain knowledge of mathematics. But take your life as a whole and the college life as a whole: there is no man that is going to test your worth by the exactness with which you retain the knowledge of the things that you have learned in the college classroom. There is another test for you. In this test the facts of chemistry, of languages, of Biblical literature, will have small part, even none at all. This test reduces itself to this question: Are you the stronger in character by reason of the fact that you have spent these years in Butler College? Have you more of the elements of the hero? Can you bear hardship with greater fortitude? Can you endure pain, if such be your lot, unflinchingly and uncomplainingly? Are you less for self and more for others? Are you a sincerer friend; a more public-spirited citizen; a more loving member of your family circle? Has the classroom work of Butler College, its athletic games, its social life, its friendships, its struggles, its faculty, its hours of hilarious joy—have all the elements of the years of college life so combined together as to give you greater integrity, moral firmness, courage, strength of purpose and confidence in the triumph of the right? This is the test by which you and a host of other college graduates

this year are to be tried. It is the test which applied to colleges determines their worth. When college instructors meet together they may discuss the comparative value of different methods of instruction. But when the great outside world passes judgment, its verdict upon the worth of the college is based upon the manliness of its men and the womanliness of its women. These qualities and these alone in you, in your predecessors and in your successors, will bear witness that these men whose faces look silently upon us to-day and others like them have not planned and wrought in vain.

This question when it comes to you will be your Assyrian. It will come to you as the Assyrian came to Jerusalem. In some crisis of life; in some moment of weakness; when you stand alone and the friends that might support you are far away; perhaps in a moment of despondency when you are inclining toward despair—in such an hour as this you will be called upon to decide some great life question and to show that you have strength and integrity. Has Butler College given you that which will enable you to meet this crisis with a high purpose and a steadfast faith? The opportunity has been yours; have you availed yourself of it?

I have spoken in general terms of a testing to try your worth. Let me be more explicit now. What form will the testing take? What elements of character must you possess to satisfy its demands?

One requirement will be demanded of you quite speedily. This is the ability to take your place in the world and to do a man's work or a woman's work. And not only must you be able to do this, but you must do it more efficiently and more thoroughly than you would have done it if you had never attended college. This is a fundamental test. Underlying all the truest thinking of the world, under all of its religion and its philosophy, is the conception of the seriousness of life. It is given to man for use. Each person out of the fabric of days and years must build a structure of enduring worth. It is almost axiomatic that anything which aids a man in doing well his life's work has merit, and anything which hinders him is a curse. During recent years large quantities of ink have been spilled over the question whether college women by reason of their college training become better wives and better mothers. This intensely commercial age finds its business men lined up on the one or the other side of the question as to whether a college training is a serviceable

equipment for a business career. Just now many things point favorably for a decision in the interest of the college training. But this question will be asked afresh of each one of you. It is the first question which in all probability will confront you. Before the frosts of autumn some of you will be required to show that these years of study have made you more industrious, more painstaking and more efficient.

During your college days you have been permitted to look upon life in its manifold variety. The masters of life and their wisdom are the stuff out of which the course of study is constructed. From remote ages and out of distant lands truth, beauty and wisdom have here offered their gems for your enrichment. Do you bring from this experience the secret of life and a knowledge of the way by which it may be made all-powerful? Have you learned that he that controls his own spirit is mightier than he that takes a city? Your opportunities have created the expectation that you will be a leader among men. But no one can be a leader of men unless he has first conquered self. Unless you bring with you from this experience poise, self-control and self-mastery, every distinction and victory won in college has been in vain. Believe me, you will have frequent need to exercise this virtue. Christ in the midst of persecutions told His disciples that: "By patience"—and this means endurance, fortitude, self-control; by these qualities, therefore, he says, "you shall gain your life."

One special feature of college life that is rich in possibilities is the fact that the student mingles with others on special terms of intimacy and in the closest association. The learning how to adjust one self to the idiosyncrasies and rights of others is no minor element in the training of young people. In the teachings of Christ this relationship between man and man is the subject of definite teaching. He teaches that His disciple is to subordinate his own interests to those of others. The rule for the master is also the rule for the disciple; His mission in the world was not to be ministered to, but to minister. There has never been a period in the world's history that has been so sympathetic toward this ideal as the present. This does not mean that there is necessarily less selfishness in the world, but it does mean that the ideal which the world holds before men is more in accord with the ideal of Jesus. It is demanded of

the college man that he manifest an interest in the public welfare and live a life which in some respects will contribute to the general uplift of mankind. When there comes to you that hour of your life in which you will be tested in respect to this matter, will it show that you are self-centered, or will it show that you have some measure of that spirit which has prompted the greatest of earth to yield up even life for the welfare of others?

One of the most difficult tasks of every man is to fit into the life about him, to do his part in its tasks and pleasures and yet to withhold himself from it whenever its influence upon himself or others will be to debase or even to corrupt. Christ prayed that His disciples might be in the world but not of it. This is the course which must be pursued by every man who has an ideal. To mingle with the world just so long as association with the life of the world will permit you to maintain your ideal, and then to withdraw from it whenever the world demands that you lower your ideal. This raises the question whether Butler College has aided you in fixing for yourself an ideal in life? Does the vision of what you would like to become and the life you would like to live lie distinctly before you and woo you on as did the Holy Grail the knights of old? All else that you have won in college will be of but little profit to you if it has not given to you a profounder conception of the worth and dignity of life. But grant that you possess such an ideal. What does the possession of it signify for you? Is it to cherish merely or also to use?

"Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee."

This ideal like every other possession yields to the law of service. It is not yours to enjoy merely, but to use. Thus you become a prophet in the land. It is your task to reclaim and to redeem. Do you shrink from this task? It will require wisdom and tact. Some day you will plan a course of action. The society in which you live is accustomed to do such things in such a way as to violate your ideal. It will be your task to do it in such a way as to maintain your ideal and yet not to irritate and antagonize your associates. A young woman of beauty, wealth and talents attended one of the Eastern colleges. She graduated with distinction and returned to a com-

munity whose social standards and ideals were notoriously low. Her first entertainment was one that required neither wit nor merit on the part of those who attended and which in no way elevated the social tone of the community. Did she not fail? Will you not fail if under similar circumstances you do likewise?

I suggest one more form in which you may be tested. To-day you are in the enjoyment of health and material comforts. The shadows which disaster cast doubtless seem far removed. But a voice from the distant past tells us that man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward. No invention or skill of the modern world has lessened the grim truth of that oracle. To some of you will almost certainly come disaster and the ruin of your hopes. When that day comes will the memory of college days and the gifts which your *alma mater* has bestowed upon you give you fortitude and enable you to convert this weakness into strength? A British statesman tells us of a time when he was almost in despair because all that was left upon earth of his young wife was still and cold in the chamber above. A friend came to visit and to console him. After suitable words this friend told him that there were thousands and thousands of homes in England at that moment where wives and mothers and children were dying of hunger because of oppressive laws. John Bright caught the inspiration and out of that hour of grief came the impulse to join that crusade which has contributed so largely to England's commercial supremacy. Helen Keller has so triumphed over a great natural weakness that the entire world to-day honors her as one of its heroines. Booker Washington was born a member of an inferior race in a section where that race is degraded, but he has so wrought in spite of this disadvantage that even the Southerner of intensest feeling hails him among the great of earth. From amid the ashes of a ruined home Hosea caught the vision of divine love. Paul in prison said, When I am weak then am I strong. God grant that you may be spared all needless sorrow and heartache, but if there is one of you that has had woven into his life during these years a woof of strength and fortitude so that he could transform a seeming defeat into a victory like these, I could almost covet for him the sorrow. Of such have been the heroes whose names have come down to us from the centuries. More than

anything else our weakened humanity needs the uplift of heroes and heroines like these.

Whenever this crisis comes to you, whether it takes one of the five forms that I have indicated or some other, it will be God's test to determine your worth and more especially the worth of the training by which you have fitted yourself for that decisive hour. You yourself, your *alma mater*, those of the faculty who have had a part in your instruction, and the president of the college, are on trial. We do not, we can not, dismiss you indifferent to what shall be your future career. Together we have lived and wrought; the strands of our lives have become knit together so that unitedly we stand or fall. The experiences of the past four years have made it true that no one of us lives unto himself and no one dies unto himself. If we could only know the decisive hour of your conflict many hands would go out to strengthen you, many voices would become articulate with counsel, but you must probably face your Assyria alone. If you show yourself able to do a man's or a woman's task in the world; if you exhibit poise and self-mastery in hours when others are disturbed; if you are altruistic and self-sacrificing for the sake of others; if you can live in the world and yet maintain a high ideal; if you can wrest defeat out of victory and strength out of weakness—then you have gained a triumph and we shall rejoice with you. But if you fail, not merely in all but in any one of these tests, you have suffered defeat. You have either sinned with the sin of Jerusalem or else you have transgressed with the transgression of Assyria.

The lesson for us from this prophet may be summed up in two words. There were two sins committed and these are the two sins which you must avoid. The first command is: Fear not any power that is above you but the power of God. If you break this commandment you have sinned with the sin of Jerusalem. Your soul has been weakened by the unbelief of fear. In the very beginning of your career, when you have not yet won success, when you will desire the friendship and the aid rather than the opposition of all persons about you and of all forces in your community, that is the time when you will be tried by this temptation. Yield not in fear to the power whose help you covet and whose wrath you dread. Trust in self, and look up to Him who gave victory to Gideon and his dauntless four hundred against a countless host of Midianites.

The second command is: Exalt not yourselves in pride above those who are about you. If you do you have transgressed with the transgression of Assyria. You have become callous to the rights of others because of unbelief born of power. When you have won success, and the road of life lies plain before you, and others seek favors from your hands, then is the time when you will yield to this temptation. You will become arrogant and like Assyria you will say, "By the strength of my hands have I done this and by my wisdom." Yield not to arrogance. Put not too much trust in self. Humble yourself under the mighty hand of God.

Isaiah had one doctrine for both Jerusalem and Assyria. To the one who disbelieved because of fear of a mightier power, he pointed out a God exalted in righteousness whom all history testified was greater than Assyria. This means that if we take God into our reckoning there is no other power that we need consider but the power of God. If God be for us, who can be against us? To the one who disbelieved because of the possession of power, Isaiah declared that there is a God who controls and directs all earthly forces and so is greater than Assyria. This means that no person or nation is above God, but that all alike are His instruments to accomplish a purpose which can be stated only in terms of the right. Whenever that decisive hour of your life may come when you must decide "for the good or evil side," I ask that you strengthen your arm by trust in the might of Him whose glory is truth and whose goal is righteousness. This you will most surely and certainly accomplish, not by fearing earthly forces that seem to you great, nor by trusting in material things that seem to you to be able to give aid, but by trust in self and by unwearied search for the right.

"We see dimly in the present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate;
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the Ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within—
'They enslave their children's children who make compromise with
sin!'"

A Visit to Maulbronn

BY ANNE BUTLER THOMAS

[The recent death of Professor Eberhard Nestle, Ph. and Th. D., of Wuerttemberg, Germany, may give an interest to a brief visit made to his home some months ago. Dr. Nestle was known as one of the world's great scholars. A list of learned works stands credited to his name. His specialty was textual criticism. He was consulted throughout Europe on questions of Aramaic and Syriac scholarship, and was regarded high authority on the rendering of ancient MSS. He was also one of a distinguished company of philologists who have in recent years directed their attention to the New Testament. Professor Nestle first taught Greek, German and Hebrew at Ulm University. He then filled the chair of Semitic languages in the University at Tuebingen. Later he withdrew to Maulbronn, one of the four old cloister schools of Wuerttemberg, where, far from the distractions of the town, he pursued his chosen philological studies.

Through a delightful intimacy kept up by correspondence, Dr. Thomas, of Minneapolis, has known Professor Nestle for years; and when Mrs. Thomas was invited to visit the Nestle home, the courtesy was gladly accepted. Leaving her party at Heidelberg, and accompanied by a friend, Mrs. Thomas went down to Maulbronn. The following letter describes the experiences of the two travelers.]

FRANKFORT, A. M., JUNE 22D, 1910.

I have had such a delightful day I want to write all about it to you. I told you of my hearing from Professor Nestle and of his inviting me to his home. When we reached Heidelberg I asked Mrs. Kendall to go with me; and this morning at 8:53 we started. The ride down to Maulbronn was beautiful, taking us into the quaint rural districts of Germany. We arranged before starting to return to Heidelberg the same day, and provided ourselves with return tickets. The young people of the family met us at the station, and in the family carriage bore us away along a lovely road to the Nestle home. We drove three kilos and then came in sight of the village. It is a picturesque old town, the chief feature of which is the beautiful ancient cloister. In the cloister are established the families of the faculty members and the students of the college. The buildings are all grouped around a lovely garden, in which fountains play. But the historic parts of the cloister were not seen by us till later. Frau

Nestle with a group of fair children met us at the door, and we were shown up an old stone stairway, which seemed to be crumbling with age. I wondered what kind of a place we were getting into, when a door was opened and we were ushered into the sweetest, most home-like room. Here, after we had returned from our bedrooms, refreshments awaited us. The table was set with tea and sweet wafers, and on each napkin was a lovely spray of flowers. I wish you could drink a cup of that tea—it was delicious! Frau Nestle is a perfect lady, though a little diffident from not being familiar with English. The children (there were seven) grouped themselves around the table, and Mrs. Kendall and I had a merry time with the *mutter* and the *kinder* trying to talk German while they tried to speak our language.

We were in the midst of getting acquainted, when suddenly the door opened and in whizzed Professor Nestle. I was never so amazed as when, for the first time, I saw the great man; for he was altogether different from what I had imagined. He is of medium height, of clear, fine complexion—somewhat ruddy; and has the merriest, jolliest way with him you ever saw. He seems to be about forty, while his actions are those of a still younger man. His bright, open face quite won my confidence (I had dreaded meeting a man of so great learning) and before I knew it I was as much at home with him as if he were a tested friend. It was not, however, at this first brief meeting that I really met Professor Nestle, for almost before making his apologies for his teaching hours, he was off again, saying he would return at twelve.

Tea over, Frau Nestle invited us to inspect the cloister. We had wandered through the ancient corridors and out through the beautiful garden, when Mrs. Kendall, seeing the old tower, a part of the wall, expressed a desire to see inside. Frau Nestle laughed and told us many people feared to enter the tower on account of the spirits supposed to be there. But Hildegarde brought a great iron key, about a foot long, and soon we climbed the dizzy height. Here, at the top, were rooms once occupied by Dr. Faustus (the original of Goethe's "Faust") so the spot, with its great cauldron for testing chemicals, was full of interest to us. By this time the children had become better acquainted, and were calling our attention to various features of the view. We could look down from our height upon

the pretty garden, upon the still arched cloisters surrounding it, upon the quaint houses built into the cloister walls (where the professors live and the students have their rooms) and upon the old, old church—all in one complex building, as it were.

Suddenly the cry was raised, "*Der Vater!*" and pellmell the children rushed down, and at top speed the Doctor rushed up. Now the Father became our guide, and we were shown into the church, where services are held every Sunday. There were pews at one end, with a conspicuous seat for Dr. Nestle ("Where the people can see me," he laughed). At the other end of the nave stood a grand old crucifix—the form of our Lord and the cross all carved in one massive piece of stone. This crucifix has stood in the same place since early Catholic times. The doorway also was interesting. It was covered with vellum fixed with nails, and dates to 1100. Dr. Nestle then took us to the school proper. We were shown the students' rooms, the recitation or lecture rooms, and the dining hall, where the young men were taking their noon meal. Eighty boys apply every year for permission to enter, but only fifty are received; and these are they who have passed the examinations and thus obtained free tuition. The government, which after the Reformation came into possession of the monasteries and abbeys, supports the school. We were shown the ancient banquet halls of the monks, and many other parts of the interesting old remains. But no part of the place attracted me so much as the rooms associated with the great scholar who was guiding us about. Dr. Nestle was so full of overflowing good humor, and seemed so happy to have us as his guests. He took us to his library to see his books. Of course the room was full—but there were few fine bindings. Not many English books, though he had a section for them also. Then came down the *Codex Vaticanus*, a copy like your own. I was glad to see his copy, and asked him if he had not seen the original. He said that he had; so I knew he must have seen it in the Vatican library. Then his work was explained to us; and he showed us the proofs he was correcting for the American Bible Society. His contribution to *Hastings Dictionary* was completed some time ago. I think he never has collected his notes for the *Expository Times*. He says he gives eight corrections to each proof; and sends it back for revision after each correction. So

anxious is he there shall be absolutely no mistake in the text when the work appears.

On returning to the dwelling part of the cloisters, we were again shown to the dining-room, and here was spread an elaborate dinner. We thought the tea quite sufficient for our brief stay. But of course we were glad to show our appreciation of all they were doing for us. Throughout the dinner Professor Nestle was jollity itself; not forced gaiety, but natural, overflowing happiness, as it seemed to me. He told us about his work, and on my asking something about his proof-reading, he branched off onto the subject of his learned friends. Among them is Mrs. Lewis, wife of the librarian of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, whom we met in England, you remember. Mrs. Lewis, since her discovery of the priceless MS. on Mt. Sinai, ranks among the erudite, and is a frequent guest of the Nestles. The professor was enthusiastic in his praise of her work, showed us her picture, told of her visits to Sinai, and brought forth a pile of her letters. She writes almost every week to him, and he delights in her scholarship quite as much as if she were a champion golf player. There is certainly nothing of the cloister about this man, though he knows more than all the fathers. He is a bright, wide-awake, up-to-date German, who likes to enjoy life as much as anybody. He asked if you smoke, made his wife wear your pin (which we all admired) and sipped his coffee with a relish. Dr. Nestle showed us many letters from famous scholars and world-renowned Egyptologists; and ended with bringing out one of yours and flourishing it before me. "This is the last one I had from him. He writes a beautiful hand," he said. Then he called us to his book of autographs. Here, too, were many distinguished names. "No one writes here who has not spent the night," he said. "But you—you are from America." I told him we greatly appreciated the honor of being allowed to write in his book. I wrote my name "Mrs. David Owen Thomas," instead of the way I write it when I sign checks. Refreshments were again brought in. We feared we would be late for the train; but Dr. Nestle was so hospitable and seemed so loth to let us go that we stayed till the very last minute. "Lessons are over!" he said, as if playtime had come; and Frau Nestle also seemed eager to detain us. But our friends were waiting our return to Heidelberg, and with many regrets we bade the old cloister farewell. When the carriage

drove around we filled it with the little folks, and the professor, jolly and full of fun, bundled himself in with us. Again we were driven through the elm-covered campus and down the beautiful forest road to the station. Sitting everywhere under the trees were the students, in their natty uniforms and red caps. As our carriage drove by group after group of young men sprang to their feet, and, doffing their caps, gave us an elaborate military salute. It was all so pretty that it seemed as if we were living in a story book.

My letter is already too long; but I wanted you to have the details of our visit to your friend while the impressions were fresh in my mind. The letters from Dr. Nestle I enclose.

Dr. Jane Elizabeth Bigelow

The sudden death of Dr. Jane Elizabeth Bigelow has been already recorded in the pages of the Alumnal Quarterly. But it has been considered desirable that some more extended tribute be paid her character as a conscientious, devoted woman, and a persevering and enthusiastic student.

Dr. Jane Bigelow was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, May 9, 1887. She was the daughter of James D. Bigelow and Kate Krout Bigelow. From her earliest childhood she gave evidence of remarkable intellectual ability and with it great conscientiousness and deep religious feeling. She graduated at Wiley High School at the age of fifteen, making the four years' course in three years, and taking double work in English Literature and in German, in the last year, a language which she spoke fluently. Her great-grandfather, the late Professor Ryland T. Brown, was professor of natural sciences in Butler for some years, in which her grandfather, the late Robert Kennedy Krout, was a tutor in Latin, shortly after his graduation from Wabash; her aunt, Mrs. William H. Wiley, and her husband, Prof. W. H. Wiley, were graduates of the college in which other relatives had been students. Therefore, when Dr. Bigelow made her choice of a college in which to continue her literary studies, she chose Butler, with which her family had been so closely allied. There she also became known

as a diligent student, and completed the full classical course in three years. While yet a very young girl she chose the profession for which, after taking her degree at Butler, she began to prepare herself with a thoroughness that might fit her for any position in that calling to which she might attain—and that it would have been one of dignity and importance her brief career gave sufficient evidence. From Butler she went to Chicago and took a course in anatomy, attending the general clinics in her preparation for matriculation at Johns Hopkins Medical College for Women, which had been, from the beginning, the goal of her ambition as a student. There, being unusually well prepared, her thorough literary training forming an admirable foundation for her scientific studies, she made the most of her unusual opportunities. It is a school, as is well known, in which there is no favoritism—the attendance in the women's medical college being limited by the charter of the foundation. The student stands or falls—judged by one standard only—her classroom and general practical record. Dr. Bigelow met this test with no failure throughout the four years' difficult course. What would have been repellent ordeals to one lacking her scientific zeal she met in the true scientific spirit, counting the means, however trying, as a necessary part of training destined to result in lasting good to humanity.

She had the warm encouragement of her parents in her chosen work, and was able to pursue it to the utmost without the struggle, opposition and disappointment that are the lot of so many. Between the mother and daughter there existed not only the deep natural affection of such a relation, but a complete and very tender sympathy. Her mother, a woman of brilliant intellect and scholarly tastes, encouraged and upheld the daughter in all her undertakings, as generously as the father had provided the means. When she passed across the stage at the Academy of Music in Baltimore one year ago last June—a childish, touching figure in her cap and gown—it is said that her face lighted with a wonderful smile of happiness and triumph, as her diploma was placed in her hand. When the great audience that had been present at the commencement exercises dispersed, the young graduate was waiting at the door for her mother and father. She handed the precious roll of parchment to her mother,

saying: "You must take it; it is yours, mother, you have given it to me."

After her graduation she remained at the college to stand her examination for a tri-state license—a license that would enable her to practice in the States of Maryland, Indiana and New York, in which she was successful. She had planned to buy back a farm in Connecticut which had belonged to her grandfather and there establish a convalescent home for women and children, and had already saved and invested to this end the fees to which she was entitled, and had received, during her last year in the medical college.

In her sophomore year at Johns Hopkins, during the long vacation, Dr. Bigelow spent the entire summer in the biological department of the State Board of Health in Indianapolis doing microscopical work. It will be recalled as an intensely hot summer, but she remained faithfully at her post, thinking only of her good fortune in being given so great an opportunity to continue one branch of her work under such favorable conditions. The following summer she spent the vacation practicing amongst women and children in the crowded tenements of the East End of New York—an out-physician attached temporarily to an infirmary. Here she came and went without fear amongst a rough and ignorant class of foreigners, who came to know her and feel for "the little doctor" a love and veneration that could scarcely be expressed. There were none so poor, so neglected, so dirty as to be passed by. In their crowded, dreadful rooms she ministered to them faithfully and well.

Her courage was a very marked trait. She seemed to be without consciousness of danger, and to the great anxiety of her friends, she went about those squalid districts alone at all hours, undaunted by the knowledge that there were dangerous criminals at every turn. A friend of the family, a man of unquestionable courage, said:

"I have seen her go boldly down streets where I myself would have hesitated to venture."

When remonstrated with she said: "A doctor must go wherever he or she is called; I must not be afraid to go anywhere, and I am not afraid."

While at Butler she was often taken to task for returning from the city alone late at night. And she always made the same reply: "I am not afraid."

There does seem to be some saving quality in courage. Never once was she molested or even spoken to, but she went her way as tranquilly by night as by day. She was one of whom it seemed especially to have been written: "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

In her religious faith Dr. Bigelow was an Episcopalian, the church of her father's family—and, with its beautiful ritual, its solemn festivals, it was very dear to her. In this connection another instance of her courage is recalled. She was visiting a friend, the wife of a clergyman who had been called suddenly from home. As he left he reminded his wife that the communion service had been forgotten and left upon the altar, and he asked her to go to the church and bring it home for safe keeping. She, too, forgot it, and Dr. Bigelow was wakened late in the night and asked her if she would be afraid to go with her to the church at that hour and get it. "Afraid to go to the church? No," she said, and rising, she dressed quickly, begging her friend not to trouble to go with her, and went to the church through the deserted streets, unlocked the door and made her way to the chancel in the darkness and brought the service home.

Dr. Bigelow owed much to heredity; she was well born in the highest sense of that term. On her father's side she was a lineal descendant of General Israel Putnam and other Revolutionary heroes. On her mother's side five ancestors took an honorable part in the struggles for Independence. Of these, George Brown, of Virginia, raised and equipped a company of soldiers at his own expense and went to the relief of Washington at Yorktown. The battle of Monmouth was fought on the farm of the VanCleves, another branch of her mother's family, the father and sons joining the federal forces and remaining with them until the close of the war. This family was the founder of Dayton, Ohio, and through them Dr. Bigelow was related to the Wright brothers. Michael Krout, from whom her grandfather was descended, bought substitutes for his five sons in the German army and emigrated to South Carolina. Roused by the cruelties of General Tarleton, he and his sons joined the American army and the father fell in the massacre of Colonel Ashe's command at Brier Creek. From such heroes her

courage was inherited and her intellectual gifts were influenced by heredity in a no less degree.

Her great-grandfather, Professor Ryland T. Brown, was one of the most eminent scientific men in the West—not a specialist, but proficient in almost every branch of natural science, having served as State Geologist for several terms; as chief chemist in the Department of Agriculture under President Hayes, and having written a physiology that was a textbook in the public schools of the United States for many years. Her maternal grandfather, the late Robert Kennedy Krout, was a man of broad culture, of profound learning, and her grandmother, Caroline VanCleve Krout, shared fully the intellectual tastes of her husband, being a graceful writer, widely read and especially versed in the early Victorian poets.

George Macdonald has said that it is a great advantage to have come into the world well born, and Dr. Bigelow was a signal illustration of this assertion. Her courage, her mental bias came to her through generations of honorable men and women, who had acquitted themselves well in the duties assigned them, whatever they were.

With all her scholarly attainments, she was nothing of a prig or bookworm—wrapped up in study and with no thought for anything beside. She was strikingly beautiful in person, much below medium height, a graceful, perfect figure, with soft dark eyes and dark hair, and with a peculiarly sweet and winning expression. She had all the liking for wholesome amusement natural to normal, healthy girlhood; she was fond of dancing, of tennis, rode well and was a fearless swimmer. She had also strong domestic tastes, was an accomplished cook and needlewoman. She seemed to have been endowed with all the gifts that can enrich and brighten life.

Her great love for little children would have fitted her particularly for that branch of practice to which she hoped especially to devote herself. The last act of her life was an act of kindness toward a little child—one of her patients in the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, where in December last she entered upon her duties as interne. The little creature told her that “she never had had a birthday cake.” “Then,” said Dr. Bigelow, “you shall have one.”

She was ill at the time, the beginning of the terrible fever from which she died. The head physician ordered her to bed, but she said: "I cannot go just now; I have made a promise I must keep." She was told that she must put her promise aside until she was better.

"I cannot," she said. "This promise was made to a child and I must keep it."

She went out, bought the little cake and seven candles, and as she left the Infirmary for the Contagious Diseases Hospital to which was sent on Sunday evening, she reminded the nurse of the cake and asked that the child might not be forgotten.

After being removed from the infirmary the disease—malignant scarlet fever—developed rapidly; she became delirious, then on Monday sank into a state of coma, and on Tuesday, March 11, passed quietly and peacefully into the other life. She had taken her prayer book with her, and as death approached the nurse in charge read the prayers for the visitation of the sick, "where there appeareth but small hope of recovery." She said that the book appeared to open itself at that page, evidence that Dr. Bigelow herself had read it, tenderly and reverently at the bedside of the dying, where there was probably no other religious ministration—asking in the beautiful words of that wonderful petition, that was then besought for her, that "her pardon might be sealed in Heaven before she go hence and is no more seen." This brief and imperfect record of a remarkable life, a remarkable character, cannot be closed more fittingly than with a stanza from the hymn read also at her bedside at the very last, and beside the grave that bleak March morning, when dust was committed to dust "in the hope of a blessed resurrection," in which she so confidently believed.

"Now the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.

Father in Thy Gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping."

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Editorial

It is a large world we live in. The statement is adventured here notwithstanding frequent comment to the contrary. Decision of the question involved depends on viewpoint. Measured by mere allotments of space to be successively scanned by seeing eye, the world has been a task too large for the combined labors of all the countless generations of men that have lived upon it. While, to the philosopher with thought embracing Empyrean, this world of ours, the earth with thin etherial envelopment, is but as air-bubble floating in depths of inconceivable vastness.

And life, too, the life of the individual man. Counted hour by hour, day by day, year by year, how long it seems; but, though lengthened to whatever furthest limit nature's laws admit, filled full of whatever possible experiences that may come to men, how brief it is, how nothing but a span when measured by the standard of a race-life reaching back to that dim day when "men as animals crept forth on the first formed earth, fighting with fist and claw for acorn and for cave."

So then, even limiting the question to its physical relations, there are two points of view—and two answers.

But it is not in the physical relations of things that we now are concerned. The present number of the Alumnal celebrates the closing scenes of the college year just ended. Some come back from year to year to witness academic ceremonials of which they themselves once had made part and revisit precincts with which in earlier days they had grown all familiar. And they do well that thus revivify the past, renewing faithful bonds of old acquaintance-

ship. It is human interest that brings back the old student—human interest, lacking which we were but animate atoms, each separate and insensate and unresponsive, all forward together drifting as in gray dust-cloud. Now the things that make for human interest are the things that can make one's world larger, the things that can make one's life longer.

And in this way. The deathlessness of human greatness is an idle dream. We immortalize great deeds and with them associate the name of the doer. And this is the immortality of fame. Name of a man—some man—any man—or perhaps of no man that ever lived, but adopted and transmitted to posterity to mark the apotheosis of mighty deeds owing their slow accomplishment to the sore struggles of successive generations. It is just as well. It satisfies the living; it does not fret the dead.

So, in a sense, it is a small world we live in and, by the same token, the span of a man's life is short indeed. Millions dwell together under the overarching skies. Reach out for company; you shall touch some few score lives at best, to know you and of you to be known. But this shall be your larger world and here whatever possibility of lengthened days. For we enlarge our world by sharing it with others and neither shall a man be wholly banished to the shades so long as there linger in the light one-time companion to recall to mind the personal touch of the lost one's living presence.

Essential character is not product of environment. It is emanent from within. As a man thinketh in his heart so is he. His thought might stop at central point. Selfishness realizes no largeness of life. Or its radii may reach far to circumference of widely sweeping curvature. Within the circle, great or small, lies the area of selfhood. It affects by contact. Other like circles shall overlap the generous extensions of its confines, intersecting life-lines forming field of common experiences. And on such field shall be tried—tried and felt and known in their reality—the respective qualities of all.

Commencement Day, annually recurring at its appointed season, makes again real to us one of those choice segments of past experi-

ence which alumni hold in common and we do well to cherish it, keeping its memory green. We revisit the scenes of our academic days, not seeking society of bookish men nor drawn by interest in educational abstractions. It is not impersonal theories, but life in its concretions that for a little time we would here recall. For without the local color that the touch of personality imparts the past were pale and unappealing and long since to memory lost. The emanations of intellectualism lose themselves in the universal pallor of their own element. At heart-shrine is kindled the torch that casts its light along the years.

These thoughts seem over-serious for the season that we celebrate? But think again. Man's nature is a thing of contrast. Humor mates with pathos. Gladness will have in it sense of sadness, while it laughs. To be good without alloy were to be not man, but angel; and joy's high note breaking from heart that has known sorrow—it is real, it is true, it is human.

So may the alumnus old in years be, in spirit, yet ever young, while in glad heart sings on the "Gaudeamus" of care-free days.

Greenfield

Our Indiana town stands for many things of good report, not the least of which is her loyalty to Butler College. This loyalty has been manifested in the number and character of students she has sent from the early '60's, when Mrs. Parmela Hart Thayer and her brother came from Greenfield to the college recently established and known as the Northwestern Christian University; from the '70's, when L. H. Reynolds left the memory of a kindly heart, a quick mind, an appreciation of things good and true and a promise of far-reaching usefulness; from the '80's and '90's and '00's and '10's, when Samuel Offutt, and Elizabeth Poulson Howe, and Katherine Griffin Johnson, and Nell P. Reed, and others, were worthy representatives, down to the present year.

In many other ways has Greenfield shown a lively interest in the doings of the college. When the Irvington Athenæum was present-

ing to the vicinity its superior courses of lectures, no town sent a larger or more appreciative group of listeners than Greenfield.

The last expression of loyalty has been the organization of the Butler Alumni of Hancock County, with Samuel J. Offutt, '02, as president and John F. Mitchell, Jr., '06, as secretary. The first social meeting of this association was held on the evening of May 29, with the Butler College faculty as guests, and fitting it was that this meeting should be held at the home of B. F. Dailey, '87, president of the Alumni Association, and his gracious wife.

The college colors, with flags and lanterns, decorated the grounds. Supper, bountiful and delicious, was served on the spacious lawn. With a glowing sky in the west, meadow land in front and forest groves here and there, as setting, those present will not forget the scene or the group, which included representatives of the student body from the very earliest time down to the present year. In reminiscence and song and pleasant discourse the evening passed.

From Irvington were present Professor Scot Butler, President and Mrs. Howe, Professor and Mrs. Holland, Professor and Mrs. Gelston, Professors Morro, Putnam, Danton, Misses Evelyn Butler and Weaver, F. R. Kautz, Misses Ellen and Jane Graydon, Miss Grace Blount, Robley Blount, Rev. and Mrs. Conner, Miss Katherine Graydon, Miss Mary Bragg; from Greenfield, Rev. and Mrs. Dailey, Mrs. Parmela Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. Botsford, Dr. and Mrs. McGaughey, Mrs. Helen New, Mrs. Luther Eldridge, Mr. and Mrs. Cotton, Misses Nell Reed, Beulah Meek, Lucy Hughes, Marion Botsford, Mabel Gant, Grace Husted, Genevieve New, Eurith Dailey, Laura Reed, Verna Walker, Rhoda Coffield, Samuel J. Offutt, John F. Mitchell, Jr.

The Quarterly wishes to express its appreciation of the stand the Greenfield alumni have taken. In such spirit generously manifested surely good will result for the college.

Commencement Week

The festivities of Commencement Week were ushered in by the Senior play given on Saturday evening, June 14, at the German House theater. An appreciative audience of city and Irvington people greeted the Hull House players, who, under auspices of the Senior class, presented as a curtain raiser Lady Gregory's "The Workhouse Ward," and Galsworthy's "The Pigeon." It was the first appearance in Indianapolis of these players, who delighted their critical audience.

On Sunday afternoon in the college chapel was preached by Dr. Morro, dean of the Department of Ministerial Education, the baccalaureate sermon. It is given elsewhere in this issue.

On Monday evening was held the annual dinner by the Philokurian Society. This reunion was, as it always proves to be, one of the happy events of the week. An informal reception was held in the College Residence. The banquet was served in the dining hall of the College of Missions. Dr. T. C. Howe presided at the meeting, owing to the absence of Carl Burkhardt, '09, president of the Philokurian Alumni Association. Toasts were responded to as follows: "What Is Remembered Dies—What Is Written Lives," Margaret Wynn, '06; "The Theorist in Politics," Hon. Thomas R. Shipp, '97; "In Front of To-Day Stands To-Morrow," Dr. Howe, '89; "Parting Is Such Sweet Sorrow," Fred Jacobs. Readings and musical numbers were given by Hugh Shields and the Philokurian quartets. After the banquet officers for next year were elected as follows: Thomas R. Shipp, '97, president; Vida Ayres Lee, '12, vice-president; Everett M. Scofield, secretary-treasurer. More than fifty Philokurians attended the banquet.

On Tuesday evening at their home President and Mrs. Howe received in honor of the graduating class their friends and the friends of the college. These receptions are delightful affairs, the keynote of reunion being there struck which sounds through the two full days to follow.

On Wednesday morning in the chapel the Senior class held its final exercises. At noon the alumni of the vicinity served to a large

gathering of alumni and friends a bountiful and beautiful luncheon. The threatening storm drove all into the gymnasium, but, despite the quarters less pleasant than the shade of the loved trees of the campus, the reunion was delightful. Much of the success of the luncheon was due to the able management of the chairman of the committee which had the occasion in charge, Mrs. Belle Moore Miller, '94. From two to three o'clock on the campus the Newsboys' Band of the Indianapolis News, entertained the groups of classmates and friends scattered under the trees. For this delightful feature of the program the alumni are indebted to O. R. Johnson, '78.

THE ALUMNI DINNER

At seven-thirty was served to a goodly gathering at the Claypool Hotel the alumni dinner. The toastmaster was the president of the association, B. F. Dailey. The especial guests of the occasion were the classes of 1888 and of 1913.

After the banquet the business of the Alumni Association was taken up, the first in order being the report of the executive committee, F. R. Kautz chairman: "When the Alumni Association met about a year and a half ago to perfect a closer organization and to undertake the publication of an alumni magazine, a constitution was adopted which was of necessity somewhat experimental. The executive committee has found it advisable to offer two amendments:

"1. To amend section 1 of article IV, which reads, 'The officers of this association shall be a president, a vice-president, a permanent secretary, a treasurer, an executive committee and a nominating committee,' to read, 'The officers of this association shall be a president, a first and second vice-president, a permanent secretary-treasurer, an executive committee and a nominating committee.'

"In explanation of this proposed amendment it may be said that the offices of secretary and treasurer are so closely related that it seems desirable for one person to perform the duties of both; but in order that there may still be five members of the executive board, it is desired to create the office of a second vice-president.

"2. To amend section 1 of article V, which reads, 'All members of the association shall pay an annual fee of fifty cents,' to read,

'All members of the association shall pay an annual fee of one dollar.'

"It has been found that the fee of fifty cents is not sufficient to publish the magazine. It has been urged, also, that fifty cents is a difficult sum to remit by mail. You will find it easy to mail a dollar bill.

"Your gratitude is due to Mr. Scot Butler and to Miss Graydon for the excellent work they have done in issuing a magazine so creditable to your organization. Whether it be considered from a literary standpoint or as a record of the doings of your fellows, it is deserving of your most cordial support."

(Moved and carried that the two recommendations of the executive committee be adopted.)

Mr. Edgar T. Forsyth, chairman of the nominating committee, reported as follows:

President—Charles M. Fillmore, '90.

First Vice-President—Miss Bertha Thormeyer, '92.

Second Vice-President—Mrs. N. E. Atkinson, '56.

(Moved and carried that the report be adopted.)

E. H. CLIFFORD: "I move the admission of the class of 1913 to membership in the Butler College Alumni Association." (Seconded and carried.)

PRESIDENT BENJAMIN F. DAILEY: "We will proceed with the speech-making part of the program, as arranged by the committee."

"THE PRESIDENT," BENJAMIN F. DAILEY, '87.

"I have touched the highest point
Of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting."

I wish in the beginning to thank sincerely the association for the high honor which it has conferred upon me in asking me to act as president of the association during the past year. But I find myself in a very odd position—for I do not know whether to call this my inaugural address or my swan song. It is the only speech I get to make in a long administration.

I never was president of but two things. For one term I pre-

sided over the old Philokurian Society—and it was no courting club then. [Laughter.] And for the last twelve months I have presided over the destiny of the Butler College Alumni Association. I never expect to be president of anything again. "Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!"

But to-night you will allow me no end of liberty, that I may be free to tell the truth or spin yarns as I may see fit; and you will allow me to be very personal and speak very frequently and very freely of myself. I understood I was to respond to the toast, "The Presidency," but I see they have it "The President," so I have to talk about myself, and this is not President Wilson, but it is your humble servant, and we are here to-night with glad hearts to enjoy this family gathering of Butler people.

And you will allow me to say that this is the season of three anniversaries which to me celebrate events which have been formative influences in my life; and the lines from these events point back to the three institutions of the home, the church and the school. Upon next Tuesday I go to my father's house, down on the bank of the Wabash river, where live my father and mother. Next Tuesday they celebrate their fifty-fifth wedding anniversary, and while they have traveled from sea to sea and spent many a year in sunny climes, they have made their home for fifty-five years in that same old farmhouse.

Then upon the first Sunday in August I go back to that community again, for there is a little white chapel upon the banks of the river, near by the silent city in which sleep five generations of my people, and in a grove hard by there gathers upon that day of the year an old-fashioned country basket picnic, and I have gone there on the first Sunday in August every year for fifteen years to talk to the friends of my boyhood days.

Then we come together in the meeting of the Butler College Alumni Association, so that at this season of the year I trace my school life from the little schoolhouse under the hill to the institution out at Butler, and it has been my good fortune since I left Butler, twenty-six years ago, to be present at nearly every one of the meetings of the Butler Alumni Association; and at each recurring year the call of that old farmhouse on the 24th of June, and the call of the little white chapel beside the silent city on the first Sunday

in August, and the call of Butler College at commencement time, will ring in my ears while life shall last.

For I look back with much joy to my college days at Butler. I did some work, had a lot of fun, got into some scrapes, and was accused of much mischief of which I was not guilty.

We are here to-night as alumni, a part of a vast body of people. For in looking through the names in the directory I find 712 graduates have gone out from Butler College; of these 97 have passed into the beyond, so that to-day there are 615 Butler alumni scattered throughout the world. Among these are business men, professional men, those who have represented our government in foreign countries, and some who are missionaries on the "far-flung battle line." We are thankful to-night that we are a part of that great throng.

I have tried to look after the welfare of possibly more than six hundred alumni for the last twelve months, and it is the biggest office in connection with college life of which I know anything. What is the presidency of the college compared to this? What is it to look after the interests of some four hundred undergraduates, compared to the general oversight of six hundred alumni scattered throughout the world—to be responsible even in a small way for their character and conduct? That has been my job, and I beg to assure you that during the past year every day that I thought of it I have thought of you, individually and collectively, with the most tender and fatherly affection, and I have tried to magnify my office, even to the extent of wearing upon every possible occasion the garb of a Daniel Webster statesman, for I wanted people to know that there was a Butler College Alumni Association and that I was its president.

I am going to close my thoughts upon this part of the subject with three recommendations: I recommend that the president of our Alumni Association be inducted into office with befitting pomp and ceremony, that he have a chance to make an inaugural address—not simply put him into office and let him say "Good-bye." I recommend that his salary be increased, with back pay covering at least the last administration, and I also recommend that this association soon take wise action upon the question as to what to do with our ex-presidents. We ought to be looked after.

And now, if you call this my swan song, perhaps I had better bring it to a close, for it reminds me of the story of a man who was about to die, and sent for his friends that he might deliver to them a dying message. They gathered around his bedside, and he talked and he talked, and he talked and he talked, until he wore them out. Finally, one man, braver and more tired than the rest, picked up courage to suggest to the dying man that he stop his talking and go on with his dying.

But as I bring this swan song to a close I want to say that for this program to-night I am much indebted to my cabinet, and especially to the secretary, Miss Graydon, who ought to be kept in that office for life, for I freely admit that she is the "power behind the throne" in the work of the president, and to F. R. Kautz, a man worth while working with. To these two I give all the credit, and take to myself the honor.

And as to our program, I have this to say concerning it. There are to be five speeches. The speakers have solemnly promised to take only ten minutes apiece, but if they talk three-quarters of an hour, do not blame me. I have warned them time and again that their speeches must be administered, not in powdered form, but in solution. They are to be very damp—nothing dry here to-night.

I now come to the first speech upon the program, and it gives me great pleasure to present to you a fellow townsman. Greenfield has sent out to the world two noted men—James Whitcomb Riley and Samuel J. Offutt. I am sorry to say that I was not born in Greenfield, so there cannot be a third added right now. My affection for this most excellent young man dates back some fifteen years, when I lived next door to his office, and he came across the partition fence and helped me build a chicken coop. So when the time came for me to have some hand in this program I remembered the henhouse, and thought the time had come for reward. I went down to Mr. Offutt's office and asked him if he would speak to us to-night, and he stood up like a man and said, "I will." We are delighted, indeed, with his presence, and I take great pleasure in presenting him, because he is the president of the Hancock County Butler College Alumni Association, one of the first of the kind to be organized anywhere, and he is always energetic in any work for the alumni. I am glad to-night to present him as such and to say that he is faith-

ful in the discharge of his duties. He left court at Rushville one day, and the only way he could get out was by persuading his client to plead guilty and ask to be hanged; but Mr. Offutt could not miss a gathering of the Butler alumni. So great is his love for Butler that he believes that wherever two or three are gathered together, there shall be an alumni association.

I am glad to present Mr. Samuel J. Offutt, class of '02, who will speak on "The Alumnus." [Applause.]

"THE ALUMNUS," SAMUEL J. OFFUTT, '02.

"When time has passed and season fled
Your hearts will feel like mine;
And then the song will most delight
That minds you o' Lang Syne."

Mr. Toastmaster, and Members of the Class of '13, and Fellow Alumni: After Mr. Dailey's very kind introduction, he stated he introduced me "as such." Now, whether he introduced me as a fellow townsman of James Whitcomb Riley or as the builder of the chicken coop, I do not know. Mr. Dailey has a very peculiar way of bringing in his compliments. But I feel I have been complimented twice this evening, and there is about as much truth in one time as in the other. When I sat down by the gentleman on my right he introduced himself as Mr. Mullendore, and when he heard my name he said, "Oh, yes; I have heard of you a good many times. You are the new Christian minister over at Greenfield, are you not?" [Laughter.] Our toastmaster did not tell quite all that occurred a few days ago when he came and asked me to give a toast here this evening. According to Mr. Dailey, almost as quick as a Jack-in-the-box, I sprang to my feet and said I would give the toast; but the truth of the matter is that he spent about two days arguing with me, until in self-defense I had to consent and give it. Then the question of the subject came up, and nobody seemed to know of any subject; I could not think of anything. The talk finally drifted around to the alumnus, and I suggested that as a subject, but Mr. Dailey said, "No, that will not do. In my talk I am going to say a good deal about the alumni, or the individual alumnus, and President Howe has informed me that in his remarks he is going to

talk about the alumnus, so it will not do for all of us to talk on this subject." But finally he looked at me in a kind of despairing way and said, "Well, you just talk on that subject anyhow; you would not say anything we would."

There are several elements, members of the alumni, which go to make up a successful college. There must, of course, be buildings, a campus; there must be equipment for the buildings of such nature that the work of the college can be carried on; and there must be a faculty, of course, and students; but last, and not the least important, there must be an alumni. And I think that President Howe will agree with me when I say that the alumni, an active alumni filled with the spirit of the college and working for the college, is not the least important of the elements which go to make for a good and successful college. How much, members of the alumni, would you take from Harvard, if you take from it the spirit of the alumni? How much would you take from Princeton; how much would you take from Yale; how much would you take from DePauw; how much would you take from Indiana University, if you were to take from these schools the alumni with their active spirit? Now, as far as Butler is concerned—I believe in Butler. I love old Butler, and if I were to go back to school to-day, I do not know of any school in Indiana to which I would rather go than Butler College. Butler, with her old traditions, with her history, and with the memory of such fine men as Scot Butler and the like, and with the present good work that is being done—I think there is no school in Indiana or any of the States—although there may be larger ones—that do better work than good old Butler College, and I would not say a word against the alumni of Butler—an alumni which will turn out in such a magnificent way as the alumni of Butler does, which will turn out in these numbers upon such a warm evening as this—surely that alumni is worth while, and I feel that deep down in the heart of every alumnus of Butler College there is a love and a regard for Butler College. And I feel that this spirit is growing, that the live little Quarterly that is sent out has done a good deal toward calling the attention of the different members to the life and the workings of the college. And right here I wish to pay tribute to the work of that fine, womanly woman, Miss Katharine Graydon, toward the reviving of that spirit. [Applause.] I think that the alumni of

Butler College is a fine alumni, but I feel and always have felt that if there is one weak spot in Butler College, if there is one place where it could be made better and stronger, it is in developing a little more active spirit in the Alumni Association. [Applause.]

It is a fine thing, of course, for us to have the welfare of the college at heart, and it is quite another thing for that feeling to become active and to be really helpful to President Howe and to the faculty. Now, I believe that we as alumni are missing a part of the real worth of college life when we do not keep in closer touch with our *alma mater*. The viewpoint of the alumnus is not the viewpoint of the student. The perspective is different. When we are in school we are very earnest, and of course we want to get the most out of our college life; but we are there to acquire facts; examinations are to be met, and we must know these facts. But when a few years have passed and we come to see the real worth of college life, we find most of these facts are forgotten, and the real worth, the real benefit of our college life, was not so much in acquiring these facts as in having the privilege of being taken into the lives, into the hearts and souls of such men as Scot Butler, Thomas Howe, Will Howe, J. D. Forrest, Christopher Coleman, of Edward Ames, of Omar Wilson, and of poor Ed Abbott. And we come to see that it was not acquiring facts that was the real benefit, but rather the knowing these men.

And now I am coming to the point I am trying to make—that if we as individual alumnus, or as alumni, take us all together, isolate ourselves from the college and from the college spirit, the benefit of Butler College, so far as it is concerned, ends. But if we keep in touch with Butler College, and with the college spirit and college life, and with these men who are now in the faculty of Butler taking the place of men whom we knew—if we keep in touch with them we will keep that old comradeship and association that to me was one of the best things of college life.

What I want to say this evening is this: I believe that as alumni, I believe that you, and you, and you, as individual alumnus, owe it to Butler College to keep in closer touch, and I believe we owe it to ourselves to keep in closer touch with the college, so that as the days go by this real benefit that we get from the college may continue on and on in our lives. I would like to see in the whole Alumni Asso-

ciation a more active, vigorous spirit. It would be of real benefit to the college, and I know it would be of great benefit to ourselves. [Applause.]

TOASTMASTER: The next speaker on our program is a man noted for many things; many things make him famous. But the most noted thing that can be said of him is this, that he graduated from Butler College. He tackled the college course twice, and when he went back the second time his father remarked that it was a pity to spoil a good corn-husker to make a poor preacher. But he was noted as a pulpiteer, nevertheless, and for seven long years he filled the pulpit of the historic church at Somerset. It was my pleasure to live in the manse there next after him, and often have I heard testimony to this fact, that when he moved back to Indiana he boxed and barreled his seven hundred sermons and marked them all in big black letters, "Keep Dry." I have yielded to his earnest entreaties to be allowed to speak to-night only with the understanding that he is not to turn any of these sermons loose on us now.

He was not in the most illustrious class in college—not quite—but in the one next after it—one that has sent forth some very acceptable material for the world's use. His age is a mystery. He always looked old, and always acted young, and he is noted for his sense and his nonsense, for his wit and his wisdom. He can laugh louder and longer and tell more yarns than any man I have ever heard, and he has promised to tell some right now.

William Mullendore, of the class of '88, will speak to us on the subject, "On the Shady Side of Fifty." [Applause.]

"ON THE SHADY SIDE OF FIFTY," WILLIAM MULLENDORE, '88.

"Ye sons to comrades o' my youth
 Forgie an old man's spleen
Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns
 The days he aince has seen."

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Alumni Association: It is worth something to hear Mr. Dailey, even though you know it is not true. I believe I would be willing to live another fifty years to hear him. I believe that Mr. Dailey ought to know, however, that after-dinner speakers are very much like a bottle of

pop—anxious to be uncorked, but when they are uncorked it takes a two-quart pail to hold a half-pint of fizz.

The subject on the program is not the subject that I chose, "On the Shady Side of Fifty." It is more esthetic, but somehow it has a suggestion of repose. The subject I had chosen for myself was "On the Ragged Edge of Fifty." That sounds more virile.

Fifty years! What an æon they seem to youth! They stagger imagination. How impossible that youth should ever attain that length of days! But that which is so difficult for imagination is easy for memory. Fifty is so far away from youth that it can only be glimpsed by Herculean effort, but youth lies so close to fifty we can lay our hands on its head. It hangs about our heels like a lonesome pup, and we keep kicking it out of our way in order to get anything done. An Irishman was allowed to look through a surveyor's field glass at his pig half a mile away. "Be gorry," he exclaimed, "and that contraption brings my pig so close I can hear him grunt."

Memory is a telescope. Youth can scarcely see the frosty breath of fifty, but fifty feels the heart-beat of youth. * * *

Fifty is but the youth of age. It is the top of the world. A guide leading a party up the Alps kept saying to the weary climbers, "The view is better higher up, the view is better higher up," until at last he had inveigled his tired tourists to the top of the peak that stood white-mantled like a sentinel of the centuries, and the view was better.

Let me say to you who have looked at fifty as being wholly dreadful, "Don't be afraid. Here the skies still burn blue and the winds still blow soft. The waves of every ocean still kiss our shores, and the airs of every clime still play among the trees. Imagination still dwells in her castles and dreams still entangle in her gossamer threads. Memory leads us through her gallery in the twilight and Hope still hangs her crown in the dawn. Don't be afraid."

I am not forgetful of that wonderful chapter the world has furnished on the achievements of youth. "Let no man despise thy youth," is as appropriate now as when uttered. A glance at the facts tells a striking story. Let me quote: "Alexander overthrew the great king and saved Europe in extreme youth; Bonaparte had conquered Italy at five-and-twenty; Don John of Austria had saved Christendom from the Turk at the same age; Pitt and Bolingbroke

were ministers almost before they were men; Romulus founded Rome before he was twenty; Keats died at twenty-five; Shelley at twenty-nine. Early vigor and warmth consecrated to high endeavor works miracles. Youth is indeed an enchanted land."

And yet one on the ragged edge of fifty begins to feel the sense of loss, and can also begin to appreciate those splendid words of one of our alumni, himself a soldier, to the boys who set out for the Spanish War. If I fail to quote him accurately I shall do injustice to the grace and elegance of the language of President Butler. He said to these boys: "When I see these ranks of stalwart forms under slouch of brown hats and catch the gleam of bright eyes, and look along lines of glistening steel, and in the distance catch the undimmed glory of the banner that they bear, what wonder that I begin to feel sad to think that these men of the twentieth century march on in vanguard of our country's great glory while I can only dream my senile dream and feel the heartache that women feel who only wait."

Yes, we on the ragged edge of fifty begin to feel so, too, at times. Then is when we should read the other chapter that history records. Osler's playful statement that a man at sixty had served his usefulness and should be chloroformed started an investigation that I think as remarkable as any other discovery of the century. The quest was the Age of Virility. The names of four hundred of the most noted men of all time and from all lines of action were selected. Opposite each name was placed the greatest work of his lifetime. This list was submitted to competent critics for suggestion, and after revision the following report was made public: Six per cent. of the world's greatest achievements have been wrought by men past eighty; 23 per cent. have been wrought by men between seventy and eighty; 35 per cent. have been wrought by men between sixty and seventy; 25 per cent. have been wrought by men between fifty and sixty; 10 per cent. have been wrought by men between forty and fifty; 1 per cent. have been wrought by men under forty.

This places the keystone in the arch of achievement at the age of sixty-five. * * *

But what shall I say more? Time would fail me to tell of Victor Hugo, who finished his "History of Crime" at seventy-six; of Bismarck, chancellor of Germany until he was seventy-five; of Spencer,

who completed his great philosophic work at eighty; of Tennyson, who gave us some of his finest poetry in his last years; of Bryant, who finished his translation at seventy-six; of Emerson, still vigorous at seventy; of Goethe, who completed "Faust" at eighty; of Sophocles, Plato, Voltaire, Carlyle, Browning, and a great cloud of witnesses, a multitude that no man can number.

All of these are saying to us on the ragged edge of fifty, "Come on in, boys and girls, come on in; the water is fine!" And we answer back, "We are coming, Father Abraham, a hundred thousand strong!"

TOASTMASTER: I am a little at a loss in introducing the next speaker, because you never know at just what angle a woman will approach a subject. She may undertake to adjust the whole workings of the universe; she may tackle that most difficult problem of adjusting the family expenses to the family income; or she may declare that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," and adjust things right here so that the men will have this job from now henceforth forevermore. I make one plea in behalf of the men here present, however, and that is that she deal gently with us.

Jessie Christian Brown, class of '97, will speak to us on the subject, "Adjustment." [Applause.]

"ADJUSTMENT," JESSIE CHRISTIAN BROWN, '97.

"Not chance or plans of circumstances and fate
Can give to life a smile;
The voice that ever singeth in the heart
Makes living worth the while."

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen: I am not going to attempt anything so important or so far-reaching as any of these courses that Mr. Dailey has suggested—not that I could not, but that it is entirely too hot for you to be inflicted with any of these subjects. In fact, I did not expect to be on this program until yesterday, when I learned that you were going to have me instead of Mrs. Graham, who would have dealt with this subject in a very interesting way, because she is a woman of so many ideas. But I thought it would be a poor example of the theory of adjustment if I should

refuse to accept such a small matter as a toast at a Butler dinner just because it happened to be hot, and so I am going to give you a few of my own personal ideas, perhaps I might call them visions. Nothing big, nothing important, but just to tell you a few of the ideas that occasionally run through my head on this subject of adjustment to the various exigencies of life around us.

I am struck with the truth of the bit of verse at the head of my place on the program—Mary Elizabeth Howe's, by the way, a girl that in her pure and charming life has never had any occasion to adjust herself as yet, because life has been very sweet and pleasant and changeless for her. But those of you who have "grown old along with me" will, I think, agree with me that there are a lot of times, places and circumstances that come upon us and cause us to adjust ourselves afresh to new conditions. I must confess that I am rather surprised and encouraged by the cheerful way in which this brother alumnus spoke of advancing age. To me it is the most tragic subject in the world.

Sunday afternoon I sat out in the old college chapel, and you can talk about the trouble it is to climb those stairs, but after you get up there there is an atmosphere about the old chapel that appeals to one, especially to those who have been students there. And as I sat there listening to the birds and to the whispering leaves outside, and looked at the paintings of Ovid Butler and Professor Hoshour, and the other men whom I knew and loved, and then looked over at the graduating class, sitting there in cap and gown, it seemed to me I saw a vision of all the graduates who had sat there and listened to the splendid men who talked to them on baccalaureate Sunday, and among them I saw myself, I saw the ghost of the girl that was one of the graduates from Butler sixteen years ago, and now this is my confession. As I looked at them I experienced a feeling of positive jealousy—jealousy of their sheer physical youth, jealousy of that radiant, opalescent future they seem to have, where everything is rosy and radiant in color, and all life is so full of possibilities. Not that I want to rob them of one moment of their sweet, fleeting youth, but I wanted to say to them, "Oh, boys and girls, grasp it with both hands, because it never can come again." It was just that age-long regret that most of us feel and that Omar has voiced when he said:

“Alas! that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth’s sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows.”

But it would be a tragedy indeed if age did not bring any compensation to us. I say to myself, I must adjust myself to the advancing years that are coming ever more fast upon me, and certainly there is compensation in the fact that one knows himself better. I believe that is the greatest single thing that comes to a human being—self-knowledge, self-realization, so that nothing in the world can shake you from your base because you know yourself, and consequently you have an intelligent chance to know a great deal about everybody else. And so I like to hear Mr. Mullendore tell about these extraordinary old gentlemen who do so many wonderful things at eighty. I did not notice any eighty-year-old ladies in the list, but I hope he will revise it the next time he reads this paper.

However, the view is better at the top, and I am glad there is something far, far—no matter how far—ahead that one can look to and enjoy.

I did not follow cow-paths in Irvington, but one of the sweetest memories I cherish is the home of Dr. and Mrs. Benton. The sweetness and charm of intercourse with them was such that it was said when boys and girls were in love and wanted to urge each other on a little—when things were just on the ragged edge, they used to take each other to call on the Bentons, because they were such a beautiful object lesson.

And so all these changes that take place require adjustment. When I go out East Washington street in the street-car and see the row of dingy wooden houses on each side, I close my eyes and say to myself: “If I were just looking at the Parthenon, standing there in its creamy browns against the red sunset; or if I could only see the white houses of Algiers; or glide along through the Grand Canal of Venice, how happy I would be.” And then the conductor says, “Ritter avenue,” and I open my eyes and I am in Irvington. But then I say that Irvington is the nicest place to live—you have such good neighbors in Irvington, you can run in to borrow baking-pow-

der Sunday morning before breakfast, and I do not know whether you could do that in Algiers or not.

Mr. Dailey, dear, old-fashioned man, talked about the "hand that rocks the cradle," when everybody knows that cradles have not been the style for years. And things have changed so that women do not really know what their work is. I heard a story of a French gentleman who in talking to a lady said, "Pardon me for cockroaching on your time." "But," said the lady, "you do not say 'cockroach' to a lady, you 'encroach.'" "Pardon, Madame, I did not know she was feminine." So to-day they talk a great deal about feminists. And they talk about the sweet, old-fashioned mother. If there is anything I would like to be, it is a sweet, old-fashioned woman, but I do not have the time. I do not know of anything I like to do better than to bake bread—to take out of the oven a sweet, crusty, brown loaf—but I never have time to make it. I am going to committee meetings, or board meetings, or club meetings, and I call to the grocer, "Send me up two loaves of Columbia bread."

So we must adjust ourselves, and as Mary Elizabeth's little poem says—

"It is the voice that ever singeth in the heart
 Makes living worth the while."

We cannot attach ourselves permanently to anything, because if you fasten yourself tight to anything, then when the shock of change comes, it slashes you all to pieces; but if you try to adjust yourself to the changes of time and place, nothing can move you. And where shall we find this faculty of adjustment? I learned a great deal of it at Butler College. I think sometimes that our class reunions are just occasions when we go once a year and tell each other how much we love old Butler, and then the rest of the year forget it, or do not say much about it, just as when a person is a good friend, you do not think it necessary to tell him how much you think of him. But sometimes, when I am washing dishes, or getting dinner, I think of my associations at Butler, and it helps me, it is an inspiration in many ways. Many things that I studied I have forgotten. The only thing I remember about trigonometry, for instance, is that logarithms are not so bad as they look; and about chemistry, that if you put a red liquid into something it turns blue, and into something else,

it turns green. I am a very poor example to set before young people. But I shall never forget the march of the ten thousand Greeks, and how they shouted with joy when they saw the sea; I shall never forget Hugh Miller's classes, and how he made me see the great herd of savages sweep across Europe.

But we all know that changes do come with advancing years, and they make a lot of difference. When I read the works of the great old writers, when I hear the tone-poems of the great musicians, it seems to me the reason these never grow old is because these men never lost their faith and inspiration, and it seems we ought to be able to adjust ourselves to any change, with all the knowledge and culture, the literature and art of the world to help us.

But the night is hot, and I have finished, or shall with the story of Ole.

Ole took his girl, Minna, out riding. They rode for many miles in silence, but finally Ole said, "Minna, will you marry me?" And she said, "Yes, Ole." Ole was silent, and they drove for mile after mile, until finally Minna could stand it no longer, and she said, "Why you not say something, Ole?" To which Ole replied, "I tank dere ban too much said already." [Applause.]

TOASTMASTER: It is with great pleasure that I extend the hand of fellowship to the class of '13. Fledglings they are, just ready for flight, but I beg to assure them that ten or fifteen years' active service in our Alumni Association will fit them for the real battle of life.

It seems they are not used to our way of doing. They thought perhaps that some one would start a "rough house," so they have put up their all-round athlete to see that they are taken care of. I speak of this in no way as a reflection, for he has a great future. The world is waiting for the "white man's hope," George Cullen Thomas, class of '13. [Applause.]

"BY-PRODUCTS OF COLLEGE LIFE," GEORGE CULLEN THOMAS, '13.

"Don't view me with a critic's eye
But pass my imperfections by;
Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

Mr. Toastmaster, and Members of the Alumni Association of Butler College: First of all I want to thank you for the vote which

made us, the class of '13, members of your association. This is something we have looked forward to and something we have worked to. I assure you that we appreciate the honor that has been bestowed upon us. You will see by your programs that the committee anticipated my speech, and made excuses for me. They have "passed my imperfections by," and you will also see from this that I had a humble beginning. "Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

Doubtless you all can remember in your college days of having listened to chapel talks upon a subject which is generally the subject of chapel talks—the advantages of college education, and why we go to college. We have learned from these talks that the prime motive of college education is the development of the intellect and the storing up of knowledge. But it seems to me there is much that we carry away from college acquired outside of the classroom. To me the sweetest memories of my college days come from the associations formed there and the friendships. It is rare, indeed, that our characters are not shaped by coming in contact with these friends. A man who holds himself aloof from others in college misses much that a college education affords. There are the literary societies, class organizations, Greek letter societies, athletics, and many other student activities which are of benefit to every one.

I once made a statement that I would not take the benefit I have received from athletics for any one subject that I have taken in Butler College, and I still maintain that. I feel sorry for the man who has gone through college, the man who is physically able, who has missed the experiences of the football season. All those who have ever played will bear me out in this. It teaches you much. First of all, it takes out of you much of that conceit which is so noticeable in a man when he enters college. It teaches you to take knocks without a murmur, and to subordinate your own desires to that which is good for all. In short, it makes a man of you, for these qualities are qualities that are essential in the business of life.

We all like to recall the friendships formed in college days. I remember once President Howe in a chapel talk told us about his school days. He was talking about the shady, winding pathways of classic Irvington, then only cow-paths; but he told us how he loved to stroll by the moonlight these paths, though they were wide enough for only one. Yes, I say that some of these friendships are

the most lasting, and there are any number of them that have grown into life companionships, and I am sure there are many in this room to-night who are thankful for the benefits derived outside of the classroom. If you will pardon a personal reference, I have something on my person, a gift of the students of Butler College, which to me means as much as my diploma, because I know that which prompted the giving.

After all, there are no such things as by-products of college education or college life. We go to college to secure equipment for life, not because that is the only place we can get that equipment, but because it is the best place. We get a broader outlook, a broader view of life. We have new and varied fields for service opened to us, and we become alive to our own possibilities.

I feel that I would not be doing the younger class 'men of Butler College justice this evening if I did not tell this body just how we feel toward you; and yet I did not come here with the intention of criticising. It is true, however, we feel the Butler alumni do not stand up for their college as they should; it is true that they do not speak a word for the college whenever they have opportunity. At the bottom of our hearts we all love old Butler.

Let us pledge ourselves that from this moment on we will make others see that which we already know, that Butler is the best college in Indiana. Let us boost for Butler! [Applause.]

TOASTMASTER: I well remember when Tommy Howe came to college. Tommy Howe and Johnny Glass and Jimmy Pearcy came to swell the ranks of historic Butler. And to think that that boy is to stand up here to-night and talk to us about "Obligations." But it has come to pass—that strange thing. He always had notions. You could hardly ever get him out at night. He had ideas about studying—thought he came to college to work, and so to-night he stands as our head, the loved president of our college. It is our good fortune, as it is the good fortune of any college, to have one of its own men at its head, for he knows our spirit, and he knows our problems. He comes to-night to issue anew the call "Come back," to sound the call to arms for Butler, to rally to the support of Butler.

Thomas Carr Howe, class of '89, will address us on "Obligations." [Applause.]

"OBLIGATIONS," THOMAS CARR HOWE, '89.

" 'Tis not in me creations to effect,
Wringing the soul or harrowing as they rise,
Phrases to pick, cold, classic and correct,
With which you ne'er can sympathize"—

Mr. Toastmaster and Friends: It is a pretty strong test of one's loyalty to come down here on a night like this to take this kind of a roast. I was just thinking a few minutes ago about another historic occasion when I was present in this hall, when it was a good deal hotter than to-night. It was two or three years ago, when our distinguished friend, the Honorable William Howard Taft, then President of the United States, came to town on the Fourth of July to persuade us in this room—some four or five hundred sweltering and perspiring Republicans—that reciprocity was the only thing that was needed to cure our ills. And while you may think it is warm to-night, I can assure you that as I recall it, the experiences of that night, were a good deal more torrid than anything you have seen this evening.

I was just looking over this room, thinking what great classes we were—'87, '88 and '89. Last year '87 celebrated at Irvington, and had a delightful reunion; to-morrow '88 is going to gather such as can be present to recall their college days, and next year we are told we are to be the guests of our classmate, Mr. Will Irwin, at the reunion of '89. In my mind these classes are associated so intimately that they seem to be almost one class—the class of '87-'88-'89.

And, friends, it was from these classes that I have learned some sense of obligation. A man knows best those with whom he has been most intimately associated, and he is known best by those, and I cannot think of the men of '87, '88 and '89 without a stirring of my pulses, without the blood running quicker through my veins. As I think of those men and women and their loyalty to one another, their loyalty to good ideals, their loyalty and affection to the college, it seems to me that I am under everlasting obligations to them for some of the best of my life.

I can agree with all that has been said this evening. I was most interested in hearing my old friend, the loudest and most eloquent speaker the old Philokurian ever had, speaking to keep up his cour-

age—singing the song of the old man and telling of his achievements.

I agree most heartily with what Mr. Offutt has said about the need of cooperation between the alumni and the College, and I am more than pleased, I am deeply grateful to my good friend, that loyal student of Butler, Mr. Thomas, who has meant so much to the College while he has been there, by the force of his good example, his clean life and his fine spirit in athletics—I say I am more than thankful to him for the good word he has spoken for the College. [Applause.]

We all owe much to the College. I am not going to talk here until morning, because I am aware that to-morrow morning at a little after nine these sleepy children here must be in line, in cap and gown, to march to their fate. But some things must be said, I imagine. We all owe a lot to the College, and I was thinking a moment ago how different some things would have been if we had not happened to cast our lot with the College. How much it has meant to us that through some chance we were thrown into this particular group. Just stop to think for a moment—try to dissociate yourself from all the things that have come to you because you have been members of the Butler College group. Mr. Thomas has referred to that chapel talk of mine about the winding paths of Irvington. I confess that the best thing that ever came into my life was what came to me in Butler College. [Applause.] And there has never been any one who has gone out from that College who has been truer in her sense of obligation to Butler College and all that is best about it, than that girl. [Applause.]

I have been asked to say a word to-night, not of reproach, but by way of reminder. I could not stand here, friends, and reproach you—you with whom I have been a student in College, some of you who have been my beloved teachers, you who have been my students at one time or another—I could not say a word of reproach. But I might say a word of reminder.

It seems to me, friends, that we are in these days coming to another crisis for Butler College. Live institutions, growing concerns and going concerns, have their critical periods. A few years ago we passed through a most serious crisis, when it was really a question whether we should continue to exist, and I know something of

the travail of soul that was experienced by that courageous soul, Scot Butler, as he went through those days, when with his all-conquering sense of duty, and with his absorbing love for an institution with which his family name had been connected for so long, he stood by and wondered what would be the next thing—whether it could continue to exist, or whether it should become a memory. Some others of us were there with him in those days. But we came through that, and we won; we passed the critical stage, and we raised the endowment that was necessary to save us. In the last five or six years we have been doing the best we could for internal development, for strengthening our position, for making the most of what we have, until I verily believe there is not a college west of the Allegheny mountains that is doing more with what it has than that college in Irvington. [Applause.] We have grown steadily. Do you know what this College has meant to this community? Do you realize, as Mr. Dailey has said, that it has sent out over seven hundred graduates? And do you know that, outside of that, it has given instruction to more than twelve thousand students in the years of its existence? And do you stop to think of the good that has been done, of the far-reaching influence? You say it is a little college. Yes; of course, it is little; we know it; and we know we are poor. But we are not ashamed of that, and we are going to make the most of what we have. We will live our life, like that page of Gustavus Adolphus, "*Courte et bonne*"—"short and good"!

In the last five or six years we have grown from 190 to 318 this year, and our college enrollment is 611 as against 575 last year. Our influence is steadily increasing, our opportunity is constantly enlarging, and the question to-day is, shall we be able to do the thing that presents itself to be done?

And now, friends, another critical time is coming for us. We hear much discussion in these times about the cost of high living, or the high cost of living; but it is a fact that statistics seem to show that the school teacher who received \$600 a year in 1907 was as well off as the school teacher who receives \$1000 to-day, and that means that the professor who to-day may happen to receive \$2000 (they are not at Butler) is receiving no higher wage than the man who received \$1200 a year in 1907. It means that if we are going to hold a continuous faculty we must have more money, and we must

have a permanent faculty—a faculty that gives character and personality to the institution and makes it worth while. That is the thing you carry away. It is not the Latin and Greek, the French and German—it is the character of those with whom you mingle, it is the professors who influence you, it is the atmosphere that goes out from the classroom that counts, and we must always keep that good if we would make good.

I wish you would look down that list of faculty and see where we have lost some of our best men. We have sent a head professor in English to the University of Indiana; another to the University of Illinois; another to Missouri, and right down there sits a man who goes to the University of Kansas. And do you remember Rogers, Moore, Forrest, and other men who have gone out from us and are occupying commanding positions? Do you realize that that in a sense is a discouragement to the men who remain behind? This is plain talk. I am only a plain speaker. That is a discouragement to the men who remain behind. The question at once arises, "What is the matter with the other fellows? Why are they not called?" I happen to know they have been called, and they have stayed. But sometimes the call becomes so insistent that they cannot afford to stay. We cannot expect to capitalize too far the magnanimous generosity, the devotion and consecration of the men of our faculty. And that means that we must go into this new endowment campaign if we mean to keep up the pace and keep in the forefront.

I wonder if some of our friends know what the value of a diploma from Butler College is. Of course we all think well of Butler; we should not be here if we did not. It is because we love her and think well of her and want her to be made better that we stay there. That's why. Do you realize that last year when we were applying for entrance into the Phi Beta Kappa, the universities that recommended us were these: Of course the Indiana universities, and those outside of the State were Leland Stanford, Nebraska, Missouri, Princeton, Yale and Columbia, and officers of the Phi Beta Kappa said they could not recall in a long time a college the size of Butler that had been able to present such recommendations as these. My friends, the College is fit, the College is worthy; it is worth your while to take pride in your College.

Is not, after all, a person known very largely by that thing to

which he attaches himself—of which he makes himself a part? The most of us are not Lincolns, or George Washingtons, or Napoleons—people who can arise in their might and impress themselves upon the world; but the most of us must be content to make our small contribution to a good, worth-while enterprise. Why, alumni of Butler, do you not adopt Butler College as an avenue through which you express yourselves, and make it worth while? We need more people who will do just that thing.

The first obligation you have is to your family, the second to your church, and the next to your college.

Friends, we need more people with the devotion that Scot Butler has shown in years gone by. I say that, not because he is sitting here, but because he deserves it. We need more people of vision, people with consecration to the ideals of Butler College, like Hilton U. Brown; we need people with devotion to the College, like that fine woman, Katharine Graydon. And when I say that it is not by way of invidious comparison, or in disparagement of anything any one else has done. Take Rollin Kautz—we need men like him interested in the College; and those Morgan boys—and the rest of the people around here who are ready to help at any time. Friends, you can help us mightily; we need your help; give us your encouragement whenever you can. It is not our College; it is not the College of the trustees—they are simply administering its affairs. It is not the College of the faculty. It was given by the fathers; it was built up by the contributions, by the self-denial and consecrated effort of many, many men. It is a monument; it is a holy thing; it is simply given to us for the time being to guide, and a difficult task it is sometimes. Friends, you can help us mightily by sometimes telling us if we are not doing poorly. This old College reaches out a long, long way over the world. A few days ago I had a letter from a boy who is doing good work very far from here, in that great new Republic of China. He went out only a few years ago, but is now in a commanding position there, and he told me what he is doing. Only a day or two before I had a letter from another boy in India, telling me what he is doing, and of his longing to be here to-night. It would not make much difference how hot it was, he would be too glad to have a chance to sit here with us to-night. To-morrow we graduate another who has been with us for years, who is getting ready to

go to the African coast to his fellow black people. Naturally the influence of this little College is far-reaching, and we never know, friends, when, through a mean agency, a small and insignificant agency, perhaps, we are training a man who is going to do a world-thrilling thing.

Now one last word. We want your support and your friendly criticism; we are not afraid of that, and when you have a word of criticism, do not be afraid to come into my office and say it squarely to my face. I am not afraid to take criticism; my skin is not very thin. It does not take very long being a college president to make a pachyderm out of a man. But the load gets heavy—it gets very heavy; and once in a while when things seem dark, if some good soul will talk over things with you, you can work all the better. Wood Unger wrote me a letter not long ago when I was down in the depths, and he brought me up and out. You do not know how much you can help us by these kind words. We need your help. We do not know when we are erring; lots of times we may seem arbitrary; sometimes we go on where we should not if we could see ourselves as others see us. I do not know whether I work well or not. Sometimes I doubt it, and I would give much if some straight-spoken man would come and say what he thinks of my work.

We need your help, and as we go out to this new enterprise which must be taken up if we are going to meet the opportunities that are thrown upon us by this town and State—if we are going to fulfill the destiny which is ours, we must have the support of every one of you, and we must have your prayers and your sympathy always.

Friends, with this word let me give this last bit of counsel. Do not be afraid to say a kind word; you may be saving some soul from despair. [Applause.]

TOASTMASTER: There is one thing more—a matter that President Scot Butler wishes to present, and aside from our special interest in the matter he wishes to present, we are always glad to hear his voice in these our Butler gatherings.

MR. SCOT BUTLER: Mr. President: We are all of us thinking, I have no doubt, of some of our number who are absent from us tonight, and I have some copies of letters of greetings that have been prepared, and I wish to offer them to the association and ask that they be forwarded to the persons indicated.

To DR. A. R. BENTON, Lincoln, Nebraska.

The members of the Butler Alumni Association, at annual banquet assembled, send greeting. At such time, ever, *absentes adsunt*, and most of all he that as preceptor of our early years had made himself our friend for life.

Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind., June 18, 1913.

To THE REVEREND B. M. BLOUNT, Irvington, Indiana.

The members of the Butler Alumni Association, at annual banquet assembled, send greeting. Old friends are the best friends. Live on, old friend, and may added years bring added blessings.

Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind., June 18, 1913.

MR. BUTLER: I move that the signature of the secretary of the Association, Miss Katharine Merrill Graydon, be appended to these letters, and that they be forwarded to the persons indicated.

TOASTMASTER: That needs no second. A matter which lies so close to our hearts must be taken by consent. I ask you to express your sentiments in this regard by rising vote, and then you are at liberty. [Rising vote taken.]

Adjournment.

THE COMMENCEMENT

At ten o'clock on Thursday morning the academic procession, consisting of the Senior class, the faculty, the trustees, the guests of honor and the speaker of the day, moved from the Bona Thompson Memorial Library to the College chapel. The invocation was pronounced by the Rev. C. H. Winders. The address of the day was made by President William Lowe Bryan, and is found elsewhere in this issue.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred by President Howe upon Ethel Louise Bennett, Mary Coffin Bragg, Jessie Gladys Breadheft, Hally Cecil Burkhardt, Hazel Lotus Collins, Agnes Fort, Katharine Gawne, Daniel Adolphus Hastings, Beatrice Rachel Hoover, William Claude Kassebaum, Martha May Kincaid, Murray Mathews, Cleo Geneva Millikan, Florence Louise Smock, George Cullen Thomas, Helen Louise Tichenor, Ella Jane Weaver.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Harry Schaefer.

The highest standing for the entire College course was announced to be that of Agnes Fort, Martha May Kincaid, Ella Jane Weaver.

The Senior Scholarship was awarded to Robert Buck.

The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. A. B. Philputt.

Changes in the Faculty

Professor E. H. Hollands, who for three years has been in charge of the department of philosophy, has resigned to become head of the department of philosophy at the University of Kansas. This is a serious loss to the college, keenly felt by both those who have come under his scholarly tuition and those who have enjoyed his genial companionship. However, our congratulations and best wishes follow Mr. and Mrs. Hollands to their new home and their larger field of usefulness.

In the Biblical department an additional chair has been created, that of Old Testament Language and Literature, to be occupied by Charles E. Underwood, '03. The Quarterly welcomes warmly Dr. Underwood to old friends and old scenes.

A Vital Need

Commencement week verified the call uttered in our last issue for accommodations not only for our work, but also for our returned family and friends. We had in Irvington no place for the senior play to be given, for the alumni dinner to be held. Our chapel for baccalaureate and commencement exercises has been outgrown.

We need a gymnasium sufficiently commodious and worthily pleasant to serve also as auditorium. We need a woman's building about which may center the activities and social life of the College.

This is not a call for luxury. It is a cry for a vital need.

Will not the Alumni hear?

Is there not some one member who will take the initiative in making these things possible?

Or, are there not those who will propose some scheme for carrying out this plan?

Personal Mention

Rev. John A. Roberts, '71, is living at Dublin, Georgia.

Miss Anna L. Burt, '08, has removed to Coronado, California.

Rev. Carl H. Barnett, '10, is now located at Rochester, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse L. Brady, '93, have removed to Stockton, California.

Miss Martha M. Kincaid, '13, has received a graduate fellowship at Indiana University.

Miss Laura E. Rupp, '95, is teaching German at the Shortridge High School, Indianapolis.

Mrs. Carrie Howe Cummings, '97, has been appointed director of the College Club of Washington, D. C.

Misses Clara M. Goe, '94, Lois Brown, '09, and Lora Hussey, '10, are spending the summer in European travel.

Roger W. Wallace, '09, has been appointed by Governor Ralston deputy to W. E. Longley, State fire marshall.

James G. Randall, '03, professor of history in Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia, is visiting Indianapolis friends.

James L. Murray, '09, and Herbert W. Schmid, '11, received on May 28 the degree of LL. B. from the Indiana Law School.

J. W. Lowber, '71, of Austin, Texas, has been made member of the Royal Asiatic Society and of the Royal Societies Club of London.

Upon Rev. Gilbert H. Fern, '12, and Clarence Prichard, '12, were conferred at Indiana University on June 11 the degree of Master of Arts.

The Quarterly sends greeting to David Moffat, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Kautz; Ruth Lydia, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Hummel; Thomas Warren, in the home of Rev. and Mrs. George L. Moffett; Marjorie and Abner, in the home of Mr. and

Mrs. Joseph R. Morgan; Mary Elizabeth, in the home of Dr. and Mrs. F. R. Charlton.

Rev. H. F. Frigge, '96, has removed to Manitou, Colorado. It is earnestly hoped the change of climate will bring complete restoration to health.

Rev. George L. Moffett, '11, having received his degree of B. D. from the Yale Divinity School, is at home, with his wife and son, for the summer.

Butler College sends three patriotic sons to the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg: W. N. Pickerill, '60; W. W. Daugherty, '61; and John V. Hadley.

On June 16 Miss Elizabeth T. Bogert, '09, received informally for three brides-elect: Miss Charlotte D. Edgerton, '08; Miss Gertrude M. Pruitt, '11; and Miss Sidney Ernestine Hecker, '11.

Chester G. Vernier, '03, professor of law in the University of Illinois, was recently elected secretary of the Illinois State Society of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology.

To the son of S. A. Harker, '97, Russell P., who was graduated from the Law School of Indiana University, was given the senior law prize for having attained the highest average of the class.

Elton A. Gongwer, '88, has opened an office in the Evans building, 1420 New York avenue, Washington, D. C., for the practice of law before the executive departments of the government and the United States court of claims.

For the summer session Miss India L. Martz, '90, is attending the University of Indiana; Miss Blanche Ryker, '10, the University of Minnesota; Miss Martha Empson, '12, Purdue University; Miss Marie Binninger, '07, the University of Wisconsin.

Rev. Carl Burkhardt, '09, received this commencement the B. D. degree from the Yale Divinity School. Previously he received first honors in the senior contest sermon. He was one of six men elected by his class and approved by the faculty to take part in the contest, and of five judges, four gave him first place. Another honor given

to Mr. Burkhardt was his election by the faculty as one of four seniors to deliver sermons at the commencement exercises of their class. Mr. Burkhardt is spending the summer in Europe.

Word has just been received of the resignation of Rev. and Mrs. Alfred W. Place (Mary C. Graham, '00) of their work in Toyko, Japan, to return to this country. The failing health of Mr. Place's father is the strong call which brings them home.

This year marked the twentieth anniversary of the class of '93. The class is scattered from coast to coast and no formal reunion was attempted. Plans, however, were discussed for arranging a celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary. Members of the class attending commencement this year were Miss Julia Fish, Miss Eva Butler, Mr. Frank Hummel, Mr. Ed Clifford and Mr. Will Howe. The class took luncheon, after the address at the College commencement day, with Miss Butler at the Residence.

The class of '88 dined with President and Mrs. Howe on commencement day, following the exercises. There were present: Rev. and Mrs. Mullendore; Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Th. Miller; Rev. and Mrs. Clarke; Mr. and Mrs. Louis J. Morgan; Mr. J. B. Pearcy; Mr. W. C. McCollough. On the table was placed a birthday cake with twenty-five candles. Letters of regret were read from distant members of the class, all of whom, it was felt, *absentes adsunt*. Many reminiscences were indulged in, wise and otherwise. The reunion was one of those delightful occasions which now and then drop into life, and awaken a glow, and make one glad bravely to walk on.

From The Indianapolis News: "The dentists of Indianapolis will give a banquet Monday evening in honor of Dr. Alexander Jameson, who has been one of the leading dentists of Indianapolis for the last twenty-five years. Dr. Jameson intends to give up the dental profession, and has accepted a position with the Emerson Piano Company.

"Dr. Jameson was a teacher in the Indiana Dental College for a number of years, was a member of the State board for eight years, was formerly president of the Indianapolis Dental Society, also president of the State Dental Association. He has added a number of useful instruments and appliances to the equipment of dentists, the

most valuable of which was his invention of a centrifugal casting machine. This type of machine brought into general use casting of this nature by dentists all over the United States and is said to be the most important invention in the dental profession in the last twenty years."

An unusual number of the alumni were back for commencement week. In addition to the local residents were seen on the campus: Charles A. Marsteller and wife; Herbert L. Creek and wife; William Mullendore and wife; W. G. Irwin; Mrs. Charles Thornton; Lora C. Hoss and wife; Mrs. Riley Lycan; Miss Ida Beeler; Hugh Th. Miller and wife; C. R. Yoke and wife; Miss Julia Fish; Mrs. C. M. Reagan; B. F. Dailey and wife; F. F. Hummel; Miss Irene Hunt; Miss Monta Anderson; Miss Gertrude Pruitt; Miss Ruth Hendrickson; Miss Catharine Martin; Mrs. Henry Lee; Miss Irma Bachman; George L. Moffett; Miss Elizabeth Brayton; George H. Clarke; E. H. Clifford and wife; Miss Pauline Cooper; Miss Eva DeWald; Miss Duden; Miss Frick; W. D. Howe; F. C. Domroese; C. M. Fillmore and wife; Miss Mabel Gant; Miss Emily Helming; Miss Alma Hoover; Herbert R. Hyman; Mrs. Walter Kessler; B. F. Kinnick; Charles O. Lee; Allen Lloyd; Miss India Martz; W. P. McCollough; Joseph R. Morgan; Samuel Offutt; Noble H. Parker and wife; Miss Nell Reed; Miss Mary Stilz; Mrs. Harold Thompson; Clay Trusty; Wood Unger; Miss Corinne Welling; Mrs. Cora Campbell Barnett.

Our Correspondence

GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

If our dues are tardy, it is because I have waited to have time to tell you how much I enjoy the Quarterly, and how it renews my youth!

I think the policy of printing the lectures of our professors of the old days is an inspiration for which we all thank you. I smiled and wept alternately over the first one which gave Miss Merrill's "Thoughts about Society," and Professor Butler's "Phyllis." I could see her and hear every word in memory. What a wealth of culture there was for us in just associating with Miss Merrill; and to love her was much more than a liberal education—it was a spirit-

ual uplift that will outlast life itself. It means more than I can express to have her words reproduced for us, although most of her lectures I have transcribed and put away.

I'll never forget the morning Professor Butler first read to us "Phyllis" in chapel—more than thirty years ago. It seemed to me then, as now, an exquisite idyl.

I have enjoyed greatly Professor Anderson's poem, and Professor Thrasher's characteristic lecture in the April number, and all the accounts of Founder's Day. We are such losers in being too far away to attend those pleasant anniversaries. I recall vividly the *first* Founder's Day celebrated in which I took an active part in the Demia Butler Society. It is a rare service to keep up this Alumnal Magazine, and we all thank you. Yours very sincerely.

INEZ WATTS TIBBOTT.

DANVILLE, ILLINOIS.

I thank you for sending the Quarterly, and am glad to remit the trifle which gives so much in return. In it I catch a glimpse, now and then, of members of the Class of '72—forty-one years ago! Such glimpses, however, are like whiffs of pure air.

The words of Professor Benton in the January issue did my very soul good. God bless the old Saint and Sage, and give to him peace in his last days! I know that he will have eternal peace when he has crossed over. He was one of God's noblemen, and much that is good in my life I can credit to him. Hundreds of others will bear like testimony. Sincerely yours.

W. R. JEWELL, '72.

D. C. HEATH & COMPANY, CHICAGO.

I can not tell you how much enjoyment I find in the little magazine. Professor Thrasher's picture in the last number and his paper for chapel exercises carried me back more than twenty years, and for an hour I was living over again the happiest days of my life. In fact, each number affords me an opportunity to forget the present and return again to dear old Butler. Let her fill me full again with inspiration, let her tell me again what is expected of me—that which will make both of us better. Yours very truly,

F. F. HUMMEL, '93.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

I am much pleased to get the Quarterly. I read the personal notes first, and familiar names stir old memories. It seems a long distance back to the class of '90, but how quickly memory can cover it! When I think of all that has come into my life since then it seems a long time, otherwise it seems but yesterday. I am quite a Southerner now, having been pastor here for almost fifteen years. I like the South—the New South as it is called. There is a great awakening all through the South. Multitudes are coming this way and the country is destined to a great development. Don't fail to send me the Quarterly. Yours truly, J. N. JESSUP, '90.

DAMOH, C. P., INDIA, MAY 14, 1913.

I wish I could tell you how much pleasure the Alumnal gives us. Last evening as I returned to a silent bungalow—for Mrs. Rioch and the children are up in the mountains,—tired and longing for some white person to talk to, my servant handed me the Alumnal. India soon faded away and I was in Indiana again with all our Butler friends, and long after I had read the whole paper, even the ads., I sat and thought of the good days we spent together in Irvington. Thanks very much for the picture and lecture of Professor Thrasher's. He was certainly a lovable man, always kind and patient. I well remember how we cheered whenever he rose to deliver a lecture. His powers of description were great. Did you ever hear him describe President Butler's family horse?

When I began to write I simply wished to say that by this post I am sending a money order for the year's subscription to the Alumnal, and to tell you how very much pleasure the paper gives us.

Will you kindly give our best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Scot Butler, President and Mrs. Howe and to all our Butler friends. With kindest wishes for yourself and your work, I remain yours sincerely,

DAVID RIOCH, '98.

LUXOR, EGYPT.

With growing interest in my friends at Butler I send them greetings from this land of the morning twilight. Have been now two

months in Egypt and have made my way from Alexandria up the Nile to Khartoum, and down again to Homer's Thebes.

“Where through a hundred gates with marble arch
To battle twenty thousand chariots march.”

Egypt is geologically unique, being the basin of a great river upon which it depends for its marvelous productiveness. It is located not far from the source or sources of human life and on the lines of the dispersion of the races. As the races ran down through the course of time, crossing and recrossing and overrunning one another, Egypt became and has continued to be an arena of discordant elements, a veritable whirlpool of opposing forces. Under the storm and stress of these conditions the national life crystalized into a dual system of absolute despotism and abject servitude, with strong, initiative, driving life-force on the one hand, and infinite submission and capacity for productive toil on the other. With slight disturbances the combination lasted four thousand years, during which time rose the temples, the tombs, the pyramids and other monuments, their decorations and furnishings, which are reckoned among the seven, or more, wonders of the world.

Early in the Christian era this active life lost its vigor, old age came on and the nation went into decline. Then it was neighboring peoples, barbarous and filled with religious fanaticism, again overran Egypt, submerging the old life, setting up new gods of their own and, with maddened passions, hurling their destructive weapons against the massive structures of the old Egyptians. Time, too, lent a hand. Long years the process went on. Great damage was done. While a few temples stand in quite perfect condition, most of them are simply impressive ruins. The Nile valley presents the appearance of one vast wreckage.

But the process is in a measure stayed. Archeology, the child of advanced civilization, has come to the rescue and, under the protection of the powers, is doing what reasonably can be done for the preservation of the decaying antiquities. So there is hope that the Mecca of the Pharaohs will remain for the pilgrims of many future generations.

With affectionate regard for all my friends at Butler I am very truly,
DAVID M. HILLIS, '64.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I am very much pleased with the Butler Alumnal Quarterly. It serves not only as a connecting link between the alumni and the College, but also between many former students, non-graduates, and the school.

Since leaving College in 1888, Mrs. Smith (India Wilson) and I have lived in Iowa, in Jamaica, in Indiana, in California, in Colorado, and now in Zion (Salt Lake City). I am principal of the Irving school here.

Until coming here I had a great prejudice against the Mormons. My grandmother lived in Iowa in 1847-9, during the hegira of the Mormons. Their feeling against the Gentiles was intense, as was also the feeling of the Gentiles against them. As a boy I was thoroughly steeped in the Mountain Meadows Massacre episode and in their horrible polygamy.

We have now lived among them seven years and have found them a very hospitable people. Their religion is a mystery to me, but so also mine may be to others. I think them inconsistent in holding to polygamy theoretically, but rejecting it in practice. My opinion is, however, that in another generation it will be a thing of the past. General education and the world environment are against it.

The National Education Association meets here this summer. If any Butlerites are contemplating coming, I shall be glad to help make their stay in our midst pleasant. With kind regards, in which Mrs. Smith, the three girls and Jamie join, I am yours very truly.

J. CHALLEN SMITH, '88.

Dear Alumnal Quarterly: Allow me to say to your impersonal being that I have never cared much to be reported, even correctly. Furthermore, I have always had a horror of being wrongly reported. In the Butler Alumnal Quarterly, last issue, I am reported as having resigned my work in South Bend to study in Chicago. In view of the fact that the first half of the statement is "blue sky," I am enclosing my dues and beg of you to tell folks "it isn't so." No, at

present, I am still holding the wheel and running under a full head of steam. Sincerely yours, GEORGE W. HEMRY, '05.

The Quarterly regrets the repeating of an erroneous statement taken from another publication, and begs the pardon of Mr. Hemry. We hope no harm has been done.

Cloyd Goodnight, '06, writes: "I belong to the younger crowd, yet somehow I find myself neglecting that duty which belongs to all alumni—'going back.' The Quarterly is read with delight and if a real subscription rate is necessary to keep it going and growing, add the rate."

V. W. Blair, '03: "I enjoy the Alumnal Quarterly very much. It fills a great need in my life. Few days mean more than the Butler days and I wish that the various reunions and commencement privileges were mine to enjoy."

Mrs. Verna Richey Adney, '02: "We enjoy the Quarterly, and are already looking forward to the time when our boy and girls will be enrolled in the College."

Lucile Didlake, '07: "I enjoy the Quarterly immensely and would not be without it."

Earl T. Ludlow, '96: "The Alumnal Quarterly is doubly welcome to those of us who are far from our *alma mater*, and we thank you for it."

Mrs. Edna Huggins Hicks, '07: "Always continue the Alnmnal. I had not reflected how fond I was of Butler and how eager for news from her until the magazine came."

George B. Davis, Ex-: "I appreciate the Quarterly. That number which had the picture and write-up of Professor Thrasher (of blessed memory) was worth the entire amount which I enclose."

Mrs. E. E. Graham, the mother of alumni and the true friend of Butler: "We all enjoy the Quarterly. I am seeing many beautiful and interesting and strange things in Tokyo, and am coming more and more in touch with the missionaries—their problems and diffi-

culties and discouragements, also their hopes and their joys. It is a great thing to be a *real* missionary. There are some truly great missionaries in Japan. It needs many more. It is a large field. Christianity is on trial here, perhaps, as no where else in the world. The missionaries are studying Japan, as the Japanese are studying the missionaries and their teachings. None but the very best material—strong, consistent, fearless, upright, devoted men and women—should ever come to Japan. The Japanese are quick to detect. Just now they are criticising the United States severely for discriminating against them. There are certainly two sides to the California difficulty."

Married

Egbert—Springer. On April 16, at Elizabethtown, Indiana, were married Robert Hite Egbert, '06, and Miss Hazel Springer, '07. Dr. and Mrs. Egbert will make their home in Martinsville, Indiana.

Talbert—Stockwell. On April 16 were married at Louisville, Kentucky, Ernest Lynn Talbert, '01, and Miss Margaret Stockwell. Professor and Mrs. Talbert, after spending their summer in northern Michigan, will be at home in Chicago. Professor Talbert is an instructor in social psychology in the University of Chicago.

Dennis—Blacklidge. On May 21, at Rushville, Indiana, were married Mark Dennis and Miss Ethel Blacklidge. Mr. and Mrs. Dennis will reside in Indianapolis.

Forsyth—James. On June 14, at Amboy, Illinois, were married Chester H. Forsyth, '06, and Miss Louise James. Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth will be at home at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Greenwood—Edgerton. On June 19, at the bride's home in Indianapolis, were married Samuel G. Greenwood and Miss Charlotte D. Edgerton, '08. Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood will make their home at Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

Thompson—Hickcox. On June 25 were married at Spring Green, Wisconsin, Edwin E. Thompson, '00, and Miss Ethel Jane

Hickcox. After a wedding tour over the Great Lakes and through the East, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson will be at home in Indianapolis.

Necrology

Louis H. Martin died of pneumonia in Cincinnati on April 27. Mr. Martin was well known about Butler College in the later '80's and in recent years throughout the State, especially among insurance men. For several years he was president of the Rough Notes Company, of this city, which was founded by his father, Dr. H. C. Martin, and with which the father still is connected. Louis H. Martin went to Cincinnati fourteen years ago as publicity manager of the Globe-Wernicke Company, a position he held at the time of his death. He was born in this city and was graduated from Butler College and Harvard University. He is survived by a widow, who was Miss Georgine Brown, of Cincinnati, and two children, Louis and Elinor. His father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Martin, live in Indianapolis.

Professor Joseph K. Egger, formerly professor of German in Butler College, died in Indianapolis on April 5, after a long illness patiently borne.

Mrs. W. K. Azbill, a student of the College when it was located in the city, died in Cleveland on June 6. She was buried at Crown Hill, Indianapolis.

Attention

At the annual alumni meeting on June 18, 1913, the constitution of the association was amended as follows: "All members of the association shall pay an annual fee of one dollar."

Consequently, the annual alumni fee will be henceforth one dollar, due October 1. Will you kindly send the fee for 1913-1914 as near to this date as possible to the

ALUMNAL SECRETARY,
Butler College, Indianapolis.

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Gettysburg After Fifty Years

BY WILLIAM N. PICKERILL

A remnant of the one hundred and fifty thousand fighters who met in mortal combat at Gettysburg fifty years ago met again on that historic field on the first of July, 1913.

Then, they were young men animated by the fire and vigor of youth. Now, they were old men, averaging in age seventy-two years. It was a strange and pathetic spectacle, the like of which the world has never seen and one the world is likely never to see again. Gray-haired, with brow wrinkled and cheek sunken and furrowed with age, many walked with tottering steps to the spot where, fifty years before, they had stood in line of battle amid the roar and the carnage of war.

But it was good to be there. Gettysburg was the Waterloo of our greatest war; and for four years the great State of Pennsylvania had determined that a peace jubilee should be celebrated within her borders and upon the field where so many brave men had sacrificed their lives for what they believed to be right. Pennsylvania asked Congress to assist, and it did. Congress appropriated \$150,000 and Pennsylvania \$450,000 to make the occasion a success. Then the invitation went out to all the States in the Union to meet around the festal board. And the invitation was accepted. Old age had calmed the rancor and bitterness that may have pervaded the hearts of old-time foes, and all were glad to meet again in a restored brotherhood.

In his last inaugural the immortal Lincoln said: "I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break the bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and

hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

As we met and clasped the hands of those whom we had once believed to be our enemies and heard their cheerful greetings, it really seemed as if the prophecy of the great soul who presided over the destiny of our country fifty years ago had really come true. The mystic chords of memory had indeed touched the better angels of our nature, and all who were gathered at Gettysburg of the old armies were there to swell the chorus of the old, but glorified, Union.

The Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia were both armies of fighters, and both believed they were right, or they never could have done such fighting as they did at Gettysburg. But fifty years after we did not return to the old battlefield to discuss the question of who was right and who was wrong. We went to meet and look into the faces of men who could fight and endure as the men did who met at Gettysburg fifty years ago.

Passion had strained but had not severed the ties of brotherhood that now will forever bind us together, for we knew fifty years after the great conflict, better than we had ever known it before, that we were brethren and kindred. It would seem that the old men of the North, of the South, of the East and the West, who were survivors of the battle, went there with the feeling that the gathering was to be an occasion of peace on earth and good will to men; and going in that spirit they found what they went for. It seemed to be conceded that the questions which divided us fifty years ago had been settled for all time to come, and all wisely forbore to discuss those matters.

This was not a gathering of the great leaders who commanded the armies in the days of the war. It was mainly a gathering of the men who fought in the ranks and had no voice in the planning of the campaign. They just obeyed orders, after military fashion, and did the work commanded.

You may wish to know how this great gathering was cared for. Pennsylvania leased a farm of 275 acres northwest of Gettysburg, every inch of which had been fought over. The government sent

the Fifth Regular Infantry, a battery of artillery and two troops of cavalry up there to take charge of the field and to put the camp in order for fifty thousand men. The government furnished tents and cots and blankets for that number, all most complete in structure. Wells were dug from 300 to 500 feet deep, and thus an abundant supply of good water, elevated by motors into great tanks, was distributed through pipes over the entire camp. Cooking tents and cooking ranges, operated by colored cooks who had passed a regular army examination, were set up in each street. Fifteen hundred cooks, under the watchful eyes of regular army officers, prepared the splendid food furnished by Pennsylvania. Three great hospitals and one hundred smaller ones were established throughout the vast camp, and the arrangements were so nearly perfect that but nine deaths occurred among the fifty thousand seventy-two-year-old men, during the six days of encampment. Whenever a man tottered and gave evidence of need of attention, the Boy Scouts were loading him into an ambulance and bearing him away to some hospital in less time than it takes to tell about it, and such was the care the authorities gave these men that all were surprised at the low rate of mortality.

Great underground reservoirs were prepared into which car-loads of ice were dumped at night and from which the men were supplied with drinking water. All garbage was burned and the camp kept clean at all times. Great mortality was predicted and expected among this assemblage of old men. Pennsylvania determined to disappoint the country in this matter, and valiantly succeeded. As an entertainer she immortalized herself on this fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg.

The necessary number of streets and tents was assigned to the veterans coming from each State. Confederate avenue, a magnificent driveway, seven miles long and one mile west of Cemetery Ridge, was lined with the tents of the Confederates. Here was where they formed for the final Pickett's Charge at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of July 3, fifty years before, and their tents were located on the ground they had charged over. The spot where General Lee stood on that momentous occasion is marked by a splendid monument, which is to be surmounted by a statue of the great commander. One mile due east of that spot

on the western crest of Cemetery Ridge is another monument, which is called "high water mark" and indicates the point reached by the Confederates in the famous Pickett's Charge and where the battle really ended. That awful conflict, lasting less than one hour, was merely the grand finale of the two previous days' hard fighting. There were forty-two Confederate regiments in the Pickett Charge, but those regiments had been so much reduced by previous battles that the charging column numbered something less than 12,000 men.

Gettysburg College, founded in 1832, then and now is located on a ridge just north of the town of that name, which numbered 2,100 souls in 1863. It is the county seat of Adams county, Pennsylvania. This ridge is known as Seminary Ridge. One mile northwest of the college building, on the Chambersburg pike at Willoughby's Run, the battle was opened at 8 o'clock of the morning of July 1. Buford's cavalry, to which the Third Indiana was attached, had camped on the college campus the night of the 30th. Heth's division of A. P. Hill's Third Confederate Army Corps on the morning of the 1st started to Gettysburg to see what was there. General Buford, stationed in the cupola of the college, sent his first brigade, consisting of the Eighth Illinois, Eighth New York, Third Indiana and Battery M Second United States Artillery, commanded by Colonel Gamble, out to meet the Confederates, when he heard they were coming. They met at Willoughby's Run and there dismounted the cavalry. In a wheat field and among the rushes along the run they held the enemy, consisting of four infantry brigades and seventeen guns, in check for two hours. Wadsworth's division of the First Army Corps came to our relief at 10 a. m. The Iron Brigade, commanded by General Sol Meredith, of Indiana, and Cutler's Brigade went in first, and in almost the first volley from the enemy, General John F. Reynolds, commanding the left wing of the army, fell mortally wounded.

The First Army Corps was at the crossing of Marsh creek on the Emmettsburg road, eight miles southwest of Gettysburg, when the cavalry began its battle. It was under command of General Abner Doubleday. On first alarm it hurried to the field and by 11 a. m. it had reached the battleground and was soon en-

gaged with A. P. Hill's Confederates. At noon General O. O. Howard came on to the field with the Eleventh Corps. Establishing his headquarters at the north point of Cemetery Ridge just south of Gettysburg, and leaving one of his divisions commanded by General Steinwehr with three batteries at that point, he moved his other two divisions, commanded by Generals Shurz and Barlow, through the town and northward a mile, where they met Rode's and Early's divisions of Ewell's Second Confederate Corps coming down from York and Heidlersburg.

Here a fierce battle was fought lasting until 5 p. m., while for the same length of time the First Corps had been furiously fighting Hill's Corps farther west. There was a gap of four hundred yards between the First and Eleventh Corps, and yet the Confederate line presented a solid front to both corps and flanked both wings of the Union line. General Howard in his report said 18,000 Union troops fought 35,000 Confederates on that first day of the battle. He also said more than half of the Union troops who went into that day's battle were either killed, or wounded, or missing.

The Second Wisconsin went in with 302 men and came out with 69. The Nineteenth Indiana went in with 288 and came out with 78. The One Hundred Fiftieth Pennsylvania went in with 400 men and 17 officers and lost 16 officers and 316 men. The One Hundred Forty-ninth Pennsylvania suffered in the same proportion. The total loss of Heth's division that opened the battle for the Confederates, according to official records, was 400 killed, 1,905 wounded, and 534 captured or missing. The total loss of Hill's Corps, according to the same records, was 837 killed, 4,403 wounded, 1,491 captured or missing. The loss of Early's division in the first day's battle was 156 killed, 806 wounded, and 226 captured or missing. The total loss of Rode's division was 412 killed, 1,728 wounded, and 704 missing.

At fearful loss the Confederates were victorious in the first day's battle and compelled the Union troops to give up Gettysburg and fall back upon Cemetery Ridge.

The night of July 1, 1863, began in gloom for the men of the Army of the Potomac. They remembered Manassas of 1861, and Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville of 1862. But General Meade,

commander of the army, came on to the field from Tawneytown, fifteen miles away, at midnight and by the morning of July 2 the other five corps of the army were on Cemetery Ridge, and thus hope revived in the Northern army. General Lee was at Chambersburg, twenty-five miles away, when the battle began, and did not arrive on the field until 10 a. m.

The Army of the Potomac occupied a formidable position and presented a problem for all of General Lee's strategy. There was no serious fighting until 3 p. m., when General McLaw's and Hood's divisions of General Longstreet's First Confederate Corps, that had come on to the field with General Lee, made a furious assault upon General Sickles' Third Corps, stationed in the valley in front of Cemetery Ridge along the Emmettsburg road. Here took place three hours of terrible fighting on ground known in history as the Peach Orchard, Wheat Field, and Devil's Den. Colonel John Wheeler, commanding the Twentieth Indiana, was killed in the Peach Orchard. A division of the Second Army corps under General Hancock came to the rescue of the Third Corps on its right, and another division of the Fifth Army Corps under General Sykes came up on the left of the Third Corps and saved it from disaster. General Sickles lost a leg, and his corps under General Birney was moved back into the Union line of Cemetery Ridge.

The Confederates failed to accomplish their purpose in this afternoon's battle, but they did not give up. Two miles south of Gettysburg, at the southern extremity of Cemetery Ridge, is a mountain three hundred feet high, covered with oak and chestnut trees on its eastern slope, and with a western face so thickly covered with great rocks that only scrub bushes grew. This mountain is called Little Round Top. A little farther south is another mountain seven hundred fifty feet high called Big Round Top. Between these two mountains is a ravine through which water flows southwest to Marsh creek, still farther southwest. This ravine is sheltered by trees and bushes. About sundown of the 2d, General Longstreet, the grizzly old commander of the First Confederate Army Corps, whom his men called "Uncle Peter," planned a movement to go up this ravine and capture Little Round Top. It was then occupied by General Sykes, Fifth Corps,

with artillery that had done frightful execution from its position in the fighting of the afternoon. General G. K. Warren, chief engineer of the Army of the Potomac, standing upon a large projecting boulder on the western brink of Little Round Top, with his fieldglass detected this movement of General Longstreet and at once divined its import—that its success meant the ruin of the Union army. Confederate artillery in possession of Little Round Top meant the routing of the army from Cemetery Ridge. General Warren spread the alarm far and near, and notified General Meade. The Confederates in great force reached the highest point of the ravine between Big and Little Round Top, but General Warren's timely action had prepared a force that met them there, where was a desperate conflict lasting until near 10 o'clock at night. Generals Barksdale and Semms, commanding Confederate brigades, were killed, and General Vincent, commanding a Union brigade, was also killed, while General Hood was desperately wounded. General George S. Green was chief in command of the Union forces in that conflict. The fighting became hand to hand.

General Joshua Chamberlain, who commanded the Twentieth Maine, in his report, said a Confederate officer shot at him with his pistol in one hand and tendered him his sword with the other. But Little Round Top was saved. A grateful government has erected a splendid statue of General Warren upon the great boulder where he stood when his discernment saved the army. And a magnificent equestrian statue of General Green marks the spot where he made his brave fight on that memorable night.

Thus ended the second day at Gettysburg. The July sun of those days was very much as it was in camp fifty years later, and the shadows of evening and the breezes that came with nightfall were very welcome. The smoke of battle drifted away from the mountain side, stars twinkled from a sky of azure blue, but the moans of the dying and of the wounded pleading for water came to the living as a sad wail breaking the stillness of the night. And all night long army surgeons and their assistants with lanterns in hand flitted hither and thither among the rocks and trees, ministering to and answering the cries of the wounded and dying.

There was premonition in the results of the day's work of July 2, 1863, to the Army of Northern Virginia that its old luck was no longer with it.

But General Lee was not yet convinced. At 8 o'clock in the morning of July 3d, with Generals Longstreet, Pickett and other distinguished officers, he rode along the line of his army, now taking a brief rest, and looked off toward the lines of another army stretched out on Cemetery Ridge. And there he gave the order for the assault upon the Union lines, known in history as Pickett's Charge. General Longstreet protested, declaring the movement impossible of success; but Lee is said to have answered, "General Longstreet, the enemy is there, and I propose to strike him."

General Pickett said that when the great commander rode that morning along the line of his worn and wearied men as they lay prone upon the ground trying to catch an hour's rest, they rose and cheered him to the echo. What devotion to a cause, and what hero worship of a man, existed in that army! And what an awful thing it was to be responsible for such lives! I have often wondered if, in his last hour, he remembered that cheer and the brave lives snuffed out ere set of sun by reason of the order he admitted to be a mistake, when the broken and crushed ranks returned from Bloody Angle to him. All day long until 3 p. m. preparation for the awful charge went on, and the men chosen for the sacrifice lay there in the fierce July sun, until a signal gun boomed its warning that the time had come for the onset.

From 1 to 3 p. m. a hundred guns from their line and another hundred from Cemetery Ridge flashed, roared, and sent their messengers of death into each other across the valley. Then, all was still for a little time before the signal gun boomed its warning, and 12,000 brave men, in perfect alignment, moved forward to death. There was not a break in the ranks, except as shells from Cemetery Ridge tore through them. These breaks were immediately closed as they moved forward. Brigadier-generals headed their brigades, colonels headed their regiments, and captains headed their companies. It was, perhaps, the most magnificent spectacle of heroism ever seen in any war. Pickett took his position midway between where General Lee stood and the object-

ive point of the movement and directed his brigades, his men saluting him as they passed. On they went, driving the Union skirmishers before them. They seemed to feel themselves irresistible, and for a little farther on it appeared to be so; but it was only the lull before the storm. As they neared the western slope and crest of Cemetery Ridge, where the men of the Union army watched with bated breath, brave Hancock let loose his dogs of war, and the slaughter began. Shot and shell poured into those rapidly thinning ranks so that it was not longer possible to close them.

Brigadier-General L. H. Armistead led the advanced Confederate brigade and, with his hat on the point of his sword, was urging on his men to capture the battery of Lieutenant A. H. Cushing, Fourth United States Artillery, which was dealing destruction and death among his men. General Armistead fell mortally wounded within twenty feet of one of Cushing's guns. Cushing was killed beside one of his guns and where he had fought an hour and a half after notifying General Webb, his brigade commander, that he was wounded in both hips. Armistead was carried to a Union hospital and tenderly cared for, but died two days later. His last request was that his family be informed that he died with his face to the foe.

There was no regularity in the return of the Confederates from the crest of Cemetery Ridge back to the line whence they came. All of their generals, colonels, and most of their captains had been killed or wounded, so there were no officers to lead the men back. Instead of a retreat, it was just an escape. The earth was strewn with the dead and wounded; and, among the living and unhurt, the sole question was how to get away. An old man of the Fifty-third Virginia of Armistead's Brigade told me that he saw General Armistead fall and that he with others were for a moment in possession of some of Cushing's guns. "But," said he, "what did that amount to? We could neither use them nor get away with them. I was knocked down, but got to my feet, and, with seven men of my company—all that were left—made my escape. That was all there was for us to do, but many of us failed in that and were captured."

The records show that the only official report of Pickett's

Charge was by Major Charles S. Peyton, of the Nineteenth Virginia, who took charge of General R. B. Garnett's Brigade after that officer was killed. Pickett is said to have made a report, but it was so full of bitterness over his defeat that General Lee ordered it suppressed.

Six old men of each army, who were there fifty years ago, met there again on July 3 and were photographed.

The Pickett Charge was the principal battle of July 3, but over northeast near Spangler's Spring, early in the morning, the Second Massachusetts and Twenty-seventh Indiana were ordered to cross a little valley and clear out the enemy that were annoying them from behind a stone wall in the woods at the edge of the valley. These two brave regiments obeyed the order, made the charge, but never reached the stone wall. In that charge the Twenty-seventh Indiana lost 110 men in ten minutes. Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Fessler commanded the Twenty-seventh.

On the eventide of July 4 the torn and bleeding army of Northern Virginia departed from the battlefield of Gettysburg, where it had lost 20,000 men. As the Army of the Potomac had lost 23,500, it was too sorely crippled to do much in the way of pursuit. The Southern Army tottered down out of Pennsylvania, through Maryland, into its own Virginia behind the Rapidan, never again to invade, as an army, the North. There was more than another year of the great Civil War, but Gettysburg was the note to the defenders of our common country that it could and would be saved and handed down to posterity as a heritage from the fathers "who brought forth, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men were created free and equal" eighty-seven years before.

This was the Gettysburg battlefield that old men who had not seen it for fifty years came back to look upon. As they wandered out in small bunches over the old field to the places they had known long ago and were telling each other about it, perhaps a similar number from the other side came to the same spot on the same errand and talked it all over, just how they knew it to be; and, perhaps, those old men told, so far as they knew, the true story of the awful battle. If so, only the Recording Angel has kept the record of what they said.

The Meeting of the American Bar Association

BY MERRILL MOORES

The American Bar Association met at Montreal, Canada, on September 1, for a three days' session. This was the first time the association had met outside the United States. The association is composed wholly of lawyers and has been in existence since 1878. At the time of the meeting it consisted of 5,580 lawyers living in the United States and a few expatriates residing and practicing law in foreign countries, England, France, China, Canada and Cuba. There were an even hundred members from Indiana, of whom nearly half live in Indianapolis. It is safe to say that nearly every lawyer in the country who is widely known in his profession is a member.

Among its former presidents now dead are such once famous lawyers as Benjamin H. Bristow, Edward J. Phelps, Clarkson N. Potter, Alexander R. Lawton, Cortlandt Parker, John W. Stevenson, William Allen Butler, David Dudley Field, John Randolph Tucker, Thomas M. Cooley and James C. Carter.

About a thousand members were in attendance. These came from every State, Territory, district and possession in the Union, excepting Alaska and the Philippines; and members were present from Canada, China, Cuba and France.

There were nineteen members present from Indiana, including Louis Newberger, a graduate of Butler, Hon. Quincy A. Myers, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Indiana, and the writer, both former Butler students.

Among the distinguished lawyers who were there were Governor and former Chief Justice Simeon E. Baldwin, of Connecticut, and ex-President Taft and Henry Wade Rogers, of the same State; George Gray, former Senator and now United States Circuit Judge in the circuit of which Delaware is a part; Chief Justice Edward Douglas White and Attorney-General James C. McReynolds from Washington; Moorfield Storey, of Boston, and Professors Roscoe Pound and Samuel Williston, of Harvard; James A. Tawney, of Minnesota; Private John Allen, of Mississ-

sippi; Frederick N. Judson and Fred W. Lehman, formerly Solicitor-General, of Missouri; Edward Q. Keasbey and Richard Wayne Parker, of New Jersey; Joseph H. Choate, Frederic R. Coudert, Henry D. Estabrook, D. Cady Herrick, United States Judge Charles M. Hough, Louis Marshall, Alton B. Parker, Francis Lynde Stetson and Everett P. Wheeler, of New York; C. Bentley Matthews, of Ohio; Hampton L. Carson and William U. Hensel, of Pennsylvania; Chief Justice Emilio del Toro, of Porto Rico; Amasa M. Eaton, of Rhode Island; United States Judge William H. Brawley, of South Carolina; Jacob M. Dickinson, formerly Secretary of War, of Tennessee; and Henry St. George Tucker, of Virginia.

The association meets for but three days in each year and, as it has somewhat diversified duties, its work is in a measure subdivided. There are three sections, which work separately, reporting to the association: Legal Education; Patent, Trade Mark and Copyright; and the Comparative Law Bureau. The section on Legal Education is composed of all the law-school professors and most of the law writers in the country. Its chairman is Walter George Smith, of Philadelphia, and its secretary is Professor Charles M. Hepburn, of Indiana University. The section on Patents, Trade Marks and Copyrights is composed of the lawyers making a specialty of practice in these lines. Its chairman is Robert H. Parkinson, of Chicago, one of the best known patent lawyers in the country. The Comparative Law Bureau is composed of scholarly gentlemen who make a study of foreign laws affecting the science of jurisprudence and bring them with suggestions before the general body of the association. This bureau is presided over by Governor Baldwin as director. The association of American Law Schools, which has no actual connection with the American Bar Association and is composed of instructors in law schools throughout the country, also meets at the same time and place. Its officers for the last year have been: President, Henry M. Bates, dean of the law department of Michigan University, and secretary, Walter W. Cook, professor of law in the Law School of the University of Chicago.

For a week before the meeting of the American Bar Association for the last twenty-three years the Conference of the Com-

missioners on Uniform State Laws has held an annual session. This conference is composed of commissioners appointed by the governors of every State in the Union and of the Territories of Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico; and by the President of the United States for the District of Columbia. The commissioners serve without compensation and most of them are not allowed even their traveling expenses. There is usually a full attendance, as there was this year. The work at the conference is the drafting of laws for enactment throughout the United States by the States upon subjects on which it is desirable that the laws should be uniform. In a general way the conference deals with questions of commercial law, wills, descent and distribution, marriage and divorce, conveyances, depositions, insurance, adulteration, incorporation, the Torrens system and banking.

The bills drafted by the conference, which have been generally adopted by the States, cover the following subjects: The negotiable instrument law, adopted by forty-two States, which wherever adopted makes the laws governing commercial paper absolutely uniform; the act in relation to warehouse receipts adopted by twenty-four; the sales act adopted by nine; the bills of lading act adopted by nine; the act in relation to wills executed without the State adopted by seven; acts in relation to stock transfers, divorce and desertion adopted by from three to five States. Many of these laws have been drafted within the last few years and are likely to be widely adopted by the States.

The session of the conference closes before the American Bar Association meets, and its proceedings are reported to the American Bar Association for approval before they are reported to the respective governors and legislatures for enactment.

Each State may have as many commissioners as it chooses; but it has only one vote for or against a law or on any proposition before the conference, which vote is cast by the commissioners present. In the event of a tie vote of the commissioners from any State that State loses its vote. No State has more than five commissioners nor any less than two.

A general interest is taken in the work of the conference, and

an efficient plan has been devised to make the uniform laws adopted by the States at its recommendation irrepealable and unamendable. If they could be repealed or amended without common censem and common action in the same direction, the uniformity aimed at by the conference would of course come to an end. The courts have gone so far as to hold that a construction given by the courts of the first State construing any section to a law recommended by the conference is to be followed by other States where the same question may arise; this, of course, that the laws may remain uniform not only in wording but in construction.

The hotels at Montreal were so crowded on the eve of the meeting that many members could not find rooms and were compelled to seek lodging houses or accommodations in neighboring cities. Montreal is on a large island between the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers. Immediately back of the city is Mount Royal, from which the city takes its name. On the top of the mountain is a beautiful park overlooking the city; and on the slope of the mountain in the very best part of the residence portion of the city is the site of McGill University, with its 1,500 students, and almost as fine a view of the city as is to be had from the park at the top of the mountain. Montreal is the largest city in Canada and has, according to the last census, a population of 466,197, about half of whom are of French descent and still speak the French language. The racial lines are rather sharply drawn, and the French Canadians occupy the eastern part of the city upon and east of a street called either la rue St. Bleury or Park avenue.

The association held most of its sessions in a large hall of the Royal Victoria College, which is the woman's college of McGill University, a beautiful stone building in the campus containing a large hall suitable for conventions. In this hall the members assembled at 10 o'clock on Monday, September 1. The stage was draped with the American, English and French flags. The first business was the address of welcome delivered by the Right Honorable Robert Laird Borden, Premier of Canada. Mr. Borden is a handsome man of less than sixty, a Queens Counsel and an unusually good speaker. His address was really fine and was

directed largely to the importance of cementing friendly relations between Canada and the United States, as to which he seems to have changed his mind since he gained control of Canadian politics in 1911 by opposing reciprocity.

Mr. Borden's address was followed by the president's address, delivered by Mr. Frank B. Kellogg, of St. Paul, Minnesota, who has achieved a national reputation as a lawyer by his success, under the employment of the government, in destroying monopolies and trusts. By the constitution of the association, the president is required to open each meeting with an address in "which he shall communicate the most noteworthy changes in statute law on points of general interest made in the several States and by Congress in the preceding year." This duty prevents ordinarily any discussion of topics of wide and general interest; but it was well performed. In the alien land law of California, enacted with the purpose of excluding Japanese from the ownership of real estate in that State, Mr. Kellogg laid the foundation of a discussion of the general treaty-making power, his proposition being that treaty obligations are of the highest importance in the development of world civilization, "because they lie at the very foundation of peace and good order, and the maintenance of those lasting principles of international law which in the science of modern governments are taking the place of war in the settlement of international disputes."

The greatest interest of the session was in the principal address, which was delivered by the Lord Chancellor of England, Viscount Haldane. The Lord Chancellor of England is called the Lord High Chancellor to distinguish him from the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He is the custodian of the Great Seal; presides in the House of Lords; appoints all judges and justices of the peace throughout the kingdom; and is the highest law officer in the kingdom. Every new premier appoints a Lord Chancellor, who holds office during the administration of his chief and no longer. The new Lord Chancellor is immediately created by the King either earl, viscount or baron. He receives a salary of \$50,000 per year while he holds office and a pension of \$20,000 per year for life. No Lord Chancellor since Cardinal Wolsey

had left England, while in office, until Lord Haldane sailed for New York, when the Great Seal was placed in commission with three lords during his absence.

Lord Haldane was born at Cloanden, near Auchterarder, in Perthshire, in 1856, the son of Robert Haldane, a country squire or laird. He was educated at Edinburgh University, of which he is now Lord Rector, and at the University of Goettingen.

He has been a barrister since 1879 and a Q. C. since 1890. He was a member of the House of Commons from 1885 until he was elevated to the House of Lords in 1911; was Secretary of State for War from 1905 until 1912; and has written many books on philosophical subjects, but not so many as his six years younger sister, Miss Elizabeth Sanderson Haldane, LL. D., who accompanied him on the trip.

It is no secret that Lord Haldane was sent by his sovereign and Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, with the purpose of making a strong appeal to Americans for a closer union of Anglo-Saxon nations.

Lord Haldane's subject was "Higher Nationality: A Study in Law and Ethics." He began by outlining the origin, development and scope of the law of England, which, in its spirit and in its main provisions, is also the law of the United States, of Canada, and of other communities which use the English tongue. From this introduction he proceeded to show that the law as interpreted by the courts forms only a small part of the system of rules by which the conduct of the citizens of a state is regulated. The tribunal of conscience is inward and private, and does not affect all men in the same way. There is a more extensive system of guidance which regulates conduct, and which differs from law and conscience, though, like law, it applies to all the members of a society alike. In English there is no name for it. The Germans have called it "Sittlichkeit"—the system of habitual or customary conduct, ethical rather than legal, which no one can venture to disregard without in some way suffering at the hands of his neighbors for so doing. It may be of compelling quality and extend so far as to make the individual prefer the good of the community to his own.

Lord Haldane asks: If this is so within a nation, can it be so between nations? Can nations form a community among themselves, within which a habit of looking to common ideals may grow up sufficiently strong to develop a general will, and to make the binding power of these ideals a reliable sanction for their obligations to each other? He argues that such a *Sittlichkeit* should be practicable, if anywhere, between such a group of nations as was represented at this meeting of the American Bar Association, and that it was the special opportunity and privilege of the legal profession to aid in the development of a public sentiment that would so bind the nations together.

The address was notable, not so much for its expression of international good will—that, under the circumstances might have been expected—but in part for the fact that, as bearer of a message from the King, the Chancellor's speech became an official expression of the attitude of the government. It was, therefore, a formal tender of an informal alliance and becomes of international importance. The *London Daily Telegraph*, in an editorial on Lord Haldane's address, said: "The historian may some day look upon it as one of the chief events that led to the founding of a new and beneficent relationship between three great peoples."

The address was also remarkable because of the speaker's idealistic insistence on the dynamic force of an idea. A lawyer, speaking to a body of lawyers, he yet laid prime emphasis upon an informal code as giving the highest sanction for conduct. "I believe," he said, "that if, in the famous words of Lincoln, we, as a body, in our minds and hearts 'highly resolve' to work for the general recognition by society of the binding character of international duties and rights as they arise within the Anglo-Saxon group, we shall not resolve in vain. A mere common desire may seem an intangible instrument; and yet, intangible as it is, it may be enough to form the beginning of what in the end can make the whole difference. Ideas have hands and feet, and the ideas of a congress such as this may affect public opinion deeply. * * * We need say nothing; we need pass no cut and dried

resolutions. It is the spirit and not the letter that is the one thing needful."

On Monday afternoon the official activities of the association were suspended in order that members might attend the conferring of honorary degrees by McGill University upon prominent members of the legal profession present, including Lord Haldane, Chief Justice White, Prime Minister Borden, Hon. William H. Taft, Hon. Frank B. Kellogg and others.

On Tuesday formal reports were presented by a number of standing committees. The most interesting discussion arose in connection with the report of the Committee on Uniform State Laws. Mr. F. W. Lehman, former president of the association, presided as chairman of the conference.

The address by Hon. William H. Taft on "The Tenure of Judges," was the feature of the Tuesday evening session. Professor Taft threw down the gauntlet to the advocates of recall by speaking in favor of life tenure. He argued that, when judges were only the agents of the King, it was logical that they should hold office at his pleasure. The judicial recall is a case of atavism, and is a retrogression to the same sort of tenure that existed in the time of James I and Charles I, until its abuses led to the Act of Settlement, securing for judges a tenure during their good behavior.

The morning session on Wednesday was given up to a symposium on the subject of legal procedure. The general topic was "The Struggle for Simplification of Legal Procedure," and addresses were given by Hon. William C. Hook, of Kansas, Judge of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals, on "Some Causes;" by Hon. N. Charles Burke, of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, on "Legal Procedure and Social Unrest;" and by William A. Blount, of Florida, on "The Goal and Its Attainment."

Ex-President William H. Taft was unanimously elected president of the bar association at the closing session.

The dinner took place at the Windsor Hotel on Wednesday afternoon. Just before the speaking commenced, the ladies who had previously occupied the gallery to the number of seven or

eight hundred, came onto the floor where the dinner had been served, and listened to the after-dinner speeches.

Mr. Joseph H. Choate, former ambassador to England, and a nephew of the great Rufus Choate, presided, for all his eighty-one years, with rare grace, geniality and wit. Speeches were made by ex-President Taft, and by the Right Honorable Charles J. Doherty, Attorney-General of Canada, and others. But the feature of the evening was the response by Maitre Fernab Labori, the distinguished advocate who won a world-wide fame in defending Captain Dreyfus. Labori commenced speaking in English, and after ten minutes spoke for perhaps five minutes in French, and finished in English. He spoke both languages equally well, and with earnestness and force and exceptional humor. He is fifty-three years old, but does not look over forty. He is tall, of fine physique, and commanding presence, and his oratory captivates every auditor.

The meeting was a very great success, adding as it did about two thousand to the membership of the association.

On the day following the dinner, most of the members remained, and were given an excursion on the river, and other entertainments by the bar of Canada.

It was the universal expression amongst those in attendance that no good reason could be shown why the American Bar Association should not include the same class of representative Canadian lawyers amongst its members that it has in the United States.

Methods of Teaching Language

BY SAMUEL H. SHANK

We Americans feel ourselves rather superior to other people less fortunately born, and in a great many respects we, as a race, are really so—though, perhaps, to no such degree as we imagine. I need not enter into a recital of the many things in which we excel other nations, as they will readily suggest themselves to each one; but our inferiorities may not be so apparent to all and I may be pardoned if I take this opportunity to discuss one of them.

Americans who have traveled or have lived in Europe are, I believe, generally astonished by the number of persons they meet who can speak four or five languages. I have often envied a hotel porter who could fluently use English, German, French, Italian, Spanish, and perhaps one or two other languages. In the city of Fiume, with about 50,000 inhabitants, one hears daily on the streets Italian, German, Croatian and Hungarian, and it is not unusual to find in stores young boys and girls who speak all four of these languages. Many of the educated people have added to these both French and English. The same condition exists in most parts of Switzerland and in various other places where there is a frequent commingling of different nationalities. The nine-year-old son of an American friend of mine living in Switzerland speaks five languages. Another has a boy five years old who speaks Italian, German and English and understands some Croatian. Of course, it must be admitted that the opportunities to hear and to learn different languages are greater in Europe than in the United States, but I do not believe the difference in this respect is totally responsible for the fact that Americans are poorer linguists than Europeans. Rather is the fault to be attributed to the method of teaching languages in the United States. As a rule children in Europe commence to learn foreign languages when they are eight or nine years old and by the time they have finished the high school, besides Latin and Greek, they have probably learned French and English, German and English, or

English and Italian, as the case may be. And not only have they studied these languages, but in almost every case are able to use them fluently. I am speaking of the better classes who are able to attend the higher schools, but in some cities a foreign language is taught in the public schools. In the city of Hamburg English is taught, while in Mannheim and Baden, French is the foreign language. It is probable that within a few years English will also be taught in many cities. In the public schools of Fiume the children learn Italian, Hungarian, German and French.

The difference between a German, for instance, learning a foreign language and an American does not lie wholly, nor do I believe principally, in the fact that the former starts earlier but rather in the method of teaching. The "natural" method is much more prevalent in Germany than in America. The usual method of teaching a pupil the rules of grammar and having him translate from one language to the other has long since been proven fallacious. All children are able to speak their mother tongue long before they are able to read, much less to learn the rules of grammar. I know of hundreds who can speak three or four languages fluently and who could not repeat one rule of grammar in any one of them. Professor Rosenthal of New York says that although he was perfectly familiar with the grammars of a dozen languages he could not converse fluently an hour in any of them. So it is apparent that grammar is quite useless as a "first aid" to the helpless. I do not care to enter into a discussion as to the relative merits of various methods which are known as "natural," for they all have some good points in their favor. But the fundamental one on which they all are based is practice. It is necessary that one can use what he has learned and this comes only by constant repetition. It may sound ridiculous to repeat a simple thing forty or fifty times, but the method is based on a well-known law of psychology and every teacher should impress this truth on his pupils. It may be that in a class of twenty there are one or two exceptional pupils for whom this is not necessary, but then the teacher does not need to spend his time on the exceptionally intelligent pupil. He should devote his talents to the dullest in the class. The value of constant repetition was im-

pressed on me by a Chinese servant whom I once had. I found that he never forgot a word or phrase which he had once learned and I discovered that while at his work he would sing the word or phrase perhaps hundreds of times. The point is that the word or sentence becomes so impressed on the subconscious mind that it is as natural for you to use it as it is for you to breathe—that is, you use it “without thinking.”

I have no objection to professors teaching the classics in any language, but I think it useless for one to be able to translate Goethe and Schiller when he could not ask a waiter for a ham sandwich. I have known many Americans who had a thorough knowledge of German classics but almost invariably, when they went to Germany, were cheated in making a contract for room rent. And this largely because they were not familiar with the common, every-day terms used by the people. Methods may have changed since my day at our Alma Mater, and I trust they have, for I never heard any conversation in the German or French classes. What the teacher should do is to teach the pupils how to say the things that they may need to say, and then make them say the words until it is easy. It is much better to be able to say, “Was kostet ein Glas Bier?” than to translate the whole of “Wallenstein’s Lager” and then pay a double price for your “Lager” because you didn’t understand what the waiter said.

I referred to the use of psychology in teaching, and I hope the time may soon come when no one may be able to secure a license to teach who can not pass a creditable examination in psychology. There has been much written in the magazines of late about the failure of the schools, but I believe much of it is due to the lack of knowledge of psychological principles. I spent sixteen years in school and I was taught in various ways what I should think, but I do not recall that any one ever attempted to teach me how to think. As I look back upon the efforts of teachers whom I have known, I feel that they wasted a lot of time and talent teaching pupils what to think. As soon as a person learns how to think, he will think what he chooses in spite of his earlier training. Furthermore, it is none of a teacher’s business to try to put

certain thoughts into a pupil's mind, but he should teach the pupil how to construct and to analyze whatever may present itself to his mind.

I believe the success that most foreigners have in learning English is due to the fact that they have no fear of making mistakes. I have had many persons tell me that they spoke English perfectly, when at times I could scarcely understand what they were saying. It is not necessary for one to be boastful of his ability, for when you begin to speak it will soon be known whether you speak well or not; but one should not be too modest, and it is only through our mistakes that we learn.

If I may add a word of advice to students of languages, I would say that they should first learn how to use the verbs (as they are the backbone of every language), and as soon as you learn one word use it in every way possible. And do not be afraid to make a mistake. If you wait until you can speak perfectly you will never speak. Had you kept still in your mother tongue until you were sure you would not make a mistake, you would have remained a mute. In learning a foreign language I would give the injunction, "Be ye as little children."

College Experiences

BY JOSEPHUS PEASLEY

On the first day of September in the year 1871, with a monetary capital of twenty dollars, I set out from New Harmony to Indianapolis to battle my way alone among strangers. After paying railroad fare and incidental expenses I had but five dollars left wherewith to meet the exigencies of life. On my arrival at Indianapolis, by the aid of friends, I at once secured a place to work for my board in the service of one of the physicians of the city while attending school in the preparatory department of the (then) Northwestern Christian University. In this divided service I came to feel myself more than ever alone in the world fighting two battles, one for bread, the other for education, and with

the latter I found that my patron, the doctor, had little sympathy. So large a portion of my time was monopolized in performance of the duties outlined by him that it was next to impossible to prepare the work assigned by my instructors. With the doctor my work was not so laborious as time-taking. My only opportunity for study was while seated in his buggy, holding the horse during calls upon patients, or in my bedroom of evenings, where I was allowed neither heat nor light, but while lying in bed managed to study some by aid of a candle furnished and used only for that purpose. In order therefore that I might command more time for study by aid of a candle furnished and used only for that purpose \$5 I had remaining of the \$20, I decided to board some where as long as the money would last, and in the meantime continue my studies at college and search daily for another more congenial place to work. I went to board at the nearest hotel, an old oblong frame building which then stood near Mr. Frazee's small book store on Pennsylvania street, not far from Washington street, a store where most students congregated to purchase books used in college. At this hotel I remained as long as my money lasted, working vigorously at my studies and watching the advertisements in the papers for a place to work and board. The days passed rapidly without prospects, and by the end of the week I was still waiting, hoping and trusting, for I was now on my last dollar. The evening before the last day of my board limit, I again took up a paper in the hotel, as was my practice daily upon my return from college, to peruse the advertisements. I discovered one offering a place for a boy to work for his board while attending college. The next morning I lost no time looking up the advertiser only to find that more than twenty written applications had been sent in, and that no application would be decided upon until evening. This decision as well as the number of applications was discouraging, confronted, as I was, with the possibility of my college course, the goal of my ambition, being forever closed to me. I now made one of the most determined efforts of my life. Turning to my interlocutor I assured him that he need not look further, for I would satisfy him beyond doubt; that I was the one for whom he

was seeking, if only he would give me a trial. He dropped his pen and listened to my earnest and practical statements, and became my convert and friend to the extent of breaking his resolution, and without further delay rendered a decision. That day we ate supper together at his home on Tennessee street north of Tinker street. I remained there more than two years, my duties being the care of two horses, a cow, chickens, garden, lawn and house chores. Although my duties were more onerous than those performed for the doctor, yet I commanded more time for my studies and received better returns and treatment for my services. Some friends thought I was overtaxing my physical strength; but indeed, work with me, physical or mental, was a great pleasure; and all hardships proved my greatest boon and blessing. I was in robust health, always hopeful and happy, and I could not understand why any sympathy should be expressed on my behalf. I never courted sympathy, but rather opportunity. There is only one kind of sympathy I would ever welcome from any one; it was not that of charity, nor was it sorrow at misfortune, but the opportunity given me to rely solely upon my own labor. Hence my profoundest gratitude will ever reach out to those who bestowed upon me that kind of aid during my college days.

As terms passed demands on my time became more imperative in my college studies and it became evident to me that a change of *modus operandi* was necessary for success in both labor and study. With the best of good feeling I gave up the place where I had been for more than two years, convinced that I could better my opportunity for study. I now rented a room over a small brick drug store near the corner of Illinois and Tinker streets, where I lived alone and did my own housekeeping. I then depended upon such work as I could secure to do mornings and evenings and Saturdays for the revenue necessary to defray my current expenses. The change proved a good one; I accomplished all I had hoped for with gratifying results, and I so continued, until the hard times came on to mar my plans. Little had I divined the struggle now before me. The direst of all hardships through which I passed and one that will ever remain vivid in my memory, was my struggle through the panic of 1873, when,

during that winter, while still living over the drug store, I was for three days without work, without money and without food. In this extremity, on the third day, while a heavy snow storm was raging and covering the ground to a depth of twelve to fourteen inches, with great determination I set out with wood saw in hand in search of work. Bread I must have, but not through any other channel than labor of my own, I felt. It was now near daybreak. I tramped through the snow several blocks, until I came to a cross street, where I met a man shoveling the snow from his front walk. I applied for the job, but only to meet a refusal. I then observed by the side of his house a large pile of cord wood and applied for the job of cutting his wood, although fearing another refusal; but, to my surprise and pleasure, I received from him an affirmative response. It so happened that he was out of cut wood that morning and, consequently, he was as glad to give me the job as I was to secure it. So we agreed then and there upon terms and by daylight I was vigorously at work, continuing so till near 10 o'clock, when I proceeded to college for my daily recitations. Afterward I returned and continued my labor at the wood pile till near dark. Until that night I had been three days without food. When the owner returned, he was surprised to find that I had cut almost a cord, at which, showing some expression of pleasure, I asked him to advance me a dollar for the work I had done. He did so cheerfully and I accepted thankfully. On my way home that night I invested that dollar in food supplies, enough to last me a week. I then daily labored on that wood pile mornings, evenings and Saturdays, so that by the end of two weeks I had cut the entire pile (ten cords) without losing a single recitation in my college work. I now had money enough remaining for a small bank account above zero, and fortune from this time seemed to smile upon me.

The next good turn which came my way was a clerkship with H. N. Goe, proprietor of a large grocery store on Illinois street. For this service I was paid \$1.25 per day and later on \$2 per day to work on Saturdays. This amount weekly paid for my food supplies, but was not sufficient to meet my obligation for room rent without additional earnings; so I managed to secure enough

work otherwise during the week to meet rent and other financial obligations.

Soon another fortunate circumstance appeared. Christ Church, on the Circle, was without a chimer, and was waiting to find some one qualified to chime the bells. The treasurer of the church, B. F. Tuttle, tendered me the position at \$100 per annum, asking me if I would qualify and submit to test prior to entering into contract. I answered him in the affirmative at some considerable hazard of humiliation (although I had learned through the school of experience never to say no to any possible undertaking) as I then had no knowledge of the rudiments of music. I had just one week for preparation prior to the test; and with a small musical primer I studied alone the rudiments, so as to be able by Sunday to ring on the chimes, without a mistake, three hymns—"Rock of Ages," "Sun of My Soul," and "Abide with Me." The minister, Rev. E. A. Bradley, then rector of the parish, gave his approval of the work, and next morning the treasurer entered into contract with me for the position. This I continued to hold until the close of my college career. With this position added to the one I already had, I was now sure of at least \$4 a week from labor which would not conflict with my time during the college days for study and recitations, thus enabling me to do more study and to make better record in my class work. I now abandoned housekeeping for myself and began boarding at the Exchange on Pennsylvania street. This I managed to do by one stroke of economy. Instead of renting any longer, I was given consent to fit up for a sleeping room the first floor of the church tower. Here I slept winter and summer. It was a cold, lonesome place, but I enjoyed the best of sleep. Thus my room rent was cut off and my board at the Exchange cost then only \$3 per week, leaving me \$1 for other expenses. I shall never forget the surprise of many winter mornings upon rising to find my bed in that tower covered with snow, nor my difficulty in removing the snow from my wearing apparel; but I had the satisfaction of having had things well aired and of good sanitation. I continued a year or more in the old tower, my only home, until circumstances brought another change. The

Northwestern Christian University was now to be removed to Irvington, a distance of five miles from the city. The change meant greater expense for me as well as greater inconvenience to my plans; so I decided to remain out of college that year and to teach. The fates kindly decreed for me a school charge at Broad Ripple, seven miles north of the city. Here I received \$45 a month and was able to continue my position as chimer of bells at Christ Church at \$100 per annum. The latter position was held at considerable sacrifice of comfort and convenience, for I had to walk from Broad Ripple to the city every Sunday morning for the performance of the contract (there being no trains to the city on Sundays) and to remain over until Monday morning. In addition to these inconveniences, I was every Sunday morning confronted with one of the most aggravating of circumstances, the fact that there was not a Sunday of that winter without rain, so that I had to walk the seven miles through cold rains and muddy roads, protecting myself as best I could with umbrella and rubbers. I was then, however, in robust health and did not regard any reverses as hardships, but rather as stimulants to achievement.

At the end of my eight months of teaching I had saved \$300. With this sum, I again entered upon my college work now at Irvington, inscribing my name and date of entrance, with youthful indiscretion, while waiting for matriculation, upon the north-east cornerstone of the college building. There I stood gazing upon surroundings wholly strange. The town of Irvington had then a population of perhaps five hundred. Everything as I saw existing conditions, seemed decidedly primitive: notably, the new college building in the midst of an unimproved campus; the new homes scattered over the town; streets and sidewalks scarcely visible—linear boards stretching here and there answered the need; a street-car service with its undulating track and equipment of mules and box cars, resembling in speed and appearance an average flatboat on the Mississippi of former days. All these things were new to me and in striking contrast with the old college environment. But the old college enthusiasm was there, and the people of Irvington were responsive in their cordial

hospitality, thus giving a halo of welcome to all about the college. At once my heart, my home, my interests were centered there, and college life was soon as inspiring as it had been in former time and location.

There was little opportunity in Irvington for students to work their way through college. As my means were running low the second year, it was necessary to find employment in the city to meet current expenses, although at loss of time in walking to and fro. Later, however, some good offers came from Irvington people, and these proved of material benefit to my efforts and plans. Through the kindly influence of Mr. Sylvester Johnson and Dr. Ritter, I was tendered the position of town clerk of Irvington, with which position I now commanded more time for study. I fully appreciate now, as I did then, the magnanimity of their aim—to help me to help myself. Soon another fortunate offer of employment came through my friend, Miss Merrill, who had ever been to me in all my college struggles as faithful as a mother and as watchful over my welfare as a guardian angel. This offer was to do chores for my board at the home of Mrs. Downey. The position was helpful to me in many ways, not only in allowing me more time for study, but also in giving the great advantage of better social surroundings. The only onerous task for me there was to face at the table so many scholarly and cultivated ladies. However, this embarrassment was soon dispelled by the manner of Miss Merrill and the pleasing conversation of her and the young ladies, by which conversations the writer profited more through listening than by taking part. I often think of Miss Merrill, whom every one looked upon as a model in character, in scholarship, as the noblest exponent of highest ideals in education, and of her happy faculty of not only putting every one at his ease, but also of bringing about most interesting discussion during the meal hour. I shall ever remember that bright spot in my life, that valuable time of mind and character building through the group of persons composing that household, now scattered in all directions.

Owing to greater demands upon my time during the last year in college, I decided to board myself in the little brick castle near

the Irvington public school. With the scant means I then had and the position I still held as chimer, I had hoped to defray my expenses for the entire year so as to devote more time to my studies. But the senior year made so many demands upon my limited income that I was put to the severest test of economy before the close of the second term. It was in the midst of one of my direst experiences that one of the happiest surprises of my college life occurred. It was a surprise indeed, fraught with memories of cherished friends whose acts of kindness linger as the fondest remembrance of those days. In the shadow of twilight, as I was adjusting the window shades (which shades consisted of a newspaper fastened by two pins to the lower sash) in the interim of shaving, there came a rap at the front door. Though about half shaved on the one side of my face and with lather standing high on the other side, I yet rushed to answer the call. With door thrown open, there stood to my amazement Miss Merrill and a line of students extending out into the street, all convulsed with laughter at my appearance. I could not understand as they filed through the doorway, why each carried a basket, until their leader, Miss Merrill, explained the occasion of their invasion. It was a donation party, not for their own feasting but for my own comfort. This good band of Samaritans then took possession of my room, piled up my table with canned vegetables and fruits, flour, potatoes, ham, bacon, bread and many other substantials, enough to last almost to the end of my college life. Many times in my reflections have I thought upon that little castle and of that noble gathering who did so much to lighten my burden and to cheer my pathway.

More I should like to say of college life and of our worthy faculty, but already I have, I fear, written too much, so will close these reminiscences with most cordial greeting to all connected with my dear old Alma Mater.

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John O. Hopkins—A Memory

We hear much these days of the future, of the possibilities which lie in store for Butler College, of the accomplishments which are to be. Hope is radiant and beautiful; but memory, too, is radiant and beautiful. In the past our college has known men fine and rare, whose names are to-day seldom uttered in the halls save by the reverent few, but to whose silent efforts we owe much.

Thirty-six years ago this month there occurred what no student then present in the chapel can forget. We were gathered for the usual 9 o'clock devotional exercises. We waited. No one came forward to lead the service. There was an air of solemnity, becoming ominous, when Professor Benton appeared on the platform, spoke to President Burgess, who then announced the death of Professor Hopkins. Without a word, almost without a sound, the students withdrew from the chapel, from the building, from the campus. It was a deeply impressive experience.

The chair of Greek had been endowed in 1871 by Mr. Jeremy Anderson, who happily chose for its first incumbent the young John O. Hopkins.

We might speak of Professor Hopkins as a gentleman, we might speak of him as a public-spirited citizen, we might speak of him as a Greek scholar; but instead we wish to say something of his personality and its impression upon students—an impression which neither time nor distance has caused to grow dim.

Professor Hopkins's character was based upon a love of truth. We never heard him make mention of an esteem of truth, but in

his recitation room pervaded an atmosphere which allowed no deception. Not only did it never occur to a student to be dishonest, but it never occurred to him to strive to be what he was not. He did no shallow work and he expected his students to do no shallow work; and indeed they did none. He could not abide pretense, and no one thought of inflicting it upon him—at least, a second time. He was so strongly and strangely what he was that he exerted an inherent power in bringing out the individuality of the young associated with him. Since “spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues,” his character must have been moulded by the study of the language to which he gave devoted attention—that most beautiful of the tongues of earth.

He was a public-spirited man, and in this early community his absence from town affairs, from church interests was long felt. His heart was sympathetic, his hand ready at call of need.

He loved Butler College, and he did much toward making the college of his day truly forceful. Many students look back upon his training with appreciation and gratitude. He was a cheerful man and a witty man; and yet, to us he seemed a silent man. The ways in which he impressed us most, we never heard him mention. Under his teaching, Greek became a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and because of it children's children have elected that study. And yet, did he call our attention to the charms of the *Odyssey*, or to the splendor of Demosthenes, or to the nobility of Plato?

Energy and sincerity and high seriousness of purpose and personal responsibility were not themes of his conversation. He impressed them, however, upon all who touched him. He simply lived the great virtues.

As he walked up to college that last morning with Miss Merrill, parting from her at the division of the paths near the old stile, he remarked (perhaps his last words): “I don't know that I have a special philosophy of life, but I try to live each day as if it were my last.”

So, that rich, glorious sixteenth day of October found him ready.

Life at thirty-two is beautiful. To be then called from a home

in which were young children, from a village in the formative state, from a college sorely needing his force and wisdom and scholarly ideals, is still the mystery.

"But my ways are not your ways, saith the Lord."

Commencement of 1863

In the early years of the college, Commencement Day was the Friday preceding the Fourth of July. In 1863 this day fell upon July the second, one of the awful days of Gettysburg fighting. The college classes were so depleted by the war that but one Senior was present to receive his degree—Henry C. Guffin.

In the issue of *The Indianapolis Journal* of July 3, 1863, is the following notice of that Commencement:

"President Benton stated that the reason there had been but one graduate this year was that all the others of the Senior class were serving their country on the 'tented field'; and, alluding to the present fight in Pennsylvania, said, 'Perhaps at this very moment while we are in peace and security, some of them may be bleeding—dying—dead.' At this moment his emotions entirely overcame him, and his auditors, catching up the sympathy, gave expression in tears what words could never speak. At the conclusion of the address the degree was conferred pronouncing Mr. Guffin Bachelor of Arts. The exercises were enlivened again by the Soldiers' Brass Band. Thus closed another day, and with it the collegiate year of the university. Considering the condition of the country, the great demand for soldiers and laborers, we may unhesitatingly conclude that the institution is in good condition and is doing a noble work. All honor to its liberal founders, may they never see its shadow grow less. Indiana may well be proud that such a literary monument has been built upon its soil, and Indianapolis should cherish it with a parental regard. Its whole literary and scientific scope is based upon sound Christian morality, and its faculty fully competent for the responsibilities devolving upon them."

In the same issue of *The Journal* is the following account of the Alumni meeting of that year:

"At the appointed time a large and intelligent audience was assembled to listen to an address by Miss Lydia Short [now Mrs. James Braden, of Irvington]. Probably the novelty of hearing a 'woman preach' had something to do in assembling so large a crowd. But whatever the motive, we are quite confident that all felt repaid. Miss Short spoke upon the subject of 'American Scholarship.' Her paper was well written and pronounced in a clear, distinct tone of voice. The manner in which she treated her subject evinced not only a good degree of originality in thought and expression, but also showed great care in its preparation. Truly we have much to hope and nothing to fear when woman asserts, and is admitted, her right, not to be a man, but to be the peer of men. Woman will always find her 'rights' in her sphere, and not in man's; and, in her own sphere, that man who says she is not his equal, ought to lose another rib and never to get a rib in return. To educate and to elevate woman; to bring her back to the sphere God gave her; to break the iron yoke despotic man has put upon her; to restore the long-lost equilibrium in mental and social position between the sexes, is the noblest work of any age—is the work of the present age—is emphatically an American work.

"Next in order came the 'toasts and responses.' These were well-timed and finely commingled the 'feast of reason with the flow of soul.' One big 'chap,' particularly, made a response to the infinite amusement of all present, so much so that your special correspondent was decidedly of the opinion that the same said big 'chap' was himself 'the best toast of the season.'

"The next thing was something else, but there's the 'rub'; the chairman arose and told us something about 'mysteries and matches,'—'young old folks and old young folks,'—'going up stairs, then going down again,' so that we became bewildered and could not tell whether we were invited to stay or not to stay, so, going to a German 'chap' we said: '*Lassen Sie uns nach house gehen, und er sagte ja;*' so we *gingen*. Our minds are not exactly clear on the subject yet, but we hope no harm was done."

[The name of "your special correspondent" is not appended, but who does not see in his account the spirit of our old time teacher and friend, O. A. Burgess?]

From the President's Report

In the report of the president of the college, made to the Butler College Board of Directors at the annual meeting in July, there are some valuable statistics regarding the attendance and finances of the college during the last ten years. It is interesting to note that the total number of undergraduate students in the four college classes during the year 1903-'04, was 102, and the enrollment for 1903-'04 was 289, of whom 20 were members of the school of music and 40 were preparatory students. These classifications are no longer made in the college, so that on the present basis of listing students these 60 should be deducted from the 289, leaving 229 as the total. The total for 1912-'13 was 611.

In the matter of income there is also a gratifying increase. The interest from cash loans for the year 1903 amounted to \$19,545.45. For 1912-'13, it amounted to \$21,971. The fees in 1903-'04 amounted to \$5,208. For 1912-'13, they amounted to \$20,192. The total income of the college from all sources for 1912-'13, amounted to \$43,745.96.

The directors of the college felt this to be a very encouraging report. They are at present preparing the new campaign for five hundred thousand dollars which must be secured for endowment for new buildings and general enlargement. Indeed, Butler College ought to have at its command now not less than one million dollars more of funds than it has. The opportunities for usefulness in the growing capital, Indianapolis, are so great that we are likely to underestimate our position rather than to overestimate it.

College Changes

College opened with promise upon September 17. The enrollment is larger than last year; indeed, the enrollment is now as large as can be accommodated with the present size of faculty and the present number of buildings. To date the matriculation stands 295 in the academic department, 125 in extension courses, 75 in the summer school, which, omitting the 22 summer students continuing in attendance, make a total of 473.

The former three-term division of the college year has been

modernized into the semester plan. The first semester extends from September 17 to January 29; the second semester from February 4 to June 11.

The old Pythonian hall, later the art room, has been converted into an English recitation room, occupied by Miss Evelyn Butler.

Among the faculty are new faces. Professor Charles E. Underwood, of the class of 1903, is welcomed back to take charge of the chair of Old Testament Language and Literature. Since graduation Mr. Underwood has taken his doctor's degree at Yale and has been president of Eureka College.

Professor Elijah Jordan is also an Indiana man. His doctor's degree was received at the Chicago University. He comes to us from Cornell to take charge of the department of philosophy.

In the absence of Professor E. M. Greene, who is spending a year in France, Mr. Lander McClintock, of Chicago University, takes the French classes.

Owing to the resignation of Mrs. Cornelia Allen-Forrest, Miss Barcus Tichenor, of the class of 1910, has been appointed instructor in English.

The Karnea of Delta Tau Delta

The forty-second Karnea of Delta Tau Delta held its sessions at the Hotel Severin in Indianapolis during August 28-30. Beta Zeta (Butler) chapter had a large part in the work of arrangements for the convention. Of the five hundred registered delegates from all parts of the country, Beta Zeta claimed seventy-seven. James B. Curtis, Butler '80, of New York City, was re-elected president for the fourth successive term. His administration of the fraternity has been as efficient as it has been acceptable. Under his direction an interfraternity movement for emphasis upon scholarship has been successful in bringing about higher standards not alone in Delta Tau Delta, but also in other fraternities.

Joseph R. Morgan, '89, chairman of the banquet committee; Paul W. Jeffries, '03, chairman of registration and reception committee; Harold B. Tharp, '11, chairman of publicity committee; Nathan C. Redding, ex-'08, chairman of chapter reunion com-

mittee; Robert Hall, '91, chairman of hotel and transportation committee, gave to the local chapter five of the nine committee chairmen.

At the banquet at the German House, which was the closing feature of the Karnea, Butler was represented on the toast-list by Colonel Curtis, '80, and A. M. Hall, '88. In presenting the latter the toastmaster, Ernest R. Keith, of this city, suggested Mr. Hall a future candidate for Governor.

Among the alumni from out of the city were seen the following: W. H. Adams, ex-'00, of Julietta, Indiana; Ralph R. Batton, ex-'12, of Parkin, Arkansas; Allen T. Blacklidge, ex-'15, of Rushville, Indiana; W. F. Clarke, '92, of Minot, North Dakota; E. W. Gans, '87, of Cleveland; Charles E. Higbee, ex-'93, of Lebanon; E. J. Holloway, ex-'06, of Gillette, Arkansas; Glenn H. Holloway, of Chicago; W. R. Jewell, Jr., of Danville, Illinois; R. O. Moore, ex-'89, of Kokomo, Indiana; J. B. Pearcy, '88, of Anderson, Indiana; Clarence Reidenbach, '12, of Yale Divinity School; F. E. Schortemeier, '12, Harvard Law School; H. H. Weaver, ex-'86, of Greentown, Indiana.

Butler at the Toronto Convention

Alumni and former students of Butler College met for a banquet in the palm room of McConkey's restaurant, Toronto, Canada, at 5:30 on Tuesday afternoon, October 7. The beautiful banquet room was simply and tastefully decorated with college pennants, while Butler ribbons were provided for all those present. Forty-nine were seated at the dinner, presided over by President T. C. Howe. Thanks were offered by Rev. Carey E. Morgan, '85, of Nashville, Tenn. Speeches were made by Thomas W. Grafton, '80, of Indianapolis; W. J. Lhamon, '79, of Drury College; Cloyd Goodnight, '06, of Uniontown, Pennsylvania; Harry Otis Pritchard, '02, of Eureka College; George W. Hemry, '05, of South Bend, Indiana. The talks were all reminiscent and in happy vein. They were helpful in tone and voiced the encouragement and confidence which friends of the college feel concerning the future. Among others present were seen: J. N. Jessup, '90; G. H. Clark, '88; Carl Barnett, '10; C. A. Brady, '97;

A. C. Smither, '90; W. V. Nelson, '12; E. A. Gongwer, '88; A. H. Moore, '11; Mrs. David Owen Thomas, ex-; Clay Trusty, '08; Carl Van Winkle, ex-; T. C. Huston, ex-; W. D. Bartle, ex-; H. M. Hall, ex-; O. C. Higgins, ex-; Carl Berry, ex-.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. A. C. Smither, '90, manager of the Christian Publishing Company.

An Irvington Landmark Gone

George W. Russell, who has served as postmaster in Irvington for twenty-nine years, has resigned. Mr. Russell passes out only as postmaster. For years he has conducted, as an adjunct to his other business, an insurance and real estate office. The East Side State Bank, of which he has been a director, has created an insurance and real estate department, and Mr. Russell is to take charge of it, with office at the bank.

Long has Mr. Russell been regarded as one of the "features" of Irvington. He probably knows more people by name and sight east of the Belt railroad than any one in that territory, having lived in Irvington since 1880.

In 1881 he became the ticket and express agent for the Pennsylvania railroad at the Irvington station. He was soon appointed postmaster. The postoffice was at that time in the railroad station. He served here continuously for fifteen years as postmaster, and then went out for a few years, but was reappointed in 1900, and has held the office ever since, moving in the meantime to Washington street.

The postoffice receipts, when he began business, were a few cents a day. Now the Irvington station has twelve carriers, including five for rural and seven for town service. The business of the office, through all the varying stages, has been systematically and expeditiously handled. Everybody that ever patronized the office has a first-name speaking acquaintance with "George," whose office has been the meeting place for a generation for every community enterprise.

For his college interest, uniform kindness and sympathy and even patience, Butler students carry, wherever they may be, a most pleasant memory of George Russell, and wish him all the success that he deserves.

Personal Mention

Cullen Thomas, '13, is coach of the Butler football team.

Clifford Browder, '12, is attending the Chicago Law School.

Thomas M. Iden, '83, called on the opening day of college.

Pierre Van Sickle, '01, and family, have removed to Irvington.

Roscoe C. Thomas, '06, has entered Harvard for graduate work in mathematics.

Florence L. Smock, '13, is teaching in the high school at Freetown, Indiana.

Corinne Welling, '12, has entered Radcliffe College for graduate work in English.

James Montgomery, ex-, is located at Minneapolis with the Wells & Dickey Company.

Ruth Allerdice, '06, and Elizabeth N. Brayton, '09, are teaching at Winterpock, Virginia.

Cloyd Goodnight, '06, has taken charge of the Church of the Disciples at Uniontown, Pennsylvania.

Miss Elsie Sweeney, ex-, has gone to Berlin to study music. Mrs. Sweeney accompanied her daughter.

Aubrey H. Moore, '11, has removed from Arcadia, Indiana, to Zionsville, where he is in charge of the Christian church.

James B. Curtis, '80, was re-elected president of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity at its recent biennial Karnea held in Indianapolis.

On Wednesday, October 15, Mrs. Georgia Galvin Oakes, '95, gave a song recital before the Matinee Musicale of Muncie, Indiana.

The Quarterly is pleased to acknowledge from Miles L. Clifford, '79, a year's subscription for "See America First." Interesting as this beautifully illustrated magazine is, the thought-

fulness of Judge Clifford means still more to his old college friends. They would enjoy seeing him again on the campus.

Barcus Tichenor, '10, has been appointed instructor in English at Butler College following the resignation of Mrs. Cornelia Allen-Forrest.

It is pleasant to see in the college halls the face of Charles E. Underwood, '03, and to some of us does it seem as if he had never left them.

Allen H. Lloyd, '12, has retired from the laboratory of the State Board of Health and is now connected with Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago, as chemist.

Theodore L. Nance, ex-, called at the college to find old friends and to see familiar scenes. Mr. Nance is now with the Baker-Ayling Company, bankers, in Boston.

Ernest Linton, '11, for two years a teaching fellow in Indiana University, is taking Professor Hershey's classes in international law, while Professor Hershey is in Europe.

Louis A. Hopkins, '05, is on leave of absence for one year from the University of Michigan and is spending the time at the University of Chicago. Professor Hopkins holds a fellowship in astronomy.

Professor Richard B. Moore, former head of the department of chemistry of the college, called recently. Professor Moore is now located at Denver in connection with the bureau of mines. He has become an authority on radium.

The quarterly sends greeting to Charles Bushnell Davis, Jr., in the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Davis; to Margaret Louise, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Claris Adams; to Elizabeth Augusta, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Carr.

With much regret the resignation of Mrs. Cornelia Allen-Forrest was received by the college trustees, and loath were they to accept it. Mrs. Allen-Forrest's long connection with the institution made her a part of its interests and activities, and her withdrawal leaves a vacancy. Of one thing the Quarterly is

sure, that, wherever this friend may be, the welfare of Butler College lies upon her heart.

Demarchus C. Brown, '79, State Librarian of Indiana, was on the program at the opening session of the National Prison Association which held its meetings in Indianapolis, October 11-16.

Harry O. Pritchard, '02, has been appointed president of Eureka College. In the State Missionary Convention held at Jacksonville, Ill., on September 8-11, Mr. Pritchard was on the program for a paper upon "The Christian College."

Any information concerning the following alumni will be gratefully received by the alumnal secretary: John Kimmons, '56; T. C. Elliot, '57; W. G. Hastings, '57; Levi Hanson, '59; Wickliffe A. Cotton, '64; Henry H. Black, '66; Samuel E. Young, '71; Charles H. Caton, '76; Ernest R. Copeland, '78; W. Henry Grove, '81; Robert P. Collins, '91; John Peter Myers, '03.

Miss Myrtle Taylor, instructor in art at the college for several years, has been appointed art director in the Industrial Institute at Columbus, Mississippi. Miss Taylor took a prominent part in the movement for the study of practical art in the home, which movement she regards one of the greatest awakenings in culture experienced by the American people in recent years.

The Freshman class represents more former students than any previous class has done. This is as it should be. Enrolled are Urith C., daughter of B. F. Dailey, '87; John, son of F. R. Kautz, '87; Ruth, daughter of A. W. Brayton, '79; Austin, son of Vincent G. Clifford, '79; Florence, daughter of W. S. Moffett, '76; Lola, daughter of E. S. Conner, '87; Mary Elizabeth, daughter of T. C. and Jennie A. Howe, '89; Helen, daughter of J. P. Findley, '86; Henry, son of Alex and Julia G. Jameson, '90. The college has not yet had the glad opportunity of standing, in German fashion, as godparent to any seventh child, until this year. The Quarterly hails Ruth, the seventh member of the Brayton family to enter Butler College. We look to you, Ruth, as giving further expression to that character of scholarship

and honor and geniality and love for things lovely which has caused your father, of the class of '79, to be so esteemed in this community.

Thomas M. Iden, '83, has resigned his professorship of chemistry at the Kansas State Normal College to occupy the Bible chair at the University of Michigan. This is a position of honor, the appointment being made by the National C. W. B. M. Professor Iden is the founder of the Upper Room, the chief feature of which is the young men's Bible class. The active membership of this class has for several years averaged 600 annually. Since its organization fifteen years ago 4,500 men have been enrolled in its membership. Professor Iden sends to every member a New Year's letter, consisting of at least twenty-five pages. These messages find their way around the world, and are helpful, beautiful expressions of an influence which never dies.

The contributors of this issue are: William N. Pickerill, '60, who, after serving in the Civil War, studied law and has since practiced his profession in Indianapolis; Merrill Moores, ex-'77, who finished his undergraduate work in and received his degree from Yale University in '78, studied law and has since been active in its practice as well as in public interests of Indianapolis; Samuel H. Shank, '92, who after graduating from Indiana Law School entered the diplomatic service and is at present the United States consul at Fiume, Hungary; Josephus Peasley, '79, an Indiana man whose life since graduation has been spent chiefly in Des Moines, Iowa, in the practice of the legal profession.

At the wedding of Mr. Hutchcraft and Miss Pruitt, Miss Ruth Hendrickson, '11, was bridesmaid; while Mr. Ray and Miss McCollough were attended by Miss Lena Morrison, '14, and Miss Florence L. Smock, '13.

Our Correspondence

The Quarterly is a welcome visitor. I think the plan of asking an annual alumni fee is a good one.

ERNEST L. TALBERT, '01.

Do not forget to send the Quarterly. Now that I am removed from the very shadow of Butler, I shall depend on the magazine for news from my college world.

SIDNEY ERNESTINE WARFEL, '11.

I wish to express to the Alumni Association my appreciation of the kindly remembrance taken of me at the alumni dinner last June, and especially to Professor Butler, the author of the resolution of regards.

B. M. BLOUNT, '59.

The Quarterly comes regularly and is a source of great pleasure. The list of graduates with their doings since leaving college was also very interesting. Would it not be possible to add a list of those who attended for two years or more, but who were not graduates—to bring to date Omar Wilson's list? I am sure we all feel a great interest in the college, although we may not always show it.

SAMUEL H. SHANK, '92.

TO THE BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY:

It wil perhaps interest you to kno how cordially I was receivd on my recent trip thru the West for the Simplified Spelling Board, on account of my Butler College connections. It is a real satisfaction for a member of the faculty to find that the institution with which he is connected—when that institution is a small one—has such a host of frends in so many places. It is not merely that the college is known by its alumni and to them, but we ar extremely wel thought of in intellectual circles. I wish we mite emfasize that more. We ought not to stand on the defensiv for the college but to realize that we hav a good scool and one which has an assured reputation in all parts of the country. The fact that we were recommended for a Phi Beta Kappa charter by Yale, Columbia, Indiana, Wabash, DePauw,

Illinois, Nebraska, Missouri, Princeton, Stanford, and the Indianapolis alumni of Phi Beta Kappa, shud in a mesure indicate that we ar highly thought of at home and abroad. Perhaps what we lack as much as anything is a fighting band of alumni, redy to jump in for the college at a moment's notis.

GEORGE H. DANTON,
Professor of German.

I've just finished reading the July number of the Alumnal Quarterly for the second time—once last night, once to-night. How my heart burned and throbbed as I read the words of old friends and saw in imagination the faces of the alumni seated at the banquet tables! I do appreciate the Quarterly.

OMAR WILSON, '87.

The Quarterly means more to me than I can express. The letters in the last number all appealed to me, but that one from Germantown, signed I. W. Tibbott, expressed aptly what I should like to have said. I knew just what the writer meant when she wrote "the lectures are all an inspiration for which we thank you"; "rare service," etc. I also *felt* the pleasure of the letter from India, signed David Rioch, '98. How strangely bound together we are by our love for Butler—wherever we are and whatever we are! MILDRED MOOREHEAD SHAFTO, '11.

I am always glad to receive the Quarterly. Last night I sat up until 11 o'clock to read it from cover to cover. I was especially interested in the meeting at Greenfield. This took me back to the old days—the days of Dailey and Mullendore. I am glad to know the Philokurian society still lives; a little surprised, however, to know the ladies are now admitted to membership. Is this some suffragette movement? Originally, it was the preachers' society. After the removal of the college to Irvington it died. A revival, however, was accomplished in the winter of my second year at Butler and has continued with varying fortunes since then. I could tell many things about this revival, but they are perhaps too personal to be pleasing. I shall only add that Laughlin, Mullendore, Pier, Lhamon, Sellers,

Metzler and Gilliland were among those assisting in the resurrection.

I wonder how many remember the morning when a large snapping turtle was hanging from the bracket at the west end of the platform above the head of Professor Myers, then our youthful teacher of chemistry and physics? Only three ever knew how the turtle came to be there—Hilt Brown, Miles Clifford and I—and by this time, even the other two may have forgotten. Please send to me the latest copy of the Alumni Directory. In closing let me say that the Alumnal is a rich treat, each number an oasis in each milestone of life. Long may it live!

CHARLES A. STEVENS, '94.

Marriages

WARFEL-HECKER—On August 24, at Indianapolis, were married Herbert Warfel and Miss Sidney Ernestine Hecker, '11. Mr. and Mrs. Warfel are at home at 419 West Third avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

MITCHELL-DAVIS—On August 25, at Greenfield, Indiana, were married John Fowler Mitchell, Jr., '06, and Miss Elsie Davis. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell are at home at The Volusia, Greenfield.

HUTCHCRAFT-PRUITT—On September 3, at Indianapolis, were married David K. Hutchcraft and Miss Gertrude Martha Pruitt, '11, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oran M. Pruitt, '85. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchcraft are at home at 4748 East Michigan street, Irvington, Indiana.

MCELROY-CLARKE—On August 4, at Edinburg, Indiana, were married Charles Foster McElroy, '04, and Miss Cora Cleona Clarke.

RAY-MCCOLLOUGH—On September 3, in the Spring Grove Presbyterian Church at Stockwell, Indiana, were married Cecil Ray and Miss Clarissa McCollough, ex-'14, daughter of William B. McCollough, '88. Mr. and Mrs. Ray will reside on a farm near Des Moines, Iowa.

Necrology

Connected with Butler University for more than a full generation was a man whose passing deserves mention in the annals of college affairs—Byron K. Elliott.

In 1870 Judge Elliott was appointed in the Law School connected with the Northwestern Christian University professor of real property law, criminal law, practice, pleadings and evidence, and, through the varying fortunes of the college, his name has unchangingly appeared on the faculty page of more than thirty annual catalogues.

Last April Judge Elliott died. For those who knew him, for those who did not know him but who value fine living, we print some expressions of the "Memorial" presented at the meeting of the Bench and Bar of Marion County held upon the event of the death of Judge Elliott:

"For almost half a century Byron K. Elliott devoted himself to the study and the practice of the law, to teaching it to young men, to collecting it in text books, and to declaring it with the authority of a judge. It has rarely been given to any man to cover so completely the whole field of activity peculiarly appropriate to a lawyer. So frail of body that his adult life was almost one long illness, the enormous amount of valuable work accomplished recalls such heroic lives as those of Alexander Pope and Francis Parkman.

"His mind was singularly alert and his memory of precedents remarkable. He worked with almost incredible rapidity. Abundance of ideas and exuberance of diction called for restraint and control. For this purpose he read Aristotle and other great exemplars of brief and severe expression. To his intellectual equipment was added absolute purity of character. His ideals were high and his life has been and will long continue to be an inspiration to all coming within its influence, and especially to young men.

"Judge Elliott was one of the gentlest and kindest of men.

His judgments of his fellow men were intelligent and discriminating, but were always charitable and expressed without harshness or malice. As a judge his patience and respectful attention never failed or faltered. He was always polite, courteous and considerate of the rights and feelings of others. To oblige he would concede everything but his manly independence of action and convictions of justice and duty. These he yielded to no man under any circumstances. Always and everywhere he so bore himself toward judges, associates, opponents and all who came in contact with him, that we may well say of him as Tennyson said of his lost friend:

“‘And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use.’

“With such a career it need hardly be here declared that he was an able and most industrious lawyer. In sixty volumes of the decisions of the Supreme Court of Indiana lies the permanent record of his exposition of the law as applied to a great variety of important subjects. No words of ours can add to or affect that magnificent memorial.

“While he valued the favor and esteem of his fellow citizens, his services as a public officer were always such that indebtedness if any was to, rather than from, him. Happy the state that should have no servants but such as he!

“Byron K. Elliott bade adieu to earth attended by all that should accompany old age, ‘honor, love, troops of friends.’ The influence of his life will, in itself, be a very real and most splendid immortality.”

On October 25 Mrs. Edith Abbott Randall died at Indianapolis from the effects of an operation for appendicitis and was laid in Crown Hill on October 28.

Mrs. Randall graduated from Butler with the class of '03 and was a loyal alumna of her Alma Mater. Whenever information was needed concerning college affairs or the student body of her day, seldom was it found lacking in her. She kept

up with the college with an unusual spirit of faithfulness—with its organizations, its class work, its growing possibilities.

The year 1911-1912, Professor James G. Randall had charge of the department of history during the absence of Professor Coleman, and at this time, as wife of a member of the faculty, did some of us for the first time come to know her and others of us come to appreciate with increased esteem her true worth.

For the sorrow which has befallen Mr. Randall the Quarterly extends its sincere sympathy and its hope that he may feel the kinship of his college world in this extremity.

On September 26, at Denver, Colorado, died in her twentieth year, Katherine, the only child of Benjamin Marshall Davis.

Thus, again we see the heeding of the heavenly call alike by those in the autumn of life and those in the promise of springtide.

“Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind’s breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!”

The Quarterly wishes to express sympathy in the sorrow which has befallen Mr. William F. Elliott, and Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Davis.

Butler Alumnal Quarterly

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To Woodrow Wilson

MARCH 4, 1913

BY EDITH ABBOTT RANDALL

He stands upon the threshold of his task,
Not bold nor oversure, but unafraid;
He knows a mighty drama must be played
And he, without the shield of any mask,
Must face the critic world. He may not bask
At ease in public favor. He has made
The center of the stage his own; has paid
The fearful price of fame, the right to ask

A moment for the calm his soul will crave:
But not unwillingly this gift he gave,
Nor without thought of what the cost would be.
The country's need he could not fail to see
And, without vanity, he felt his power
To help. So calm he stands in this great hour.

It is well to stop for a moment to think of the things which are real, of those things which, when all else is stripped, are eternal, of the wisdom which one and another has gained.

To be kind, to be cheerful, to be independent of luxuries and false ideals, to live in the companionship of great thoughts of the present and the past, to be faithful as well as to be full of Faith, to attain the freedom of Truth, in silence fulfilling the Law of Love: this is the secret of life which Edith Abbott Randall knew. "May Light perpetual shine upon Her!"

K. M. G.

Old Hanover College

BY GEORGE S. COTTMAN

[The following article is a reprint from *The Indianapolis Journal* of August 22, 1897. The date accounts for a few statements discrepant with things as they now are; but the subject is of perennial interest, and we are glad to be able to furnish our readers this account of the founding of "Old Hanover"—a story typical of the experiences of other Indiana colleges—written by the friend of Butler College, Mr. Cottman.]

The visitor to Hanover College, however insensible he may be to the historical interests of the place, cannot but be impressed with the romantic beauty of its surroundings. Not even Cornell, from her airy perch, looks down on such rich and varied magnificence. The building, more stately and imposing than one would infer from the pictures of it, and beginning to look venerable with its ivy-grown walls, stands embowered in whispering groves of locust, elm and maple, at the extreme verge—the threshold of the State—directly facing the towering hills of our old sister State across the river; and before and on either hand the noble ranges reach away through all the infinite blues of varying distances. Far below spread the level bottom lands, teeming with the fruits of fat soil, the dappled fields where the cloud shadows drift showing no bigger than garden patches; and through all sweep the great majestic bends of the Ohio. Nearer at hand wild glens sink from sight in rolling masses of verdure, and, when the freshets are on, the drone of cataracts must mingle with the sounds of the recitation room.

But stimulating as this is to the imagination, it is secondary to the inspiration awakened when one looks into the earlier history of this institution. Not very much has been written about Hanover College. Some fragmentary matter, including fugitive articles in the college journal, are preserved in its library; but there is little that is available to the public, and the very interesting chapter it contributes to Indiana history is practically unknown. The best, and indeed the only full record of that chapter, is a manuscript left by the Rev. John Finley Crowe, and now in the hands of the Rev. S. C. Baldrige, of the town of Hanover. If any one man could be regarded

as the very father of the institution, John Finley Crowe, its organizer and first preceptor, was that man, and he spoke with positive authority on all matters relating thereto. The manuscript, 232 pages of closely written foolscap, chronicles in detail the inception, growth and varying fortunes of the school almost to the time of Mr. Crowe's death, which occurred in 1860. For the better part of forty years it has been lying in oblivion and its preservation in printed form, along with the valuable manuscript matter to be found here and there in the State, should be the task of some society interested in the rescuing of historical documents.

Hanover College had its origin with a class of people who certainly were a valuable acquisition to the Territory of Indiana in those first days, and the history of the school is an index to their character. They were a community of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, originally from the north of Ireland, but directly from Virginia and Kentucky, who came seeking in the new Northwest a home more compatible than was the South with their ideas of liberty. Not only frugal and industrious, but eminently religious, the spiritual craving kept abreast of the material wants, and from the beginning serious thought was given to the religious needs. At first they were ministered to by traveling missionaries, who came in from the settled States by way of the old river road and preached at private houses. By the early '20's Hanover Church (so named out of compliment to one, Mrs. Searles, who had come from Hanover, New Hampshire) was established, with John Finley Crowe as pastor. In time it became manifest to the Presbyterians of this region that a ministry, to be permanent and effective, must be built up of men native to the West and inured to pioneer life. There must be an adaptation to conditions; and this sentiment was the cause of the college.

For various reasons the Hanover neighborhood was thought the best place for a Presbyterian school, and here, on January 1, 1827, it was formally opened as a grammar school, with Mr. Crowe as teacher. The pupils consisted of six boys, "and that grammar school," says the Crowe MS., "solemnly dedicated to Almighty God as a nursery of the gospel ministry, was a nursery of both Hanover College and the Theological Seminary." The sessions were held in Dr. Crowe's little residence of three rooms, when his wife's domestic affairs permitted; and, when they did not, the school repaired to the

loomhouse, a log structure of one room devoted to the family weaving. Tradition tells that one of the boys chalked "Hanover College" over the loomhouse door. It was done in a spirit of jest, but it proved a prophecy. Of these first six pupils, four became ministers, according to the casual statement of one writer, but in the General Catalogue of Students, published in 1890, I find that "it is impossible to determine definitely who the six boys were." I am happy to be able to supply the lost information. Mr. J. M. Tilford, former proprietor of *The Indianapolis Journal*, was the last surviving member of that class. His classmates he gave as David Smock, Noble Butler, James McNutt, Samuel Lattimore and Daniel Lattimore. J. M. Tilford made the sixth. Two of them came from Vernon and the others were country lads of the neighborhood.

The embryo college grew, first to fourteen, then to twenty, and finally it was obliged to migrate from the loomroom to the meeting-house. In two years the grammar school had grown into the "Hanover Academy," and in January of 1829 was incorporated as such by the Legislature. In that year, also, the Presbyterian Synod of Indiana adopted the academy as a synodical school, and a theological department was established. Next, a good-sized two-story brick building was erected; then, as the number of students increased, the boarding and lodging of them became a problem, and in 1832 the town of Hanover (at first known as South Hanover) was founded by Judge Williamson Dunn. But back of this progress lay the most heroic effort. These people, though rich in spirit and prodigal in zeal, were, financially, very poor, and their struggles from the first would be pathetic, if the iron will and manhood of it left room for any sentiment other than respect and admiration. That old Scotch-Irish stock was of no ordinary timber, and it proceeded by the motto that where there was a will there must be a way. A very few of them were fairly well-to-do and could afford to be more or less liberal, notable among these being Dr. Crowe and Judge Dunn. The first seemed to keep his finger on the pulse of his friend, and repeatedly, in the hour of need, challenged him, proposing some joint donation to the school. Judge Dunn as often accepted the challenge, besides making other gifts, and by these two generous patrons the institution came into possession of considerable real estate. This, however, was only the initial step to success. By what way could young men full

of energy and determination, but practically penniless, get an education? was the question to be solved. The most feasible way, the founders thought, would be a manual-labor system, whereby the student could devote three hours a day to labor and thus defray his meager expenses. To that end Mr. Crowe and Mr. Dunn each donated fifty acres for a farm; cooper, cabinet and carpenter shops were fitted out; bricks were made, and wood chopped by the cord. One reminiscent of the class of '35 tells how, after recitations he used to shoulder his ax and trudge off to Judge Dunn's woods to "hew down the gnarly beech trees and manufacture them into cord-wood," the required amount being two cords per week. There was, also, a printing office, which at one time employed not less than thirty students. Some of the old catalogues bear imprint of this plant and show all the evidences of skilled work.

These sturdy pioneer youths, indeed, brought capable and willing hands to their various tasks. They were, as a rule, older than present-day students; many of them were skilled workmen, and among other proofs, brick houses built by them are still standing in the town of Hanover. Two or three stories that survive illustrate the spirit which animated them. When the theological department was added and Dr. Matthews was called from Virginia to occupy the new chair, affairs were consummated so quickly that the Doctor arrived on the scene before there was a place for him to live. The students met the emergency by setting vigorously to work, and in a few days a commodious and comfortable log house was at his disposal.

Another time, when the temperance sentiment was being agitated, an old Scotch farmer named Anderson refused to give liquor to his harvest hands, and the latter, objecting to the overthrow of a time-honored custom, "struck" for rum. The typical Scotchman, it is said, does not yield his points very readily, and the fate of Anderson's ripened grain looked uncertain, when the students, hearing of the difficulty, sent word for him to have plenty of cradles and rakes by the next afternoon. At that time they came, a dozen or fifteen strong, and the cause of temperance scored a victory.

In 1828, when it was found necessary to have a new academy building, there were no funds for such a purpose and the friends generally of the college were appealed to for donations of service, the following paper being prepared for signatures:

"For the purpose of erecting a suitable building for Hanover Academy, we, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do promise to have performed the jobs of work taken by us severally against the times specified :

- "1. To throw up the earth for bricks ;
- "2. To furnish attendance for making the bricks ;
- "3. To mold and burn 70,000 bricks ;
- "4. To board the men ;
- "5. To furnish logs for lumber ;
- "6. To deliver lumber at the building ;
- "7. To furnish rocks for foundations ;
- "8. To build foundation ;
- "9. To furnish shingles."

Of these "jobs," No. 1 was taken by the students ; 2, by Samuel Hanna ; 4, by Dr. Crowe ; 5, by Colonel Smock ; 6, by John Seburn ; 7, by George Logan ; 8, by James Park and James Corry. One man gave a horse which thereafter went by the name of Donum, and others made contributions according to their abilities. Williamson Dunn donated the campus for the building, together with six town lots for future revenue. The bricks and shingles (Nos. 3 and 9) were probably purchased. The community seemed to be devoted to the college. So general was the sympathy with the efforts of the students to get an education that in many instances the charge for board, lodging and washing was only seventy-five cents per week, and many stories are told of friendly services to them. That they, in turn, appreciated and made the most of these offices there is ample evidence. Those who under such adverse conditions would undertake to get an education at all were doubtless the flower of the land, and in after years William McKee Dunn said of them: "These young men were, as a body, the most diligent and faithful students I ever knew. I have seen men who afterwards became distinguished doctors of divinity, physicians, lawyers, professors in colleges and followers of other useful vocations, cutting cord-wood, mauling rails, working in the cooper shop, in the printing office, shoving the plane, working as farm hands, or otherwise engaged in manual labor to defray the expense of their education."

Under this system the attendance increased till the houses in the village and on the neighboring farms could no longer accommodate

them all. The upper part of the college building was divided into lodgings rooms, and a number of cheap structures were erected, some by the college and some by the students themselves. Hanover was a "busy hive," and the adjacent glens rang with the stentorian voices of aspiring orators, who repaired thither to practice their flights of eloquence, using the hollowed chambers below the cataracts for sounding boards. They were not always alive to the ludicrous side of the performance, and William McKee Dunn tells of being alarmed once when working in the hayfield by what seemed to be the cries of a distressed woman in a lonely place some distance off. Flying to the rescue, pitchfork in hand, the "damsel" turned out to be a stalwart young Hoosier struggling with "Eve's lamentation upon being expelled from Paradise."

Notwithstanding the eager response of students to the manual-labor system, it proved a financial failure to its backers by reason of the cheapness of labor and insufficiency of the markets. Its final discontinuance in 1873 necessitated the dispersion of many of the students, and the plan was relinquished with reluctance and regret; but the college corporation in trying to keep it up fairly bankrupted itself and there was no alternative. It failed, but the history of it, with its determined will and ready spirit, remains, though almost forgotten now, and in the history of education in our State few chapters are so inspiring.

Meanwhile the institution had changed its character. After five years as a grammar school and an academy, having by that time enlarged its building to a commodious three-story structure, an attempt was made to secure from the Legislature a college charter. This was sharply opposed by certain friends of the State University at Bloomington and by some who opposed sectarian schools; but Williamson Dunn and his compeers were not the men to be easily thwarted, and, finally, by an act approved January 1, 1833, Hanover College was declared in existence.

According to an interesting letter from A. S. Kingsley, published some years ago in *The Indianapolis News*, Hanover reached high tide in this year of 1833, the attendance being then two hundred and forty, and in excess of any period before or since. These students came from far and wide, representing eight or nine States, and many hailed from the South by reason of the strong Presbyterian

element in that part of the country. In the midst of this prosperity a case of cholera occurred, creating a panic and a stampede. About two hundred of the students left, many of them never to return, and, according to this writer, the college remained for several years a mere wreck of its former self. I do not find this quite corroborated elsewhere, nor does the alumni roll bear it out; but, whether or no it is an extreme statement, the college did decline. The dispersion of the students by the cholera scare and the collapse of the labor scheme doubtless had much to do with it. Then on the Fourth of July, 1837, the elements, in a fit of patriotic hilarity, tore away a part of the college building and drenched the interior with rain, besides otherwise affecting the fortunes of the institution. The house of Professor Niles, a valued member of the faculty, was utterly demolished, his chattels being swept away bodily by the tornado. Even his love letters, it was said, were carried across the river and sown broadcast among the Kentucky hills. To this day the flowers bloom prodigally in those sylvan glades. Mr. Niles, who at that time was visiting in the East, never returned to the scene of his losses. To add to the discouragements, the theological department, after lending its strength for a decade, was removed to New Albany.

Worse yet, the severe financial panic of 1839 set in; students and tuition fees were cut off; professors, unable to live on their meager and uncertain salaries, resigned; a debt of nearly \$12,000 had accrued, and finally the question of forsaking Hanover and re-establishing the school at a more favorable location forced itself upon the board of trustees. On December 18, 1843, we find the latter gathered in the college chapel to confer finally upon the matter, and the result of that conference was a surrender of the Hanover charter and the opening at Madison of a new corporation under the name and style of the Madison University. The college building was put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder, and then, says the chronicler, "one dreary day toward the year's end the last load of books, students, etc., went off and left Hanover as bleak and shorn of life as the trees along her wintry streets." The place was buried in gloom, and old Dr. Crowe, whose life was wrapped up in the institution, was broken-hearted; but the Madison University was short-lived, "mainly for the reason that the synod of Indiana refused to accept it as a substitute for Hanover College." Then the Hanover

advocates put forth a superhuman effort; a new charter was secured, and the school brought triumphantly back to the place of its nativity. Mr. William Wesley Woollen, of Indianapolis, who belonged to the class of '43, has related to the writer how the boys of the Union Literary Society brought back their library from Madison with a great jubilation, this being the last wagonload of returnable property. A few years later the present college building was erected on its lofty site overlooking the river, and Hanover, while outstripped, and, in a sense, cast into obscurity by the larger and wealthier schools that have sprung up in the land where she was a pioneer, has throughout sustained her proud record. But it is "Old Hanover"—the Hanover of which I write—that challenges especial interest. Now she is one of many; then she was all but alone, and, in the face of adversities, borrowing power from that old Scotch-Irish stock, she has sent out to remote parts of the globe men who have made their impress on their times. Among those whose life work is identified with Indiana may be mentioned Albert G. Porter, Thomas A. Hendricks, William McKee Dunn, William H. English, Jonathan W. Gordon, William Wesley Woollen, John H. Holliday, Robert N. Lamb, Noble C. Butler; and of the younger generation, John M. and Stanley Coulter and Amos W. Butler. These are known to the world; but the almost forgotten fathers, who faithfully helped to make possible what these men have done, sleep in the little quiet graveyard beside the secluded glen. About them, as guarding their rest, stand the stately beech trees, and across the glen Alma Mater, their monument, looks calmly out over the silence of the everlasting hills.

The Greeks of the Far East

BY GEORGE W. HOKE

The first view of the teeming life of Japan, from the deck of an ocean liner in port at Yokohama, is most impressive. Little brown men, half naked, with bodies of rare mold, hurry about like animated statues of bronze. The strangeness of the scene strikes vibrant some dormant chord, memories deep and dim are mysteriously revived, the intervening centuries fade noiselessly away, the golden

days of old Greece live once more before one's very eyes. In spite of incongruities and contrasts, this shadowy dream, like whispers from a forgotten self, come to one over and over again, as he travels up and down this more than fair land of Japan.

Here, as in Greece, amphitheater-like valleys, backed by rough uplands, traversed by little brawling streams, and facing the surf of the great deep, harbor populations versed in the lore of mountain, plain and sea. On this sterile soil a hardy race has maintained itself for centuries, in defiance of earthquake and flood, armed only with most primitive implements and sustained by gigantic patience. By force of sheer courage their fishermen go down to the sea in crazy little boats, and brave the dangers of the typhoon to wrest from a parsimonious nature a subsistence. While yet three days out from Japan the ocean-weary voyager begins to meet the fishing junks, and is amazed that any one would trust himself to such frail-looking craft. Some of the results of their dangerous enterprises may be seen during a visit to the fish market in the early morning. The intermingling of the rainbow colors, and the wondrous forms of the denizens of the sea, present a scene never to be forgotten. The glories of the aquarium at Naples seem almost insignificant in comparison.

The life spectacular is denied the farmer who tills the reeking rice fields with spirit-breaking toil. But there is something classic in the nobility with which he feeds the nation, and so cherishes the soil that, after centuries of production, it is better than before. And then he crowns the pathetic heroism of his little life by going to his death upon the field of battle, cheerful and unafraid, that honor may be the portion of his country, and that his children's children may continue the life of service in the land hallowed by the abiding spirits of his dead.

The craftsman who does the roughest work in wood may welcome a commission to produce a bit of exquisite carving, and as his sensitive fingers caress the wood with loving touch, the joy that makes life significant wells up within him. As we watch him our astonishment knows no bounds. We know not which to admire most, his skill in achievement or his refinement of feeling. To be sure, there is no reason why the poverty that taints the body should stifle the spirit, but, to our shame, we are surprised to find a lantern-bearer

outside the ranks of the elect. We expect our dreamer of dreams to have the wherewithal to purchase his leisure. The nameless architects of old Greece must have been just such ideal-haunted craftsmen as those of Japan to-day.

The Japanese, no less than was the custom of the Greeks, live in the world of out-of-doors. Body and mind are molded in beauty and health under the rooftrees of the sky. Not the least admirable of their traits is the perennial cheerfulness so characteristic of the race. The light heart of the Eskimo has been selected by the rigors of Arctic winter, which cut off the glum and morose. Kirchoff has noted the same influence operating to select those in China upon whom the burdens of life rest most lightly. In Japan also the crown of cheerfulness remains for those who live the overcoming life. Discontent is born in the lap of luxury and ease. Schooled in hardship, the Japanese have learned to distill the last drop of content from the poverty of their surroundings. They wrest ecstatic enjoyment from moonlight on the waters, from ocean spray on the rocky headlands, from the first buds of spring, from the russet leaves of autumn, and from shadows on the snow of winter.

To be sure, there are many things that are unpleasant, not to say painful and ignoble, in Japan. But her message of patience under tribulation, of consecration to duty, of appreciation of passing times and seasons, of joy in service, and of loyalty to the land that nourishes them, ought to be shouted from every housetop in America. What the future has in store for Japan no man can tell. She has long endured privation. No nation has yet been able to stand prosperity. Of this, however, we may be assured. Her sweetness and charm are not to be found under the shadows of the smoking chimneys of Osaka, nor yet in the teeming harbor of Yokohama. It abides in the quiet beauty of Japanese home life, with its dainty women and happy children. The paddy field, the fishing junk, and the craftsman's shop still nourish the life that is Japan; the life that was, for a time, old Greece.

Notes on London and the Congress of Medicine

By DR. JOHN H. OLIVER

The mere announcement that the Seventeenth International Medical Congress was to meet in London awakened a slumbering yearning in my bosom that had lain dormant for years. My desire was to go back to see how much the wondrous old city had changed.

There are some places in the so-called Old World in which the very idea of modern improvement seems sacrilegious. Dresden, Nuremberg, Vienna, Venice, Rome, Strasburg, Edinburg and London typify these. Whatever may be true of the others above named, London has changed very materially for the better during the twenty years intervening between my first and last visits. The spirit of improvement is rife, but as yet has committed no sacrilege. Whole sections of the city buildings have been torn down to rectify crooked and cramped streets and open new avenues. Some portions, erstwhile familiar, looked strange and out of place. The beautiful new admiralty arch, erected in memory of the heroes of the South African wars, leads out from Trafalgar Square into the Mall, and as we pass under it along by St. James' Park to the front of Buckingham Palace, we encounter the magnificent memorial in white marble, England's tribute to Queen Victoria. This beautiful monument, erected in exquisite taste, compensates somewhat for the structural monstrosity builded in memory of her husband, the Prince Consort.

It would be interesting to go on and note further changes and improvements, and yet I rather think that most of us are more interested in the old London than in the new. The old shrines I found much the same. The tower is still grim and interesting and the autographs of the Beauchamp tower are as legible and illegible as ever. St. Paul's was treating itself to a regilding of its many crosses and the dome of its lofty lantern. They told me they were tearing away the lightning rods which were placed under the direction of Benjamin Franklin some one hundred and forty years ago and putting up new ones. The railing in Westminster Abbey has been extended to take in more territory. A deft manicure has replaced Mary, Queen of Scots', broken hands with a beautiful new

pair still extended in supplication. The saddle and armor of Henry the Fifth, used at Agincourt, occupy their wonted place on a cross-beam in the Chantry Chapel and seem as sadly in need of dusting as ever. The chapel of Henry the Seventh had just been fitted out in a brave array of new banners and hangings. It is the asylum of the Order of the Garter, and a convocation had been held by the King the day before. The gaudy colors, gilt and tinsel, to me seemed sadly out of place. Above all, however, the same eternal majestic silence of this, the greatest of earthly mausoleums, remains unbroken. The hushed voices of many pilgrims do not seem to disturb, and in it the greatest and best of England's dead are fittingly enshrouded.

One of the first things to attract the attention of the returning London visitor is the absence of the old two-horse busses and their famous Tony Weller-like drivers. They are all gone and their places have been taken by huge double-decked auto busses, the conductors of which are modern and very efficient, but sadly lacking in the wealth of anecdote and repartee possessed by their predecessors. It was the proper thing in the old days to ride with the driver, and a sixpence would insure you a most interesting journey. Commenting on the change to a London acquaintance brought forth the following incident which, by the way, is somewhat characteristic of London humor. Riding along Cheapside at a busy time of day and occupying the seat of honor, the bus became entangled in a typical London jam, and, before the industrious Bobbies could break it up, a front wheel became locked with the wheel of a bus coming in the opposite direction. The two drivers immediately engaged in a fierce but perfectly good-humored wordy warfare, which was highly entertaining. The jam being finally broken and the wheels untangled, my friend's driver drew from his pocket a bit of string which he dangled laughingly in the face of the opposing Jehu. The effect was startling. On the instant the man became very angry, struck with his whip and broke forth in a perfect torrent of profanity and abuse which continued as long as he was in hearing. When peace reigned my friend asked an explanation and the reply was, "Oh! 'E can't take a bit of a joke, you know; 'is father was 'anged yesterday, you know."

Many of the show places of London and its suburbs are closed on account of fear of damage at the hands of the militant suffragettes.

It was with some difficulty that I was able to gain admittance to the little round church in the inner temple, and only after I had solemnly assured the verger that Mrs. Oliver and the three little girls were not suffragettes, or at least not of the militant type, he finally yielded gravely, condescended to accept a half crown, and allowed us to go in and see that the legs of the bronze Crusaders were still crossed. It is with difficulty that one can get an expression of opinion touching the suffragette movement from an Englishman. It seems to have dumfounded the race. The average citizen, when interrogated, looks "unspeakably bored," says nothing and "sidesteps" beautifully. In fact, this seems to be the national policy. Nothing seems sacred to the modern amazons. On one occasion they attempted to blow up Westminster Abbey, and even the sex of the Almighty is in danger. It is said that on another occasion, as two militants were tramping into the outskirts of the city, on destruction bent, one became weary and footsore and was cheered by her companion with "Come on, sister, never say die. Trust in God, 'She' will help you."

I do not think there is any spot on earth where the aimless loiterer can find so much to muse and moralize over, for "here romance lives and storied fiction has its home." A few of the old inns still exist, and one of the most interesting is "Ye Old Cheshire Cheese" in Wine Office Court off Fleet street, dating back to 1667 and practically unchanged. One passes through a low arch and a short tunnel-like entrance, leaving the busy rush and roar of Fleet street, typifying the twentieth century, to emerge, after walking a few yards, into the peaceful surroundings and atmosphere of the seventeenth. It is unique and quaint, and must be seen to be appreciated; but here, over a chop and a mug of old Burton ale, one can rest his weary limbs, give rein to his fancy and live an all too short hour in the ghostly company of Dr. Johnson, of Goldsmith, of Ned Bark, Boswell, Garrick and Sir Joshua, and all that glorious coterie that here did congregate and that have made the old inn famous.

There is something awe-inspiring in all things of tremendous proportions. Immensity compels our admiration and reverence. The masterpieces of gigantic architecture have the same effect. Great bodies of people, whether assembled in martial array or in peaceful concourse, are distinctly inspiring. In silence they command your whole attention, and when they burst into cheers or rapturous

applause you are thrilled and elated beyond compare. In this respect the stage setting for the Seventeenth International Congress of Medicine was fitting, and left little to be desired. London! One pauses a moment at the mere mention of the name. Where could a more appropriate spot be found than this great capital of the civilized world, redolent with the memories of great men and greater events. Here lived and labored William Harvey, Edward Jenner, John Hunter, John Abernathy, Sir Astley Cooper and Joseph Lister, names to conjure with, and all canonized in every true physician's heart. Here they sleep in abbey or cathedral, peacefully enshrouded in the sense of duty nobly performed. The meeting place was the immense circular auditorium of the Albert Memorial Hall, in which is installed one of the largest and grandest organs in the world. The attendance was in keeping with the environment, and all was imposing and impressive. Doctors seem to be universally domestic in their tastes, and came largely attended by their families. Long before the hour for opening the first general session the auditorium began to fill with delegates speaking many tongues and arrayed in varied costumes. The program noted that academic or military dress would be in order, so the scarlet robes of the doctor and the showy uniforms of foreign military and naval surgeons were freely admixed with the somber, everyday clothes in which most Americans appeared. "Mere man" for once was truly gorgeous and fairly outshone his female companions. Slowly order was brought out of chaos and the eight thousand delegates were seated, during which the organ gave a varied selection of classic music. We waited expectantly, and, after a short pause, "God Save the King" in magnificent volume rolled forth from the great instrument, bringing us all to our feet. From the rear of the building there then advanced an interesting procession, quaintly attired. First, a mace-bearer, followed by the president of the College of Physicians; another mace-bearer, followed by the president of the College of Surgeons; mace-bearer number three and the president of the College of Apothecaries. Then Sir Edward Gray, Minister for Foreign Affairs, escorting the King's representative, H. R. H. Prince Arthur of Connaught; and then Sir Thomas Barlow, president of the congress, attended by a group of celebrities too numerous to mention. The platform having been attained and order restored, Prince Arthur

was presented and, after welcoming the delegates and members in the name of the King, declared the congress open.

Sir Edward Gray, in a short and well-worded address, welcomed the foreign delegates on behalf of the government. * * * "The risk of lay ignorance was no longer so intractable as in former generations." * * * "The opposition to scientific discoveries had given way to expectation." * * * "The public was now teachable."

Sir Thomas Barlow, president of the congress, then delivered his address, calling attention to the personnel of the congress that met in London in 1881, and eloquently discoursing on the advances made in medicine and surgery since that date, and their inestimable benefit to mankind.

Then followed an interesting spectacle. One by one a representative of each nation in attendance was called forward and introduced to the congress, and as he advanced to the rostrum the organ rendered the national anthem of the country he represented. This ceremony was for a time interesting and impressive, but when we got down to the seemingly endless collection of South American republics, with their patchwork anthems, the audience lost interest and began to melt away, hunting up the meeting place of their sections and applying for tickets to the many and varied entertainments.

The congress divided itself into twenty-three working sections, meeting morning and afternoon, before which many excellent papers, addresses and demonstrations were presented during the seven working days of the meeting. There were also five general sessions, one each day, held, with a single exception, in the Albert Hall. The address in medicine was given by Professor Chauffard, of Paris; the address in surgery by Professor Harvey Cushing, of Boston, professor of surgery at Harvard University; the address in pathology by Wirklicher Geheimer Rat Professor Paul Ehrlich, of Frankfort am Main, Germany; the address on heredity by Professor W. Bateson, of London, and the address on public health by the Right Hon. John Burns, M. P., president of the Local Government Board. These were all scholarly *resumes*, containing nothing new or startling, but much that was sound and of great value. There was nothing dramatic or epoch-making in this meeting, but a great deal of good, substantial work was done, and at its completion the congress adjourned to meet in Munich in 1917.

The Rooster—Its Origin As the Democratic Emblem

By JOHN FOWLER MITCHELL, JR.

At the close of a most notable campaign in American history, when a Democratic victory has swept the country from coast to coast, it is fitting that the story of the origin of the party's emblem—the Rooster—be told, for it was in the heart of Indiana, in a pioneer campaign back in 1840, that the proud bird came into its own. To be more exact, the emblem's birthplace was Greenfield, Hancock county, Indiana, and its originator Mr. Joseph Chapman, one of her famous sons.

By those who have followed Indiana's literary history it will be remembered that Greenfield is the birthplace and home of the beloved Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley, and we shall see in the development of this story how the poet is indirectly connected with the Chapmans.

Greenfield, in 1840, was scarcely a town—merely a little settlement of pioneers, whose huts, built upon the National Road, basked in the summer sun, with the occasional rumbling of a stagecoach and the muffled note of the woodman's ax to break the monotony of her drowsy simplicity.

In the pioneer communities the tavern was the center of social life and interest, and Greenfield was no exception to the rule. Strange to say, Greenfield's first tavern, built in 1834 by Joseph Chapman, the originator of the Democratic emblem, stands to-day in a fair state of preservation. Apropos to this, with your pardon, I will add that my great-grandfather, Mr. James B. Hart, purchased the old tavern from Chapman and sold it to the Goodings, who are its present owners. The tavern was headquarters for the Democracy of this part of Indiana and it was here that the political career of Chapman had its beginning.

Joseph Chapman was an honest, sincere man, gifted with a pleasing personality, a convincing tongue and a wit remembered to this day for its keenness. His personality expressed itself in every movement at the opening of Hancock county's history, and the debt this particular section of Indiana owes to Joseph Chapman, had he not

given us the Democratic emblem, is indeed great, for he was an efficient county officer, a legislator, an orator and a soldier.

Mr. Chapman was a native of the Buckeye State and lived for several years in Rush county, Indiana, before coming to Hancock county in 1829. He was elected clerk of the county in 1832 and representative in the lower house of the Legislature in 1837, 1839, 1841, 1842 and 1843.

From the very beginning of his political career he was the most optimistic politician then stumping the country, and this characteristic was always associated with Chapman. At the beginning of each campaign Chapman claimed every county in the State. He was a spellbinder of note and would, by one of his characteristic speeches, put new life and new hope into a section or community that was overwhelmingly Whig. This sort of thing to-day would be called boasting, but to the men of the early period it was "crowing." Especially did the opposing party—the Whig—dub Chapman's original style of oratory "crowing." Despite this fact, Chapman's style was effective; so much so that he was sent into doubtful sections and always succeeded in securing a Democratic victory.

A picturesque and interesting character was this Joseph Chapman, of Greenfield, and a Democrat of the Jacksonian type, a man of the people.

The period of which I write was the famous "Log Cabin and Hard Cider Campaign" of 1840, and it was at this time that the Democrats chose for their national emblem the rooster. It was the first national campaign after the panic of 1837, and the Whigs were encouraged by the coming of many Democrats to their ranks. These Democrats believed that by the changing of the party in power better times would follow. The Democrats had selected Martin Van Buren to lead them in the approaching campaign. The Whigs held their convention in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and William Henry Harrison and John Tyler were chosen as their leaders. General Harrison was at one time Governor of Indiana Territory, and by his brilliant military victories at Tippecanoe and other Indian strongholds in Indiana, was a popular military hero in the Hoosier State. No doubt many older men will remember the campaign song of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too." The Democrats had been in power several years, and the possibility of electing Van Buren was indeed

discouraging. However, the depressing situation did not dampen the ardor of Joseph Chapman, who remained as optimistic as of yore.

Joseph Chapman, at this time, was a candidate for Representative in the Legislature against Thomas D. Walpole, the most brilliant Whig in eastern Indiana, and his personal campaign was one of the most complete in his career. Early in the campaign the two candidates announced that they would travel together and speak from the same platform, as was customary at that time. Arrangements had been made for a great celebration in the north central part of the State and both candidates were to be there, Mr. Walpole speaking to the people from the standpoint of a Whig and Mr. Chapman advocating Democratic principles.

Mr. Walpole was a man most particular about his personal appearance and always appeared in a well-tailored suit and a ruffled shirt. This subjected him to great deal of public criticism from Chapman, the Democrat, who styled him "a fop in a ruffled shirt." The night before this meeting Mr. Chapman gave his home-spun shirt to the wife of the tavern-keeper to be laundered and ready for him the next morning. During the night, unfortunately, the shirt was stolen from the line and the Democratic candidate spent the greater part of the morning in bed. His opponent kindly offered one of his ruffled shirts, but Chapman would not think of appearing in such attire. Mr. Walpole insisted, explaining that the neck could be turned under and his coat buttoned over the ruffles. As there was no alternative, Chapman fell into the trap.

The Whig candidate spoke first, closing his address with the usual criticism of the Democratic party. Mr. Chapman followed with a denunciation equally as bitter against the Whigs, also calling the attention to the frailty of a candidate who unfailingly appeared in a ruffled shirt. After Mr. Chapman had concluded, the young attorney, Walpole, stepped again before the people and said he was not in favor of putting a man in office who was an impostor, declaring "This Democrat has criticised me for wearing a ruffled shirt. Now, gentlemen, behold his ruffled shirt!" at the same time throwing open the front of Chapman's coat. However, we can forgive Walpole for this, as later he left the Whigs and became a Democrat.

Mr. George Pattison at this time was the editor of *The Constitu-*

tion, a Democratic newspaper published in Indianapolis. It is quite evident that unencouraging reports of the situation in Hancock county reached his ear, and he wrote a letter in June, 1840, to the postmaster, William Sebastian, one of the leaders of the party in the county. A copy of this letter it has been my good fortune to secure. It is the famous message to Chapman which was at first taken up as a sort of battlecry by the Democratic press in central Indiana, and like wildfire spread throughout the land. The letter is as follows:

"INDIANAPOLIS, June 12, 1840.

"MR. SEBASTIAN:

Dear Sir—I have been informed by a Democrat that in one part of your county thirty Van Buren men have turned for Harrison. Please let me know if such be the fact. Hand this letter to General Milroy. I think such a deplorable state of facts cannot exist. If so, I will visit Hancock and address the people relative to the policy of the Democratic party. I have no time to spare, but I will refuse to eat or sleep or rest so long as anything can be done. Do, for heaven's sake, stir up the Democracy. See Chapman, tell him not to do as he did heretofore. He used to create unnecessary alarms; he must CROW; we have much to crow over. I will insure this county to give a Democratic majority of two hundred votes. Spare no pains. Write instanter.

GEORGE PATTISON."

The letter was read and left on the table in the postoffice, where it was picked up by Thomas D. Walpole, read and copied. It was published in *The Indianapolis Semi-Weekly Journal*, the leading Whig newspaper of the State, June 16, 1840. Its publishers were Douglass & Noel. This paragraph appeared before the letter in the *Journal* as follows:

"TELL CHAPMAN TO CROW.

"If any of the friends of General Harrison have felt at all discouraged as to the result, either in August or in November, we think a perusal of the letter published below will cause all their fears to vanish. The confidence exhibited by the Van Buren party is assumed only for effect, and this letter, from the pen of the principal Van Buren editor in this town, is not only characteristic of the source from which it emanated, but will sufficiently illustrate the truth of our remarks. The copy has been handed us for publication by a citizen of Greenfield."

Then follows Mr. Pattison's letter to the postmaster as printed above.

It is quite evident that the discovery of the letter by the Whigs created a sensation. Below is another article copied from *The Indianapolis Journal* which appeared June 16, 1840, written by a Whig of Greenfield and sent to the paper for publication. The article is as follows:

“GREENFIELD, June 12, 1840.

“MR. EDITOR:

“A letter came to the postoffice in this place this morning, addressed to the postmaster, by the editor of the *Constitution*, asking for information on the state of our politics, and giving advice which he considers of vital importance to the party in its present sinking condition. A Whig accidentally got hold of the letter and took a copy. It shows, if anything can, their true situation as understood and felt by themselves. It calls in the most desponding language on the postmaster at this place to write immediately and let him (the editor of the *Constitution*) know if any such a deplorable state of things does really exist as had just been reported to him by a creditable Van Buren citizen of this county. This deplorable state of things is nothing more than this creditable Van Buren citizen had told him that he feared Van and Howard could do nothing in this county, and that within his own knowledge thirty to fifty original Jackson men had left Martin Van Buren and joined the stand of General Harrison. The editor then requests the postmaster to tell Joseph Chapman (the lo-co-fo-co candidate for Representative in this county) for heaven's sake to CROW, Yes, CROW, even if their case appear to be hopeless. He tells him to speak as though he were confident of success. He then, probably by way of illustration and to show what is meant by 'crowing,' states that Marion county is safe for a majority of two hundred Van Buren votes. He also calls on the assistant marshal, General Milroy, a petticoat hero, to stir up the Democracy while he is engaged in his official duties of taking the census. This letter shows that the locos are aware of the true condition of affairs and to keep up appearances the hired officeholders and officeseekers are informed that they must crow to keep up their fast-sinking cause. The editor of the *Constitution* can be furnished with a copy of this letter by addressing the Tippecanoe Club of Greenfield.

“ONE OF THE CLUB.”

A month later another letter appeared in the *Semi-Weekly Journal* in its issue of July 30, 1840. The letter is as follows:

"GREENFIELD, July 13, 1840.

"MR. MOORE:

"As the Loco-focos keep a CROWER in our county, I will take upon me occasionally to let you know how we are getting along, and give statements of facts only. Mr. Chapman has, since he received his peremptory order to crow, been doing all that lies in his power as a CROWER. But as the people are now satisfied that he is only obeying imperative orders, his CROWING passed off with about as great profit to him and his party as would the shearing of a squealing porker to his shearers. He has been crowing very loud lately, hoping thereby to effect something for himself and his party in an election for magistrate in Blue River township. The election took place on last Saturday and the result was that the vote of Mr. Hackleman (Whig) more than doubled that of Mr. Gallaher, who is a very prominent Van Buren man. Mr. Hackleman received 87 votes and Mr. Gallaher 41 votes. It is proper to state that Mr. Gallaher has always been very popular in his township. He has always heretofore received almost a unanimous vote. Mr. G. ran for sheriff at the last election and was second highest on the list where four others were running for the same office. At that time, however, the Whigs knew of no CROWING 'bulletins' being issued, and a great many of them voted for Mr. Gallaher.

"You may rest assured that all will be right in this county at the August and November elections. Mr. Chapman can have no possible hopes of being elected, notwithstanding he has the 'census-taker' to assist him in crowing. He has resorted to means that no honorable man would, by making unfounded statements, calculated to injure the private character of Mr. Walpole, his opponent. His slanders against Mr. Walpole he attempts to prove by obtaining a certificate which answers his purpose from Colonel Tague. But this certificate Mr. Walpole rebukes by getting another certificate from Colonel Tague (who is a very accommodating old gentleman in the certificate line) which makes exactly a counter statement to the one he gave Chapman. The two certificates show what is phrenologically termed 'Destructiveness' more than anything I can now think of, except the story of the two 'Kilkenny cats.' The first certificate

aims at the destruction of Mr. Walpole's private character; the second, being from the same person and exactly the reverse of the first, will be likely to show its destructiveness on the veracity of its good-natured vender; and lastly, like the Kilkenny cats, the two certificates destroy each other, and in this instance do not leave even a greasy spot.

HANCOCK."

It will be noticed that the idea of "crowing" was the theme against which the Whig political writers centered their attack. Indeed, the Whigs had discovered the uneasiness of their opponents and had also, by the finding of the letter, ascertained the policy outlined by Mr. Pattison—to keep up the fight for appearance's sake alone.

The word "crowing" fitted Chapman to the letter and the Whigs made the most of it. Strange to say, this idea of gameness, daring, or tenacity, expressed in the order, "Crow, Chapman, Crow!" caught the popular fancy of the Democrats; they liked its ring. They were in sympathy with their leader, Mr. Chapman, and the expression, "Crow, Chapman, Crow!" was taken by them as complimentary to their leader rather than a term of ridicule, as the Whigs had used it. Notwithstanding this avalanche of criticism, or the handwriting on the wall of the party's approaching defeat, Joseph Chapman fought on, and while the Democracy went down in defeat in the national election, he was elected Representative to the Indiana Legislature. At the close of the August election in 1840 the *Semi-Weekly Journal* of August 13, 1840, could not resist the temptation of another thrust and printed the following editorial:

"CROW, CHAPMAN, CROW!"

"A letter written from this place on the 12th of June last to the postmaster at Greenfield, directing Chapman to 'crow' and declaring that the party had much to crow over, says:

"I will insure this county to give a Democratic majority of two hundred votes."

"Well, it did give upwards of three hundred Democratic majority—not indeed for patent Democracy—but for the real Harrison Democracy."

The campaign of 1840 was the greatest that had ever occurred in the State. At this time the West was gaining recognition in the East, and with it the conviction that this part of the United States

was to be a factor in the election. The Whig candidate for President, General William Henry Harrison, was a Western man and lived in a small and modest house at North Bend, on the Ohio river, a short distance from the Indiana line. The Democrats in the campaign styled General Harrison the "Log Cabin and Hard Cider Candidate." His friends took up these terms and made them the party's battlecry. This year was also the first campaign in which processions, parades and barbecues were introduced as a part of the political campaign work. In every State great processions paraded the streets and country roads, carrying miniature log cabins and barrels of hard cider. In no State did political excitement run higher than in Indiana. The great meeting of the campaign was held at the Tippecanoe battleground, where the principal orators of the party addressed the people upon the very spot where their standard-bearer a few years back won his brilliant military victory.

The Whigs had in their parades miniature log cabins and barrels of hard cider. Their battlecry of the "Hard Cider and the Log Cabin" no doubt created a desire among Indiana Democrats for a similar cry. When the phrase, "Crow, Chapman, Crow!" was introduced, they seized upon it and forthwith adopted the characteristic fowl, the rooster, for their emblem. The Indiana press heralded the phrase and the new-born emblem to the four corners of the State. Gradually it grew in favor and importance, other newspapers in other States copied it, and in a comparatively short time the rooster was accepted and recognized as the national emblem of the great Democratic party.

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Editorial

Before this year of 1914 shall have grown old there will occur on both sides of the Atlantic a celebration of more than ordinary significance—the completion of one hundred years of peace between the American and the English nations.

In the long story of the world few events have been so fraught with blessing to multitudes of men as the signature of the Treaty of Ghent upon the Christmas eve of 1814, and rich in promise for the future is the fact that it has been kept. It is a unique example of a peace preserved between two great nations for so long a time by the force of public opinion.

In England the program as already authorized includes: First, the erection of a memorial of the centenary of peace in Westminster Abbey; second, the purchase of Sulgrave Manor, Northamptonshire, the ancestral home of the Washington family, and its maintenance as a place of pilgrimage for Americans in England as symbolic of the kinship of the two peoples; and, third, the foundation of a permanent chair of Anglo-American history to be held in succession by a series of eminent British and American historians, and the endowment of a scheme of annual prizes in the elementary and secondary schools for essays on topics connected with objects of the celebration. There will also be numerous public rejoicings, when the anniversary shall have come round at the close of the year.

Nothing has yet been determined as to the character which the memorial in Westminster Abbey shall assume. The details have probably not been arranged. It is hoped, however, that Sulgrave Manor may be secured and may be vested in a body of English and American trustees, and that it may in future be used as a center of

British-American fellowship for periodical meetings and social gatherings. The educational proposal will be considered by many as not the least valuable and important part of their scheme, for it is intended that lectures on Anglo-American history shall be given at all the British universities in rotation. A similar scheme is being adopted by the American committee, and it is hoped there will be an interchange of services, so that the teaching of history in the two countries may gradually converge upon common lines, and thus a source of national misunderstanding be removed. The scheme of prizes in schools will also spread the knowledge of American history.

The American and Canadian committees are also making preparations for the celebration of the centenary, as is also the city of Ghent, where the treaty was signed.

Lord Grey is president of the British committee, with the Prime Minister as vice-president, and fifty-three eminent men to serve. Mr. Borden, Prime Minister of the Dominion, is enthusiastically interested in the coming event, and has appointed Sir Edmund Walker as chairman of a large committee on arrangements. President Wilson has given his official support, and has appointed a large, and distinguished committee to take in charge the matter of the celebration. Their program has not been made public.

Apropos of the coming event, the Macmillan Company has issued a volume by Henry Cabot Lodge, under title of "One Hundred Years of Peace." The significance of the fact of the celebration is herein brought out by Senator Lodge in this brilliant and penetrating sketch of the relations of England and the United States since the War of 1812.

If absence of war, the writer says, be peace, then there has throughout the century been peace; but as a matter of fact, the relations between the two countries has been anything but peaceful, and often far from friendly. At times war has seemed imminent. To think of this period as one of good will merely because there was no actual fighting would be misleading. To have the present condition of things of true significance and value, one must remember that by slow steps, with many interruptions and much bitterness on both sides, have we attained to the genuine friendship existing to-day between the two nations.

Then the author proceeds to recall the events of the hundred years which have come perilously near to open warfare, beginning with a statement of the causes of the separation of the two countries by the Treaty of Paris in 1782. He follows with the condition of affairs which ended in the War of 1812—a war which no American recalls with pleasure; with the bitterness which ensued between the two peoples, augmented by England's unjust and malignant criticism; with events of a much more dangerous nature connected with the settling of the boundary line between the United States and Canada; with the efforts to make arrangements with Central American republics and with Granada to get possession of the canal routes. It was in connection with the Civil War, however, that England showed herself most hostile. During the years between 1850 and 1860 severe reproach had been uttered by English lips against the United States for the maintenance of negro slavery. In her hour of trial the North felt that the sympathy of England would go out to her without question or hesitation. In this, however, she was mistaken. So high did the tempest of passionate excitement rise that nothing saved an outbreak of war between the two countries but the calm wisdom of the Prince Consort on one side of the Atlantic and the far-seeing grasp of highest statesmanship of Lincoln on this side of the Atlantic.

Next came the dispute upon the infringement of the Monroe Doctrine in the attitude England took with regard to her possessions in British Guiana and their encroachment upon Venezuelan territory. President Cleveland's well-known message surprised England and brought her to terms; indeed, it did more, by causing the European powers to understand and to appreciate the force and meaning of the Monroe Doctrine as they had never done before.

Three years after the Venezuela dispute the United States was at war with Spain. The sympathies of Europe were with Spain, but England stood by the United States and this fact did more to wipe out the past and to make the relations between the two countries what they should have been long before than all the years which have elapsed since the bitter days of the Civil War.

Following upon her sympathy at the time of the Spanish War was her attitude of mind with regard to the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which stood as a stumbling block to any movement on

the part of the United States toward the construction of the Panama Canal.

This, with other important agreements, goes to show that the best of relations have come to exist between the two countries. But it has remained for Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne to be the first English statesmen who not only saw, but put into effect their belief, that the true policy for England was to be friends with the United States, and that friendship could be brought about by treating the United States, not as had been the practice in the past, but as one great nation should always be treated by another.

To the above sentiment Lord Haldane gave expression in his notable address before the American Bar Association, held at Montreal, of which mention was made by Mr. Merrill Moores in our last issue, when he said: "The United States and Canada and Great Britain together form a group which is unique—unique because of its common inheritance in traditions, in surroundings and in ideals.

* * * In the year approaching a century will have passed since the United States and the people of Canada and Great Britain terminated a great war by the peace of Ghent. On both sides the combatants felt that war to be unnatural and one that should never have commenced. And now we have lived for nearly a hundred years, not only in peace, but also, I think, in process of coming to a deepening and yet more complete understanding of each other, and to the possession of common ends and ideals—ends and ideals which are natural to the Anglo-Saxon group, and to that group alone. It seems to me that within our community there is a growing ethical feeling which has something approaching to the binding quality of which I have been speaking. Men may violate the obligations which that feeling suggests, but by a vast number of our respective citizens it would not be accounted decent to do so. For the nations in such a group as ours to violate these obligations would be as if respectable neighbors should fall to blows because of a difference of opinion. We may disagree on specific points, and we probably shall, but the differences should be settled in the spirit and in the manner in which citizens usually settle their differences. The new attitude which is growing up has changed many things and made much that once happened no longer likely to recur. I am concerned when I

come across things that were written about America only fifty years ago by British novelists, and I doubt not there are some things in the American literature of days gone past which many here would wish to have been without. But now that sort of writing is happily over, and we are realizing more and more the significance of our joint traditions and of the common interests which are ours. It is a splendid example to the world that Canada and the United States should have nearly four thousand miles of frontier, practically unfortified.

"But it is not merely in external results that the pursuit of a growing common ideal shows itself when such an ideal is really in men's minds. It transforms the spirit in which we regard each other, and it gives us faith in each other."

Coincident with this expression upon American soil were the words of our Ambassador at Southampton, England, as he unveiled the monument there erected to commemorate the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers. Mr. Page said: "We are met to celebrate one of the most fruitful voyages that men ever made. When the Mayflower set forth from this port 293 years ago, a new chapter in human history was begun. The vast changes wrought in the world as a result of that migration were so obvious, and the history of that historic group has so many times been told, that it becomes us to-day less to rehearse their stirring adventures than to remind ourselves of their great qualities of soul, to recall what it was that made them such dauntless adventurers into new paths of human freedom.

"They differed from other colonists in this, that—to use Lowell's fine phrase—they were the only colony that went in search of God and not of gold. * * * Add to this God-directed inevitableness of spirit one other quality and you have a kind of man that did not exist in the world before our era of mastery. They were not only God-led; they were God-led Englishmen. They had not been kindly enough treated in England to make life here tolerable; but they still wished to be English subjects. The family tie they would not foreswear. They were liege kinsmen even to their persecutors. The blood, the institutions, the family loyalty, the trick of supremacy in the breed—these were theirs, and should always be theirs. In all the combinations of races of men, and in all the workings of circumstance, no other fusion of great forces was ever so nearly invincible. * * *

"In the simple, barren life of the English folk a great spirit of adventure stirred, and there were no bolder adventurers than these men that linked themselves with the Deity.

"This linking with destiny has never been lost in the New World home, nor has it failed their descendants in any period of their national history. * * * Scratch your American of to-day and you will find him as devout a believer in this destiny as the most earnest Pilgrim was a believer in the guidance of the Deity. It is the same impulse.

"Pilgrim and Cavalier alike in the New World have shown this. And Pilgrim and Puritan and Cavalier, different yet, are yet one in that they are English still. And thus, in spite of the fusion of races and of the great contributions of other nations to her hundred million of people and to her incalculable wealth, the United States is yet English-led and English-ruled. * * *

"This monument, then, is one of the pillars of the hope of mankind. The sons of those men whose immortal achievement it commemorates are drawn nearer to you by this tribute to their fathers and they give you their reverent thanks; and to-day this is their message: The old impulse of our destiny-led race, whatever new forms it may take with the changing years, is not yet spent. The high, grim spirit of the Pilgrim still lives."

The centenary is not only a glad and grateful expression of the understanding and appreciation of the two great English-speaking nations; it is more. It is a commemoration of the remarkable growth of peace which the world has seen in the last one hundred years.

A Regret

It is with regret we announce the retirement, three months ago, of Professor Scot Butler from the editorship of the Quarterly. It seems, in consequence, as if the spirit of things had vanished, and we know not where to look for another to take his place. Indeed, there is no other. Who of our number so gifted with the pen; who so touches the sympathetic chord; who so largely stands for the Butler we all know and love, as he?

Founder's Day

“Again the feast, the speech, the glee,
The shade of passing thought, the wealth
Of words and wit.”

The Seventh of February has become a day of reunion and enjoyment not second to Commencement Week. We are expecting for this year a richer program and a larger attendance than upon any previous occasion. The form of celebration will consist of the Founder's Day Address in the College Chapel at 10 a. m. At noon and throughout the afternoon will be in Irvington various social functions to which all are invited. At 7 p. m. in the city will be the dinner. On Sunday morning at the Downey Avenue Church will be preached the Founder's Day Sermon. We cordially invite you and the friends of Butler College to join in the festivities and to add to their enjoyment.

Since the date falls upon Saturday, it is earnestly hoped many alumni from accessible distances will be present. If any one desire lodging and board for the occasion, the alumni secretary may be applied to.

Nota Bene

We wish to call the attention of our friends to several facts.

The Quarterly must be run on business principles. This means we must pay our debts of printing and mailing. This means, if you wish the magazine to continue to visit you, you must do your part and pay your annual fee of one dollar. We hope every alumnus is loyal enough to assume his share of alumni obligations, and we hope we give to each the worth of the dues in sending the Quarterly. However, in case any member does not wish to receive college news, the alumni secretary will be greatly obliged to be so notified. It will save much time and expense.

Certain things are absolutely necessary at the secretary's office, among them a correct mailing list. If every change of address were jotted on a card and mailed to the Alumni Secretary, Butler College, it would be a matter of gratitude. If you do not receive the Butler publications, it is because your correct address is not on file. For

example, twenty-five numbers of the last issue of the Quarterly were returned because of changed address. It has not yet been possible to trace these members. The secretary wrote six letters in her effort to find one. Please see that we have your present correct address.

We wish you would keep us informed of more than your residence. There are happenings in your life your friends would be pleased to know. It is not lack of fine feeling to tell some things upon yourself. We are all one interested, sympathetic family, and we wish never to stray from the ken of the mother and her other children. The college holds you in esteem, remember it. Come back to her, send her a word when you cannot come, pay your dues for this year and last year and the year before—some of you. Send some written expression for publication. Oh, there are a hundred ways to show your interest and your gratitude for what she unstintingly gave to you!

Alumni, does it never occur to you that there is a solemn obligation resting upon you to carry on the spirit of Professor Thrasher, Miss Merrill, Professor Benton, Professor Butler, and the others of the treasured bead roll? Their work here is *not* finished. To carry it on and to pass it on, an unending success, rests upon you. Think what they did; think of what they would have you do—and do it.

A word, a dollar, a visit, a prayer—what will they not accomplish!

How Others Do

It is interesting to note how others do things. When the new, fervent president of Smith College undertook the tremendous task of raising an endowment of one million dollars, the alumnae answered in noble response. There were as many as four thousand subscribers, and the stories of the self-sacrifice, zeal and enterprise that went to round out the required million well deserve to become honored traditions of the college. One graduate, a teacher in a small western town, wrote: "I have made more money than I expected; please find enclosed \$2." An undergraduate did the work of a housemaid in her father's home and turned her wages into the fund. The New York alumnae raised a substantial sum through benefit performances of "Peg o' My Heart," and no one knows how many teas, fairs, and other social lures for the reluctant dollar helped to complete the total.

The Butler Alumnæ Literary Club

For four years a group of alumnae have held in Indianapolis monthly meetings for the continuance of study and the strengthening of ties of friendship formed in college. Without announced effort or general advertisement of purpose, these graduates are giving, as well as receiving, much good. The notice of the loyal spirit of this club has not escaped the Quarterly, and we heartily commend it.

The program for 1913-1914 is as follows:

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH—HOSTESS, MARIE BINNINGER

History of Italian Opera	Gretchen Scotten
Rossini and His Operas	Flora Frick
“Barber of Seville”	Music
“William Tell”	Music
Donizetti’s Position in Italian Opera	Lucile Carr
“Lucia di Lammermoor”	Music

NOVEMBER TWENTY-NINTH—HOSTESS, HOPE W. GRAHAM

Operas of Bellini	Florence Wallace
“Norma”	Music
Verdi “Aida”	Lettie Lowe
“Il Trovatore”	
“Rigoletto”	
Puccini in Modern Opera	Daisy McGowan
“Madame Butterfly”	Music
“La Boheme”	Music

DECEMBER TWENTY-SEVENTH—HOSTESS, LUCILE CARR

Modern Italian Opera	Lucile Carr
a. Mascagni, “Cavalleria Rusticana”	
b. Leoncavallo, “I’ Pagliacci”	
How Operas Are Produced	Gretchen Scotten
a. Stage Mechanism	
b. Opera Houses	
c. Famous Singers	
Round Table Discussion of Italian Opera	Leader, Lois Kyle

JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH—HOSTESS, FLORA FRICK

Sources of German Opera	Marie Binninger
Wagner—The Man and the Musician	Hope W. Graham
Bayreuth and the Festival	Margaret Duden

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH—HOSTESS, GRETCHEN SCOTTEN

Opera Stories of the Niebelungen Ring	Irma Nix
“Parsifal” and the Story in Literature	Clara Thormyer
Sources of “Lohengrin” and “Tannhäuser”	Margaret Duden

MARCH THIRTIETH—HOSTESS, FLORENCE H. WALLACE

The Quaint German Operas	Eva Lennes
a. Mozart's “Magic Flute”	
b. Humperdinck's “Hansel and Gretel”	
Modern German Opera	Alma Hoover
a. Flotow's “Martha”	
b. Offenbach's “Tales of Hoffman”	
c. Strauss' “Salome”	
Round Table Discussion of German Opera	
Leader, Beatrice Hoover	

APRIL TWENTY-SEVENTH—HOSTESS, MARGARET DUDEN

French Opera	Mabel Gant
Charpentier, “Louise”	
Delibes and His “Lakme”	Emily Helming
Comparisons of Faust Legend	Irma Bachman
a. Gounod's “Faust”	
b. Berlioz' “Damnation of Faust”	
Massenet	Eva Lennes
a. “Thais”	
b. “Manon”	

MAY TWENTY-FIFTH—HOSTESS, IRMA NIX

Rise of American Opera	Daisy McGowan
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Herbert-Kedding	Barcus Tichenor
a. "Natoma"	
b. "Secret of Suzanne"	
Story of "Jewels of the Madonna"	
a. Wolfe-Ferrari	Flora M. Frick
Damrosch-Henderson, "Cyrano"	Helen Tichenor

The officers are: President, Marie Binninger; vice-president, Hope W. Graham; secretary, Irma Nix; treasurer, Alma Hoover; program committee, Anna Murphy, chairman, Marie Binninger, Hope W. Graham.

The membership includes: Irma Bachman, '12; Marie Binninger, '07; Lucile Carr, '08; Margaret Duden, '11; Flora Frick, '11; Mabel Gant, '12; Hope W. Graham, '11; Emily Helming, '99; Alma Hoover, '08; Beatrice Hoover, '13; Lois Kyle, '09; Eva Lennes, '08; Lettie Lowe, '08; Daisy McGowan, '08; Irma Nix, '09; Gretchen Scotten, '08; Clara Thormyer, '06; Barcus Tichenor, '10; Helen Tichenor, '13; Florence H. Wallace, '08; associate members, Anna Murphy, '10; Agnes Tilson, '10; honorary member, Miss Katharine Merrill Graydon, '78.

Personal Mention

Rev. Daniel H. Patterson, ex-'78, is living at Brewerton, New York.

Professor and Mrs. Scot Butler are spending the winter at Miami, Florida.

Mrs. Sallie Thrasher Brown, '87, spent Thanksgiving at Irvington with her mother.

Belated news has just reached us of the marriage of Miss Romenta Chamberlin, '08, and Mr. Earl B. George. Mr. and Mrs. George are living at 1010 Congress avenue, Indianapolis.

The Quarterly sends a note of welcome to Virginia Elizabeth, who came on October 7 into the home of Mr. Raymond F. and Mrs. Ethel Woody Horton; to Wallace Butler, who came on October 31 into the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Knapp; to James Layman,

who came into the home of Dr. and Mrs. John K. Kingsbury on December 9.

Miss Maria Leonard, '06, is dean of women in Coe College at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Miss Irma Bachman, '12, is teaching German at No. 15 of the Indianapolis Public Schools.

Charles F. McElroy, '04, is resident manager in Chicago for the George E. Lee Company, of Cleveland.

Miss Mary L. Lepper, '95, is teaching French and English in the Jefferson High School, Portland, Oregon.

Miss Augusta Stevenson, '90, has returned from New York to spend the winter at home with her parents.

Robert J. McKay, '10, is chemist with the Gould Chemical Company at Silverton, California, near San Francisco.

Colin E. King, '81, is secretary of the Indianapolis Fire Insurance Agents' Association, located at 127 East Market street.

Jesse D. Wall, ex—, is located at Wichita, Kansas, where he is junior member of the law firm of Foulke, Matson & Wall.

Miss Pearl Forsyth, '08, is secretary to the general secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association at Indianapolis.

The Quarterly was pleased to receive the Christmas Greeting of Governor and Mrs. Hodges (Ora M. Murray, '94), of Kansas.

Mrs. Lenora Alexander Blacklidge, ex—, spent several days of November in Irvington, the guest of Mrs. Willis K. Miller, '94.

Benjamin Stevenson, ex—, who spent two months with his parents in Irvington, has returned to his home at Tampico, Mexico.

Clayton E. Kitterman, ex-'10, is living at Newton Highlands, Massachusetts. He is connected with the Sherwin-Williams Paint Company.

On our occasional "sprinklings of freedom," old friends call. At the Thanksgiving recess were seen about the college halls: J. W. Carpenter, '04, now located at Santa Barbara, California; Robert H. Myers, '71; Frederick C. Domroese, '06; Miss Irma Bachman, '12;

Miss Florence L. Smock, '13; Miss Ethel Bennett, '13; Miss Lenore Everson, ex-'14; Miss Genevieve New, ex—.

Mrs. Barbara Egger, widow of J. K. Egger, former professor of German at the college, has returned to her home in Germany for permanent residence.

Paul L. Vogt, '03, was delegate to the Prison Conference held at Indianapolis October 10-16. Professor Vogt is now located at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.

Arthur W. Shoemaker, '87, spent several weeks in Indianapolis at the Methodist Hospital. The Quarterly sends its sympathy for the severe ordeal through which Mr. Shoemaker passed, and its congratulations for the successful outcome.

Miss Rose Elliott, '94, has sailed for Changsa, China, to join her brother, the Rev. Walter Scott Elliott, regent of the American Bible Society for the province of Hunan. Miss Elliott will teach the children of the missionaries and do other educational work under direction of her brother. She will be missed at the college, for seldom was she absent from the reunions, and none was more loyal and true to the interests of her Alma Mater. We congratulate her, however, for the opportunity which opens before her in the great, moving China, and wish for her all the good that she deserves.

During 1913 the following changes of residence have been made known to us:

- '65. Rev. James K. McCollough to Santa Cruz, California.
- '71. Rev. John A. Roberts to Athens, Georgia.
- '75. Rev. William T. Sellers to Bedford, Indiana.
- '88. Elton A. Gongwer to Barcroft, Virginia.
- '90. Rev. T. H. Kuhn to Fortville, Indiana.
- '91. Rev. Luther E. Sellers to Logansport, Indiana.
- '93. Mr. and Mrs. Jesse L. Brady to Stockton, California.
- '94. Miss Anna C. Stover to Los Angeles, California.
- '94. Miss Edith D. Surber to Los Angeles, California.
- '94. Miss Rose Elliott to Changsa, China.
- '98. Errett M. Graham to Pawpaw, West Virginia.
- '99. Rev. Albert L. Ward to Lebanon, Indiana.
- '00. Mrs. Mary Graham Place to Bowling Green, Ohio.

- '00. Rev. and Mrs. Raymond A. Smith to Beckley, West Virginia.
- '00. Shelley D. Watts to Middletown, Ohio.
- '01. Ernest L. Talbert to Chicago, Illinois.
- '02. Charles O. Thornberry to Bedford, Indiana.
- '03. Rev. Jasper T. Moses to Grand Junction, Colorado.
- '03. Mr. and Mrs. Pierre VanSickle to Irvington, Indiana.
- '04. Charles F. McElroy to Chicago, Illinois.
- '04. Rev. Orlando E. Tomes to Fort Wayne, Indiana.
- '05. Bert A. Markham to Phoenix, Arizona.
- '06. Mrs. Gem Craig Reasoner to Peru, Indiana.
- '06. Chester H. Forsyth to Ann Arbor, Michigan.
- '06. Rev. Cloyd Goodnight to Uniontown, Pennsylvania.
- '06. Miss Maria Leonard to Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
- '06. Mrs. Myra Dyer Stevenson Santiaga-Cabrera to San Sebastian, Porto Rico.
- '07. Mrs. Hazel Springer Egbert to Martinsville, Indiana.
- '08. Miss Anna Burt to Palo Alto, California.
- '08. Mrs. Charlotte Edgerton Greenwood to Springfield, Indiana.
- '08. Mallie J. Murphy to Hamilton, Ohio.
- '09. Rev. Charles O. Lee to Chicago, Illinois.
- '10. Rev. Carl H. Barnett to Rochester, New York.
- '10. Robert J. McKay to Berkeley, California.
- '10. Miss Anna K. Murphy to Hamilton, Ohio.
- '10. Rev. G. Frank Powers to Elkhart, Indiana.
- '10. Rev. D. Sommer Robinson to Billings, Montana.
- '11. Mrs. Sidney Ernestine Hecker Warfel to Columbus, Ohio.
- '11. Rev. George L. Moffett to Pendleton, Indiana.
- '11. Rev. A. H. Moore to Zionsville, Indiana.
- '12. Mrs. Vida Ayres Lee to Los Angeles, California.
- '12. Rev. Gilbert H. Fern to Ewing, Kentucky.
- '12. Miss Marguerite Hubbard to Sacramento, California.
- '12. Allen H. Lloyd to Chicago, Illinois.
- '12. Leon B. Logan to Columbia, Missouri.
- '13. Mrs. Hazel Collins Lloyd to Chicago, Illinois.

Marriages

McKAY—MONTGOMERY.—On November 5, were married in San Francisco, California, Robert James McKay, '10, and Miss Mary Montgomery. Mr. and Mrs. McKay are at home in Berkeley, California.

SANTIAGO-CABRERO—STEVENSON.—On November 10, at Mayaguez, Porto Rico, were married the Reverend Jose Luis Santiago-Cabrera and Miss Myra Dyer Hall Stevenson, '06. Mr. and Mrs. Santiago-Cabrera are making their home at San Sebastian, Porto Rico.

FULLER—SANBORN.—On November 12, at Indianapolis, were married Henry Leander Fuller, ex—, and Miss Clara L. Sanborn. Mr. and Mrs. Fuller will make their home in Indianapolis.

LLOYD—COLLINS.—On December 24, were married in Indianapolis, by Dr. Jabez Hall, Allen Henry Lloyd, '12, and Miss Hazel L. Collins, '13. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd will make their home in Chicago.

OFFUTT—REED.—On December 27, at Greenfield, Indiana, were married Samuel J. Offutt, '02, and Miss Nell P. Reed, '11. Mr. and Mrs. Offutt will make their home in Greenfield.

Necrology

BENTON.—Dr. Allen Richardson Benton died, at the age of ninety-one years, on January 1, at Lincoln, Nebraska, and was buried from the Central Christian Church of Indianapolis at Crown Hill on January 5.

This word has reached us since going to press. It is therefore possible in this issue to make only the sad announcement and to express our deep sympathy to Mrs. Grace Benton Dales, Mrs. Mattie Benton Stewart, and Mr. Howard Benton.

This, his last message to us, was sent over a year ago and printed at the time in these pages: "To all friends, former associates, and especially to students of Butler College, past and present, I send a word of greeting and good cheer. The personal friendships acquired in an active teaching service of more than sixty years are greatly

cherished by me. Disabled in body, but buoyant in spirit, I breathe a prayer for an abundance of life and happiness for you all, here and hereafter. I bid you all, hail! hail! and—farewell.

“1822-1912.

ALLEN R. BENTON.”

BRADEN.—Mrs. Lydia Short Braden, '60, died at her home in Irvington on October 30, and was buried at Crown Hill on November 1. One who knew her well has written for us the following appreciation:

“One evening in late October there passed from our midst a woman of more than usual ability and attainments—Lydia Short Braden—one of the alumni of Butler College. A friend who knew her as a college girl, and for many years as a mature woman, gladly accepts space in *The Quarterly* for this brief memorial sketch.

“The really old students of the Northwestern Christian University will remember Lydia Short well and her splendid record as a student. Not many have gone forth with more promise or more praise. Gifted in many ways, she might have had much social life in the university and the city, had she so desired. But she was there for work, not pleasure, and she gave herself wholly to her task. She even sought opportunities for more work and so was largely instrumental in organizing the Sigournean Society, the first literary society among the young women of the university. The membership being necessarily small, it was no light task to make the meetings interesting and helpful. In this she did her full part, and more, often substituting for others less willing. She graduated in 1860, the only young woman in a class of thirteen young men, and the second woman to receive a degree from the university. In 1863 she was chosen to give the alumni address. It was elegant and scholarly. In 1866 she became the wife of Dr. James Braden, of Indianapolis, who passed away a few years ago.

“Although she had finished the prescribed college course, she was by no means done with study. Her student ambitions and tastes remained with her through life. As a student she had no hobbies, but was interested in all the great things about which the foremost men were thinking and writing. In her reading it seems to have been her custom to put away many of the best things she found that might help or entertain her or her friends in the years to come;

and so she had at her command a great store of information on many subjects.

"In her friendships, none could be more true. For her Alma Mater she cherished the warmest affection. The memories of 'the old university days' were very precious to her, but they did not in the least lessen her interest in the college of to-day. In her study of the perplexing problems of the passing years, and through all the varied experiences of her life, she never lost her faith in humanity, or her confidence in God. All in all, she in her own life demonstrated that a woman can be a faithful wife, an ideal mother and home-maker, a beautiful housekeeper; and yet, maintain an intelligent and active interest in the things which make for moral, social and national progress."

N. E. A.

The Quarterly wishes to express its appreciation of so valued a member of the Alumni Association and its loss in so helpful a friend. It was from Mrs. Braden's Scrap Book that the notice of the commencement exercises of 1863, which appeared in our last issue, was taken. In this number we had hoped to place an article from her pen. That Scrap Book is a valuable volume, and asking for it was one of her last utterances. Surely much knowledge of the college and just as much love for it was covered from sight last month at Crown Hill.

To Mrs. Braden's family we send our sincere sympathy—Mrs. Jesse L. Brady, Mr. Norman Braden, Miss Romaine Braden.

BURTON.—John Thomas Burton, '77, died on December 10 at his home in Emporia, Kansas, and was there buried on December 12.

Mr. Burton was born in Rush county, Indiana, in 1847. As a young man, he taught school until he had saved enough money to enter Butler College. Here he graduated with the class of '77, leaving a most pleasant memory. For three years he was principal of the Irvington public school. In 1881 he moved to Emporia, where he engaged in the real estate business, to which he devoted the rest of his active life.

Mr. Burton is survived by Mrs. Burton and two children, Perlee E., of Joplin, Missouri, and Lois Ava Burton, of Emporia.

We are pleased to quote from *The Emporia Gazette* this editorial expression:

"In the death of J. T. Burton Emporia loses one of her best citizens. Few men in Emporia had as much public spirit as J. T. Burton. During the years of his life in this town he has made it his business more than any other citizen, to see that the laws and ordinances of the city, commonly known as sumptuary legislation, were enforced. He has given his time and his money freely in the thirty-year successful fight Kansas made under the prohibitory law to see that in the community where he lived, the law was enforced. He has, of course, suffered from a loss of business; he suffered more or less in prestige among those whom he conscientiously felt that he must oppose. But he gained in self-respect. He knew every minute of his life that he had not compromised with his conscience, had never allowed business to interfere with his duty.

"So he was a force for righteousness in this town, and the town is a gainer by all those things that he sacrificed for. Every generation owes much of its happiness to the sacrifices made by other generations, and when the people of Emporia rejoice in the fact that their town is a clean town, where the vast economic waste of whiskey does not drain the community, they must acknowledge that much of their prosperity is due to this strong, courageous man who made the good fight when fighting was good.

"In his church J. T. Burton was a leader who gave freely of all that men can give to a church. To every good cause, town and church, he gave royally in energy, and he gave also more money than he could afford, if one gauges one's fortune as most men gauge it. If what he has given in time and money to good causes in Emporia could be capitalized, he would to-day be leaving the largest fortune ever left in the town. As it is he leaves his family decently provided for, and with a good name—the name of a man who sincerely and to the letter followed his conception of the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, 'which is rather to be chosen than great riches.'"

To Mrs. Burton and her children the Quarterly sends its sympathy in their bereavement.

FRIGGE.—Henry Frederick Frigge, '96, died at the home of his mother in Vincennes, Indiana, on December 11, and was there buried on December 15.

Mr. Frigge was born in 1864. His early education was received in the German Evangelical parochial school at Vincennes. At the

age of twenty, he entered a preparatory school at Elmhurst, Illinois, and graduated from that institution in 1884. The following fall he entered the Eden Theological Seminary at St. Louis, from which institution he graduated in 1891. In that same year he received a call at Indianapolis where he organized and became pastor of St. Paul's Evangelical Church.

While caring for this charge he attended Butler College, from which he graduated in 1896. Soon after he accepted a call to Louisville, Kentucky. Here he served for the remainder of his life, except when ill health demanded rest. Mr. Frigge was married in 1892 to Miss Sophia Koehring, of Indianapolis.

The energy and consecration of Mr. Frigge may be seen in some of his accomplishments. During his seventeen years' pastorate at Christ Evangelical Church, he built a beautiful church and parsonage. He was interested in large things, in the things which pertain to public welfare. He was one of the first to promote the Louisville Protestant Altenheim, and was its president until ill health caused him to resign. He also organized the Evangelical Society, the first fruits of which organization was the founding of the Deaconess Home. He was an ardent worker for the Synod, being at the time of his death Secretary of the Evangelical Synod, a body having jurisdiction over more than thirteen hundred Sunday Schools. Missionary enterprise lay near his heart, and for many years he served on the Mission Board.

It was with great reluctance he gave up his work in May, 1913. With the same energy and zeal with which he had carried on his various interests, he sought relief and health at Battle Creek, in Colorado, at Rochester, Minnesota; but of no avail. Life was not to continue here. The work of this good son, kind husband, useful citizen, consecrated servant in all that pertains to the kingdom of God was to end where it began. In the very house in which he had first opened his eyes, he closed them forever upon earth.

The Quarterly does not forget Mr. Frigge's kind interest in its welfare and request that it follow him to Colorado, and sends to Mrs. Frigge its sincere sympathy for her loss and sorrow.

HADLEY.—Cassius Clay Hadley, ex-'84, died at his home in Indianapolis on November 24 and was buried three days later at Plainfield, Indiana.

Mr. Hadley was born on a farm in Hendricks county, Indiana, near Avon. After preparing for college in the district schools and in the public schools of Danville, he entered Butler College with the class of 1884. Here he remained for three years, leaving at the end of his junior year to enter the law school at DePauw University, where he subsequently took his degree. At Butler he was a member of the Sigma Chi, in the affairs of which fraternity he afterward took a prominent part, having been three years ago president of the Indianapolis Alumni Chapter.

In 1886 he was married to Miss Frances Reed, of Greensburg, Indiana. After four years spent in western Kansas, Mr. Hadley returned to Danville, where he was associated in the practice of his profession with Thomas J. Cofer. In 1896 he came to Indianapolis and at once opened a law office; but in 1899 he was appointed deputy attorney general and remained in the attorney general's office until after the election of 1906, when he was elected to the bench of the Appellate Court for a term which expired in 1911. He then returned to the practice of his profession. At the time of his death he was a trustee of the Indiana Reformatory, and also a member of the Meridian Street M. E. Church, and of the Columbia and Marion Clubs. He died, after a brief illness, of arterio-sclerosis.

Judge Hadley argued for the State the cases of *Smith v. Indiana* and *Fargo v. Hart*, involving important constitutional questions, before the Supreme Court of the United States; and he was counsel for the State in the Hinshaw murder case in 1897, in both the Circuit and Supreme Court; and, during his long service in the attorney general's office, he briefed and presented to the Supreme Court of Indiana important cases involving constitutional and tax questions.

In the memorial presented to the Bar Association it was said: "As a lawyer he was diligent, well read and painstaking to the last degree. His briefs were a model of exhaustive research, and the legal questions were clearly presented and earnestly argued. As a judge, Hadley worked very hard and disposed of many cases. It is enough to say that his judicial work was done faithfully and well.

"By nature Judge Hadley was gentle and gracious, and he possessed a keen sense of humor, always generous and kindly in its manifestation. He was genial and had a pronounced social faculty, so that he was universally popular wherever he was known. He

was most active in all matters of good citizenship, and was unusually successful in his administration of the affairs of the Commercial Club, of which he was president during the year after his retirement from the bench. He was a devoted husband and a loyal friend, and his generous hospitality will not soon be forgotten by the many who were privileged to know and to enjoy it.

"Judge Hadley is survived by a widow. His only child, a son, died in infancy."

To Mrs. Hadley the Quarterly wishes to be remembered in her sorrow by sending its sympathy.

HADLEY.—George W. Hadley died suddenly of apoplexy on January 2, at Anderson, Indiana. Until a few minutes before his death he had been discussing with Mrs. Hadley plans of a visit to relatives in Indianapolis.

Mr. Hadley was born at Plainfield. He attended the public schools there until of age to enter Butler College, which he did with the class of '78. He was a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity. For sixteen years after leaving college Mr. Hadley was a member of the wholesale grocery firm of Kirk & Hadley, at Crawfordsville. Afterward he engaged in the printing business in Chicago, following which he was employed by the Kingan Packing Company, Indianapolis.

In January, 1899, he and Miss Ella Reed, of Greensburg, were married, and in the following September they moved to Anderson, Indiana, since which time he had engaged in the grocery business. Mr. Hadley was recently appointed by Judge Bagot as a jury commissioner for Madison county. He was a member of the M. E. Church, also of the Knights of Pythias.

The widow, two sisters and a brother survive, to which the Quarterly sends its sincere sympathy.

SHIMER.—Martin, the infant son of Dr. and Mrs. William Shimer, '02, died in Indianapolis on November 10.

The Quarterly is mindful of the brave fight to prolong this little life, and to the parents sends its appreciation of their disappointed hope.

Our Correspondence

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

In sending our subscription for the Alumnal Quarterly, I wish to tell you how thoroughly Mrs. Longley and I enjoy the magazine and what a success we think it is.

W. R. LONGLEY, '02.

KOKOMO, INDIANA.

The Quarterly is always happily welcomed. I sometimes think that perhaps we who were not permitted to graduate from Butler are more eager for her news than those who won their degree. At least, I am sure that no graduate could be more interested in the progress of the college and her children than I.

JESSAMINE ARMSTRONG, Ex-—.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

Like all other loyal alumni of Butler, I regard the Quarterly as worth a great deal more than it costs.

HERBERT L. CREEK, '04.

SALEM, KENTUCKY.

Please renew my subscription for the Alumnal Quarterly. You cannot conceive what a pleasure the "Alumni Directory" has been. I never forget any I knew at the college, and as I read the names the faces appeared as of old: First, Miss Merrill's; then, President Burgess', and the other members of the faculty; and then the students. With kind remembrance to Professor Butler, and best wishes for all that pertains to the welfare of the dear old college, I am, etc.,

FANNIE SHELBY KELLER, Ex-—.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

Your brief note at hand. I am somewhat adrift. The death of my dear wife, who was with me at Butler in the 80's and who was not permitted to finish the course with me on account of ill-health, has, the past year, left me alone.

I am always glad to hear from Alma Mater. I have enjoyed the Quarterly. I remember the old students. My work under Miss Merrill will always be a delightful memory. I was glad to see that

little message from Professor Benton. To me he was a very choice character.

R. A. GILCHRIST, '86.

VINCENNES UNIVERSITY.

My brief visit to the old halls of Butler was full of interest. In my "aloneness" I was all the better situated to indulge a spirit of reflection—and that is precisely what I enjoyed. With no attendant to interrupt my meditations, I walked reverently to the door of the room where I studied under that wise teacher—the sainted Catharine Merrill. All the loveliness of her sweet presence greeted me as I bowed my head in the old hall. I turned a step to the door of Professor Thrasher's room, where so many hearts were inspired with the all but matchless personality of that gifted mathematician, and where, also, so many other souls walked sorrowfully in the Despond Slough if, peradventure, they failed to appreciate quickly the Q. E. D.'s of that great man. Naturally, being a Latin teacher myself, I sought next the old room where splendid Scot Butler so wisely directed me along the Highway Beautiful—the Latin Way. The man who greeted me as thus I waited at the door was not the elderly ex-president of the college whose silent influence still is keenly felt among the living, but I saw instead the chivalrous form, soldierly in bearing, neatly attired, the Scot Butler of the early eighties—than whom Indiana has not yet known a better teacher or a better man.

The good secretary was kind enough to lend me the key to the old chapel, and it seemed the identical key I used to borrow when I was wont to exploit the merits of the old college to the casual visitor during term time; or when we Phi Delts wished to test out a prospective member who for the minute wandered in the wilderness of barbarism. Those sweet old walls—not greatly altered! The great men who have directed the destinies of our Alma Mater—Butler, Burgess, Benton (what an alliteration), Irwin, Armstrong. I looked in vain for Everest, under whose administration I spent all my years at the old college, and felt a thrill of disappointment that the great president's face was absent. I know nothing about the cause of the absence, but surely the spirit of the Butler faculty is so broad as to tolerate the vacancy little longer. My joy was sincere to behold the

fine face of President Thomas C. Howe, whose administration will doubtless go into history as among the notable ones.

And after I had seen the old chapel, I quickly withdrew. I did not care to remain. I saw some young girl faces in the old hall. They seemed sweet as those of yester-time. I saw young men loitering in the waiting-room—waiting for the bell to strike—just as we did in the long ago. They appeared to possess the old Butler spirit. I caught a momentary glance of some faculty forms, but they looked strange to me, and I passed on. Catching a trolley car for the city, I recalled the rapid transportation of the days when we used to go “down to the city.” But descriptions are impossible.

And so, I am enlarging this epistle into proportions I did not intend. But how can I help it? When a true man reflects upon the immense contribution which Butler University (I cannot forget that name) has made to Indiana’s eternal welfare he grows earnest.

HORACE ELLIS, Ex-’84,

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